* May 13, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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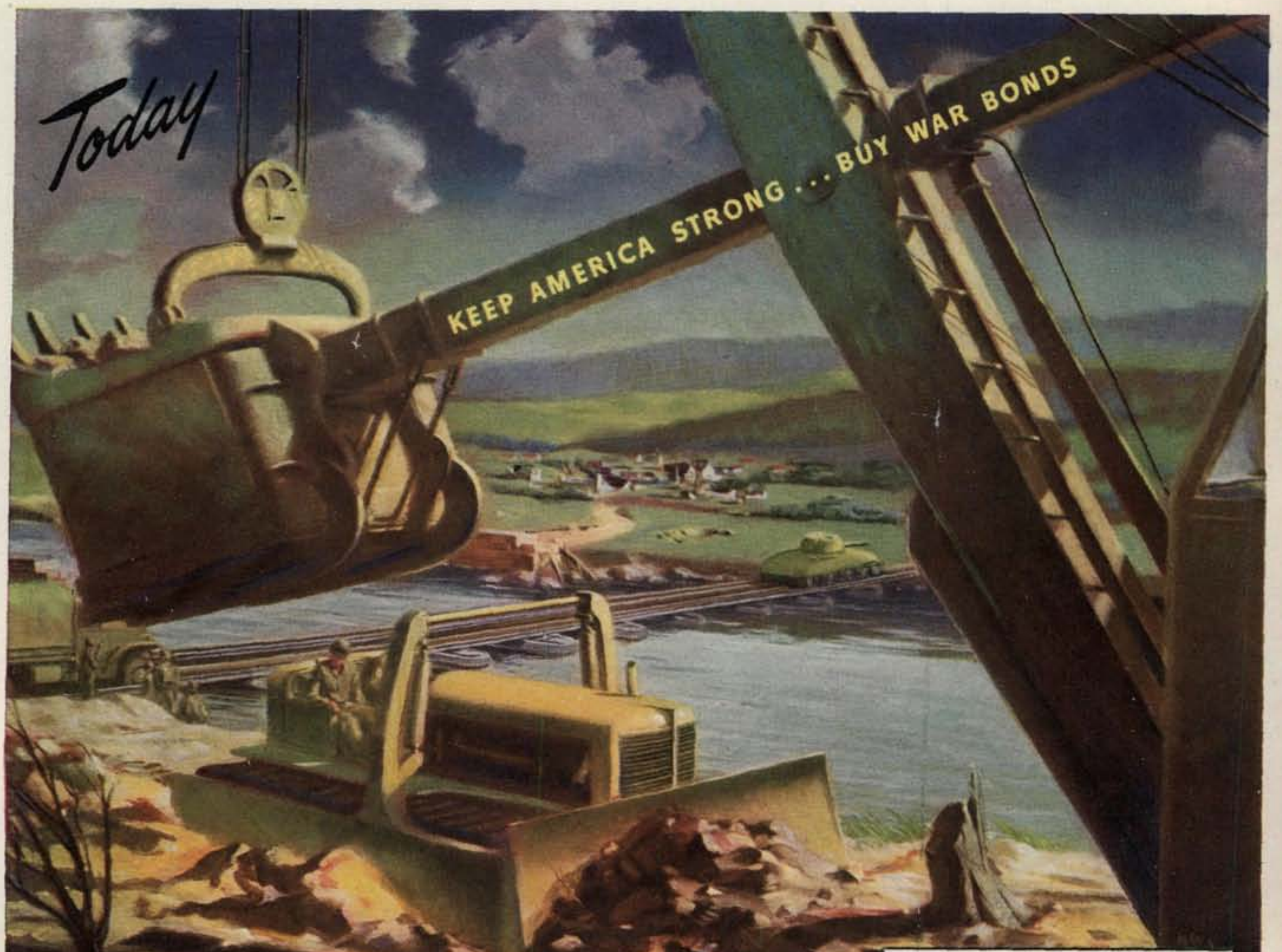
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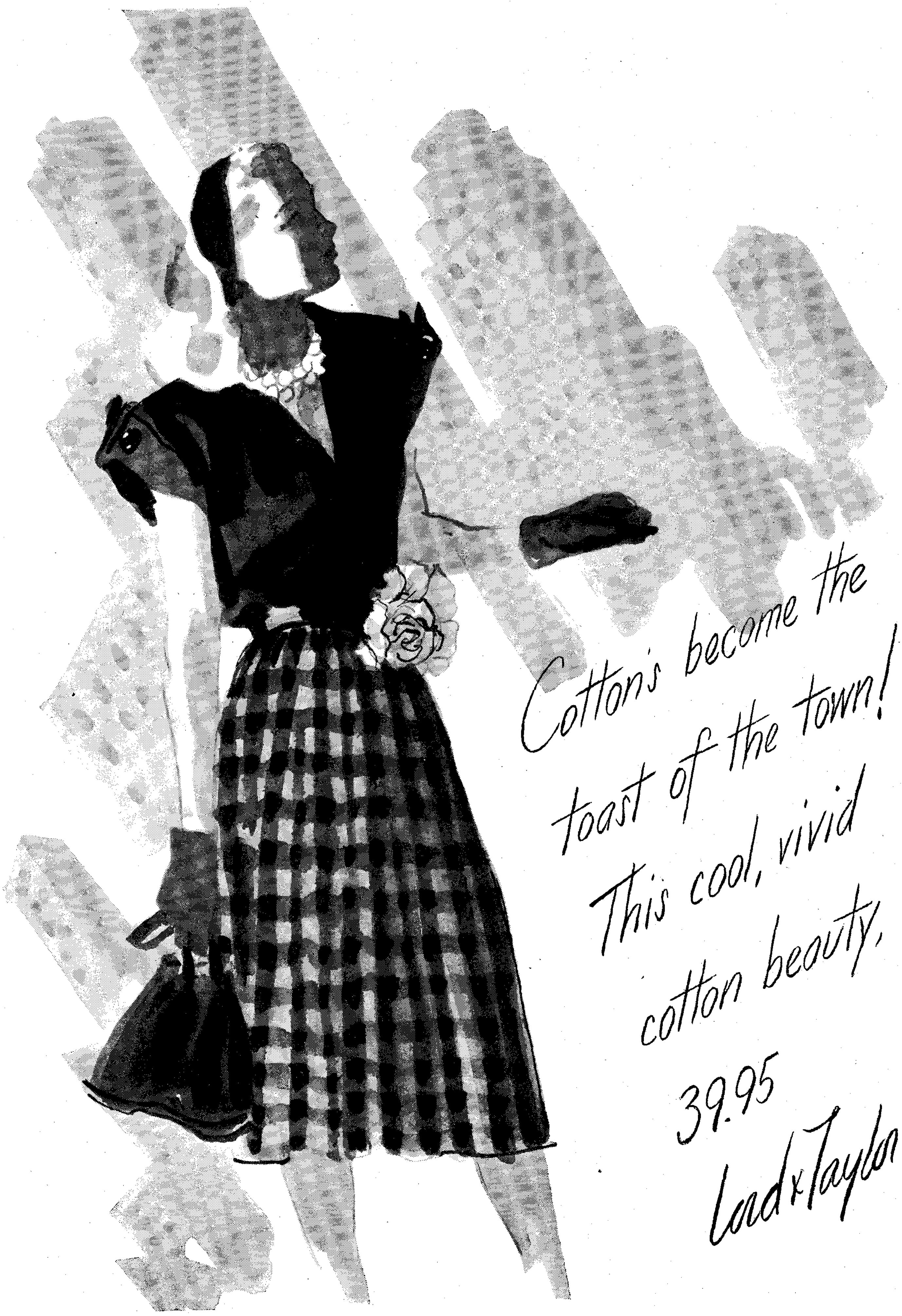
Cotton's become the
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cotton beauty,
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 20.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is in its fourth year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Mary Philips. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. With Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Highland Fling—If the dialect isn't too much for you, you may enjoy this mild Scottish ghost story about a laird who has been dead for a hundred and fifty years. Margaret Curtis, the author, and Ralph Forbes head the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Only the Heart—June Walker in one of those plays about a man-eating woman that have been turning up so often lately. Honest, but occasionally pretty tiresome. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A magnificent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Visually, at least, Paul Robeson's Moor is perfect, and José Ferrer is a remarkable Iago. Among the others are Uta Hagen and James Monks. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—Ruth Gordon in a comedy that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., May 14, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Pick-Up Girl—An earnest play about how those little girls who hang around Times Square got the way they are. More interesting possibly as propaganda than playwrighting. With William Harrigan, Pamela Rivers, and Doro Merande. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that is too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded but sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, Una Merkel, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. A sincere, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. With Skippy Homeier, Conrad Nagel, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A variation of the ugly-duckling theme, but it will probably remind you of "Kiss and Tell" and "Three Is a Family." (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's pageant about the Air Forces is enormous and beautiful, but the dramatic narrative is pretty elementary. There are more than three hundred servicemen in the cast plus several women civilians. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15. Closes Sat., May 20.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Hickory Stick—A play by Frederick Stephani and Murray Burnett, with Steve Cochran and Adrienne Bayan. Produced by Marjorie Ewing and Marie Louise Elkins. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Early to Bed—A musical comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in it. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., May 13.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Frank Parker, Irina Baronova, and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Helen Goes to Troy—Quite a lot of new minds have collaborated with Offenbach on this revival of "La Belle Hélène," and the result may be a little untidy. The music, however, is lovely, and attractive people like Jarmila Novotná, Ralph Dumke, and Ernest Truex ornament the cast. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast also includes June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Betty Garde, Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—"The New Moon," the first of a series of operettas and musical comedies to be presented here, will open Wed., May 17. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the usual stupendous attraction. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Sat., May 13 and 20, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

Benefit Show—Paul Draper, Duke Ellington, Jimmy Savo, and Rosario and Antonio, in a program for the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, Sun., May 14, at 8:15 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—"Swan Lake," "Judgment of Paris," "Barn Dance," and "Helen of Troy," Thurs. Eve., May 11. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," "El Amor Brujo," and "Petrouchka," Fri. Eve., May 12. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Fancy Free," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., May 13. . . . "Petrouchka," "In Old Madrid," "Fancy Free," and "Gala Performance," Sat. Eve., May 13. . . . "Fancy Free," "Giselle," and "Barn Dance," Sun. Eve., May 14. . . . "Swan Lake," "Fancy

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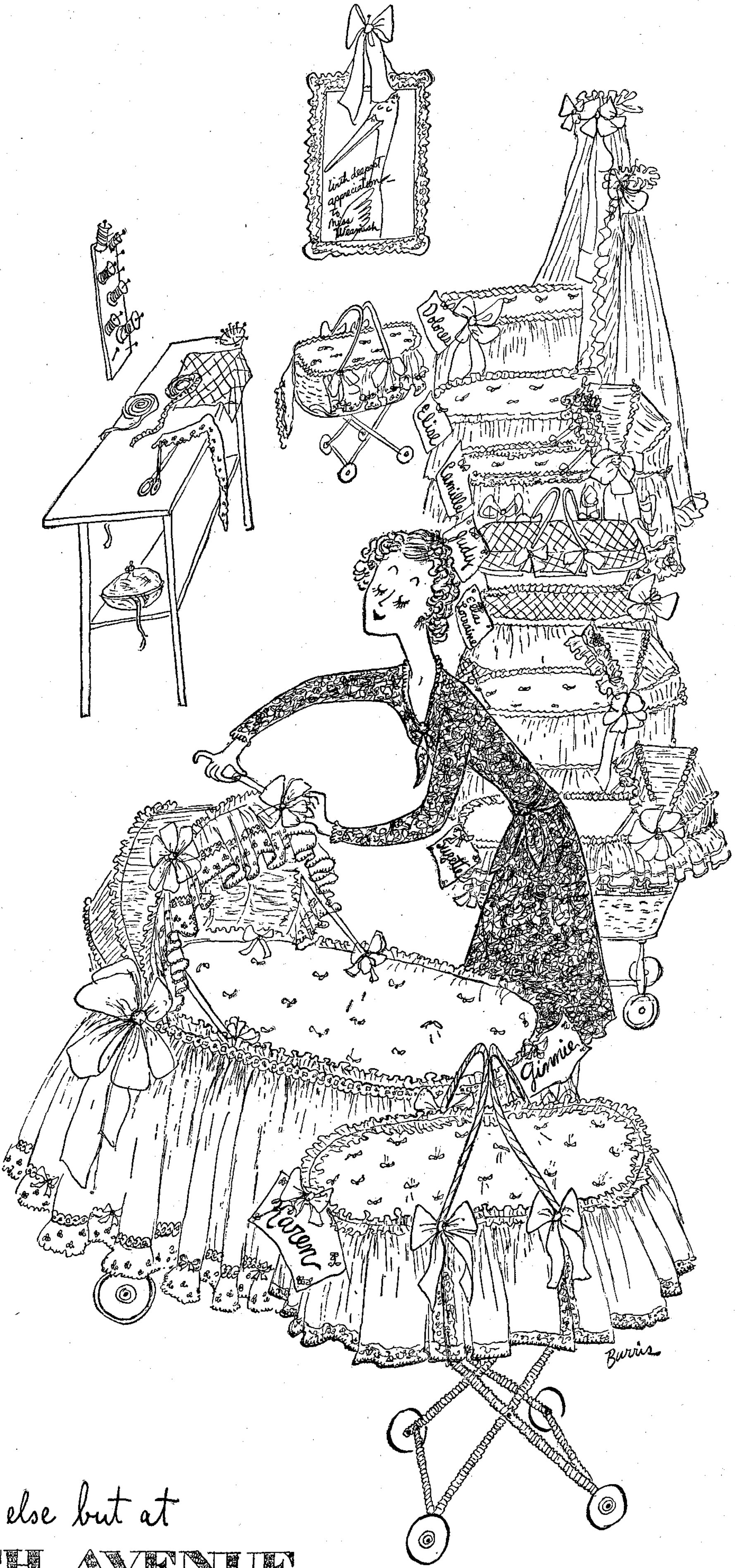
This is our Miss Weamish

MISS WEAMISH is a good-looking mouse who designs baby bassinets for Saks Fifth Avenue and insists on naming each one—like Pullman cars, only feminine. When she first started this christening stuff, the boys in Saks' shipping department were quite in a tizzy, unaccustomed as they are to making out a bill of lading for one Camille or one Gail, instead of Bassinet Number 0198477. Now they love it, or at least that's what they say.

In addition to being the only woman who names bassinets, Miss Weamish has invented something she persists in calling "demountable trimmings." In language fit for Mummy and Daddy, this means that the bassinet ruffles zip on and off, for cleaning. The idea came to Miss W one Spring afternoon when she was feeding the squirrels in Central Park. To this day there's no record of what the squirrels thought of this notion, but Saks' customers responded with shrill, happy cries.

Miss Weamish tells us that Hollywood stars about to have goslings and shopping at Saks for a bassinet mostly choose her Dolores with the demountable canopy. So if MGM brings out a musical with a song called "Adorable Dolores With The Demountable Canopy," you'll know that Saks' Miss Weamish is the inspiration. For all we know, parents may even start naming their babies after Miss W's demountable bassinets. Sounds like a silly idea, but you know how parents are—"barmy."



Oh Miss Weamish — where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Free," "Dark Elegies," and "Barn Dance," Mon. Eve., May 15. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Tally-Ho," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Fair at Sorochinsk" (a Red Cross and war relief benefit), Tues. Eve., May 16. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Pictures of Goya," "Barn Dance," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Wed. Eve., May 17. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Deux," and "Helen of Troy," Thurs. Eve., May 18. . . . "Tally-Ho," "El Amor Brujo," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., May 19. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Barn Dance," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Sat. Aft., May 20. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," "Bolero," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Sat. Eve., May 20. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. at 2:40.)

Martha Graham—With her company: "Primitive Mysteries," "Punch and the Judy," and "American Document," Thurs., May 11. . . . "El Penitente," "Letter to the World," and "Punch and the Judy," Fri., May 12. . . . "Primitive Mysteries," "Deaths and Entrances," and "Every Soul Is a Circus," Sat., May 13. . . . "Frontier," "Letter to the World," and "American Document," Sun., May 14. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Eves. at 8:40.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—In a series of repertory recitals. Sat., May 13, at 9 P.M., and Sun., May 14, at 3:30 P.M. (Humphrey-Weidman Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Because of the new cabaret tax, several hotel rooms and clubs, as noted below, are discontinuing dancing during the dinner hour or making other changes so that the tax will not apply. As further changes may be made, you'd better phone ahead before starting out. Also, many clubs are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone about that, too.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—This pleasant summer room opens Thurs., May 11, with Jules Lande's mannerly orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Emile Petti's band and an elaborate, handsome ice revue are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, Mildred Bailey, and (through Sat., May 13) Pearl Primus, as well as Teddy Wilson's orchestra; i.e., the Basin Street version of heaven on earth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra, piano music by Bonds and Cook, and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Fun in a boiler factory. Joe E. Lewis heads the show, and there are a couple of orchestras. . . . The gaudy Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Houseparty atmosphere, aided and abetted by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras after 10 P.M.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and sort of beautiful, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Jane Pickens and Stanley Melba's orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde singing and romping in the Persian Room for dinner and supper. Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just the place for a short summer vacation, with Fred Miller's orchestra for dinner and supper dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge, large and dressy, offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof opens Thurs., May 11, with upper-register songs by Morton Downey at the supper hour and dance music by George Hamilton's orchestra *throughout the evening*. Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey being very funny in a very fine show. . . . **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): dim and handsome, with the Revuers, Robert Crum, and several other good entertainers. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her songs about life in the big city. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 20.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and some pretty show girls; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): little and luxurious; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): cheerful and casual; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing from 11 P.M. on. . . . **casbah**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): comfortable, good-looking, and placid; a small orchestra plays for dancing after 9:30 P.M. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **café zanzibar**, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ethel Waters are much the best of a large and rowdy show.

•

Mostly for Music—At the **hurricane**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington's rich, sombre orchestrations, and one of those Broadway shows. . . . **lincoln**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie leading his band from the piano. . . . **nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon adding warmth to these spring evenings; no dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Clarence Profit Trio makes it one of the town's best cellars. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his hot trio; no dancing. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): jazz by the Al Casey Trio and songs by Billy Eckstine. . . . **yacht club**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' and Dizzy Gillespie's bands; no dancing. . . . **three deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Sidney Catlett's orchestra, Harry Gibson's frenetic piano playing, and the Leonard Ware Trio give you a very full evening; no dancing.

ART

American Folk Art—Early quilts and paintings: Folk Art Center, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Tues. through Sat., 11:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Darrel Austin—Recent pastels: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 20.

Ballet—Lots of old engravings and a few good paintings, tracing the history of the art; a benefit for French Hospital: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 13.

George Biddle—Paintings and drawings of the Italian campaign: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 20.

Louis Bouché—New paintings by an artist who knows how to enliven the usual: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 20.

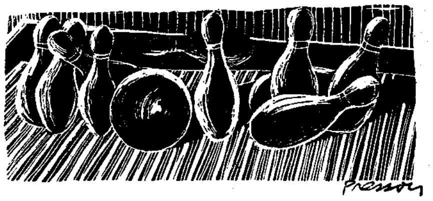
Robert Brackman—New oils and pastels: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 13.

Arthur B. Carles—Semi-abstract still lifes and some abstractions: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., May 15.

Czechoslovak—A small collection of contemporary water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., May 17.

Arthur G. Dove—Twenty new paintings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 30.

Groups—At the **milch**, 108 W. 57: Americans, from Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins to Leon Kroll and Maurice Sterne. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **kehn**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 27. . . . **babcock**, 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **pinacotheca**, 20 W. 58: Hananiah Harari, George L. K. Morris, Josef Scharl, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 27.



Abraham Harriton—New paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 13.

Impressionists—Sixteen paintings by Maxime Maufra, Gustave Loiseau, and Albert André: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

Independent Artists—The twenty-eighth annual exhibition: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 28.

William H. Johnson—Small oil paintings: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 12.

Pietro Lazzari—Flowers and landscapes in egg-tempera: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 12.

Tilly Losch—Naïve paintings by the dancer: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 19.

André Masson—Two exhibitions—At the **buchholz**, 32 E. 57: drawings and gouaches. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 20. . . . **rosenberg**, 16 E. 57: paintings. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 20.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia, and a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries (through June 30); also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and a large loan show of Russian ikons (through Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Joan Miró—Pastels, oils, and gouaches: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 3.

Lydia Modi—A first show of rather lush paintings: Artists', 43 W. 55. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 20.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—New paintings: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

Maud Oakes—Paintings based on Indian mythology and other paintings which are Surrealist in a scholarly way: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 27.

Waldo Peirce—Recent oils: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 27.

Portraits—At the **knoedler**, 14 E. 57: paintings by Copley, Sully, Pease, and other Americans from 1730 to 1921. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 13. . . . **460 park**, at 57: later American portraits, from 1921-44. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 27.

Sculpture—The annual show of the Sculptors' Guild: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 27.

Janet Sobel—A first one-man show of her paintings: Puma, 108 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 13.

Still Lifes—Fruit and vegetables by van Gogh, Cézanne, Manet, Chardin, Renoir, and others: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Three Painters—James Lechay, De Hirsh Margules, and Ladislas Segy: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 12.

William Zorach—Water colors by the sculptor: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Town Hall is BR 9-9447; other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Centre Symphony Society—Angelo A. Consoli conducting; soloist, Mischa Mischakoff, violin. Thurs., May 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Jazz Concert—The seventh in a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring such musicians as Cosy Cole, drums; Hot Lips Page, trumpet; and Ernie Caceres, baritone saxophone. Sat., May 13, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New York City Center Opera Company—"La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., May 11. . . . "Carmen," Fri. Eve., May 12. . . . "Martha" (in English), Sat. Aft., May 13. . . . "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., May 13. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun. Aft., May 14. . . . "La Tosca," Sun. Eve., May 14. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15.)

American Chamber Opera—Columbia Theatre Associates and the Columbia Department of Music presenting "Pieces of Eight," by Bernard Wagenaar and Edward Eager. Thurs. and Fri., May 11-12, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., May 13, at 2:40

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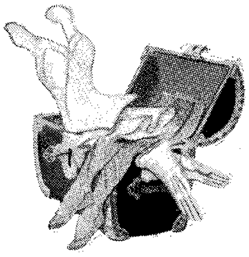

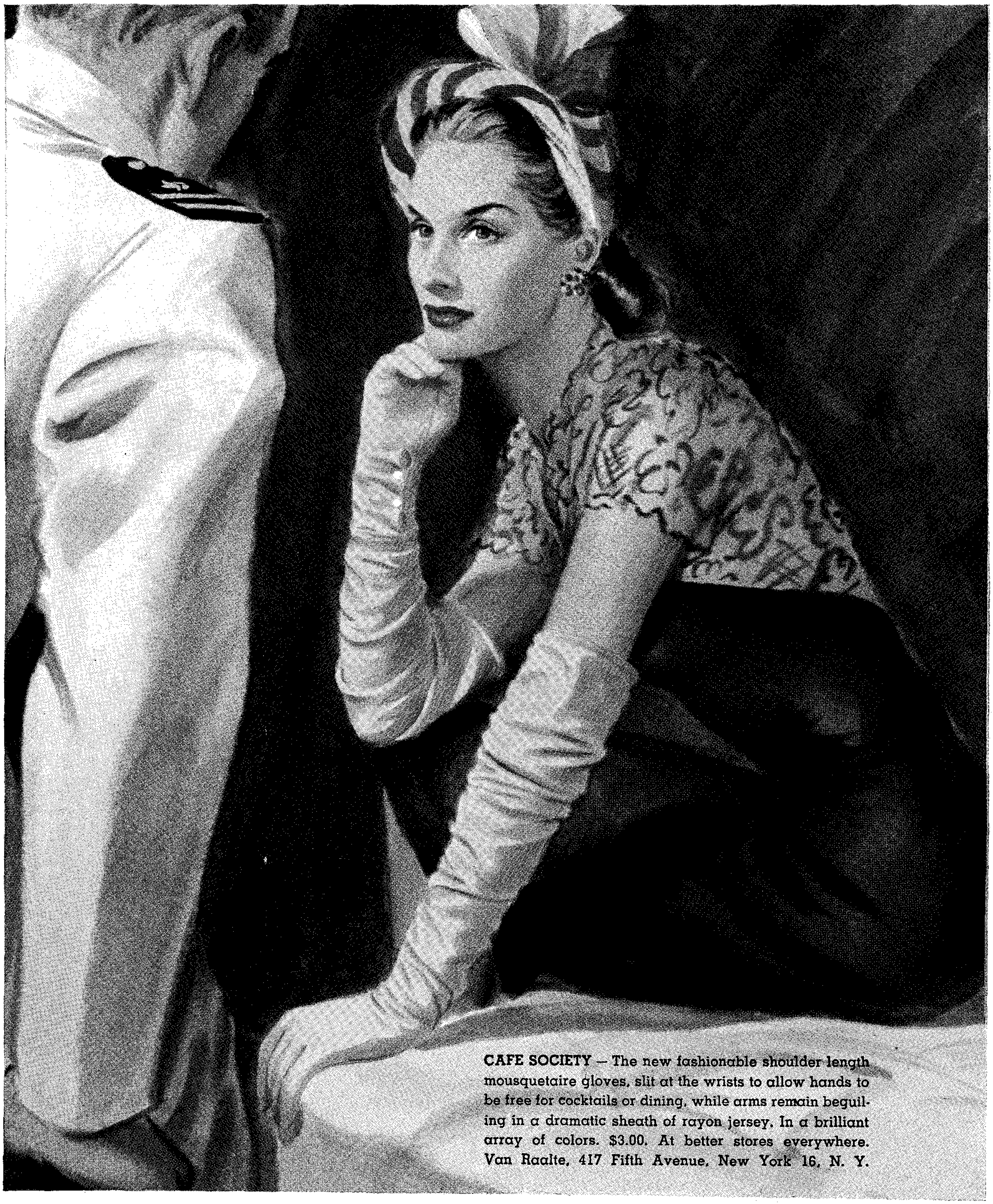

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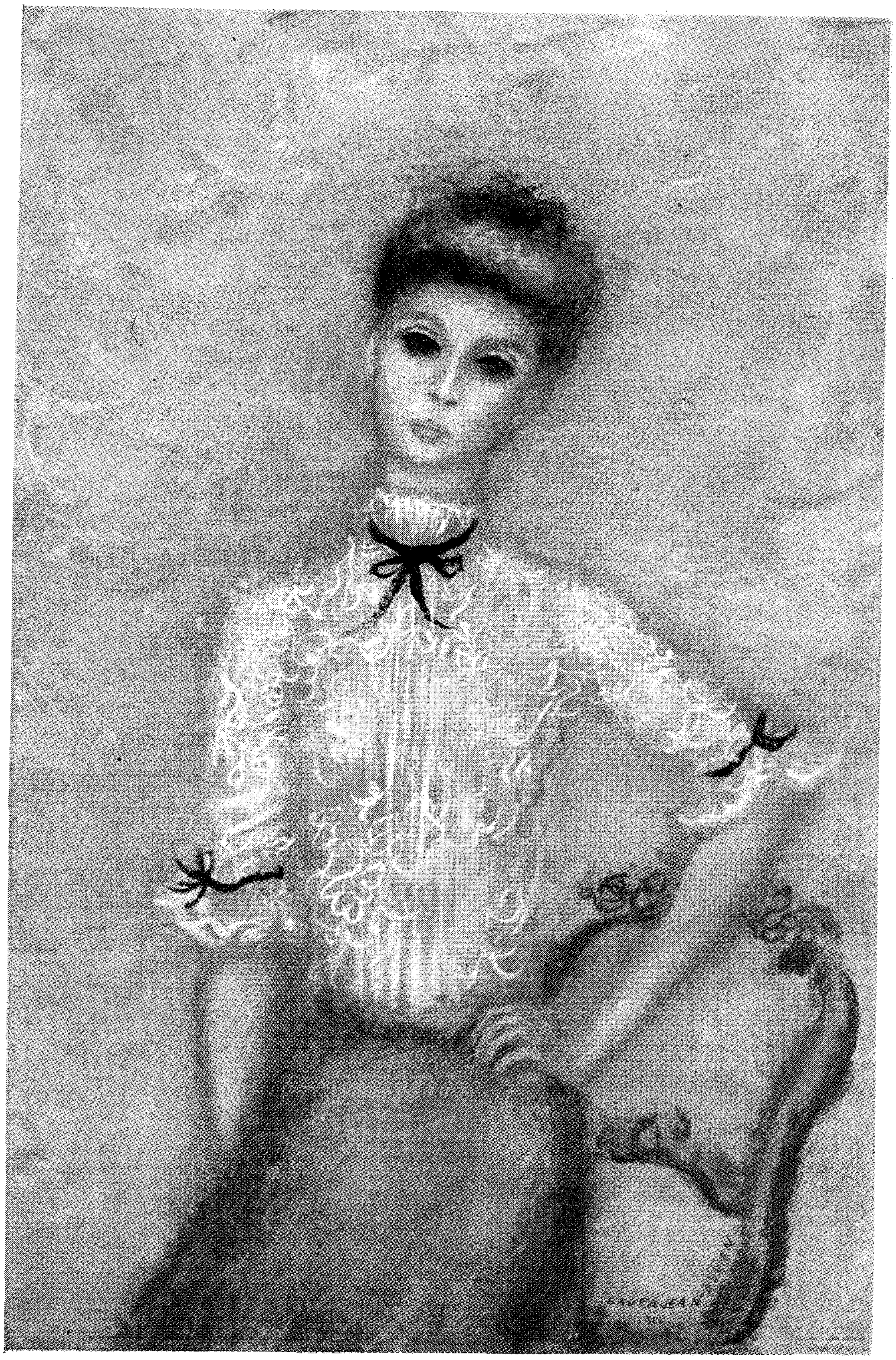

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 20.

and 8:40 P.M. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117. UN 4-3200, Ext. 502.)

NEW OPERA COMPANY—"The Maid as Mistress" and "The Secret of Suzanne," Sun., May 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Alvin Theatre, 52, W. of B'way. CI 5-6868.)

SALMAGGI OPERA COMPANY—"La Bohème," Sat., May 13; "La Forza del Destino," Sat., May 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

YELLA PESSL AND TEDDY WILSON—Miss Pessl and Mr. Wilson playing harpsichords, assisted by a string ensemble, in a program of old music and modern jazz; sponsored by the Teachers' Union. Fri., May 12, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. For tickets, call GR 3-0471.)

MARIE VALOIS—Mezzo-soprano. Sat., May 13, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

KOLISCH QUARTET—Assisted by George Szell, piano; and Jarmila Novotná, soprano, in a program of music by Bedřich Smetana, in commemoration of the anniversary of his death. Sun., May 14, at 3 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. For tickets, call LO 5-8913, between 2:30 and 6 P.M.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Robert Shaw conducting. Mon., May 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. and Fri., May 11-12, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sat., May 13, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 14 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Mon. through Thurs., May 15-18, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., May 19-20, at 2:30 P.M.

FENCING—National Championships—Foil: women's team, Tues., May 16; men's individual, Thurs., May 18; women's individual, Fri., May 19; at 6:30 P.M.... Epée: men's individual, Wed., May 17, at 6:30 P.M.... Sabre: men's individual, Sat., May 20, at 2 and 8 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

RACING—Weekdays at Belmont, at 1:30 P.M.; through June 3. (Metropolitan Handicap, May 13; the Juvenile and the Withers, May 20.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.... **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30.

CITY PLANNING—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Wed., and Fri., 1 to 9 P.M.; and Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

GARDEN EXHIBITION—The annual City Gardens Club tour, this year a benefit for military camps and hospitals and the Seamen's Church Institute: the gardens of Mrs. Walter Ewing Hope, 43 E. 70; Mr. Louis Samler, 875 5 Ave., at 70; Mme. Helena Rubinstein, 625 Park, at 65; Mrs. Seward Erdman, 163 E. 65; Mrs. George Marshall, 218 E. 62; Mrs. Edgar Stillman, 6 Sutton Sq.; and Mrs. H. Graves Terwilliger, 430 E. 57: Tues., May 16, from 2:30 to 6 P.M. (For tickets, call PL 8-2695.)

FLOWER SHOW—A special exhibition of flower arrangements, Wed., May 17, from 2 to 10 P.M.: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor).

AMERICANA—Life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the Seamen's Church Institute: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 5.

LATIN AMERICA—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts dating from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 20.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Painting and sculpture by many modern artists, including Cézanne, Picasso, Eilshemius, and Maillol, owned by the Museum of Modern Art and others: Thurs., May 11, at 8:15 P.M.... Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture and decorations owned by the late James A. Stillman: Thurs. through Sat., May 11-13, at 2 P.M.... The Americana collection owned by the late Mrs. J. Amory Haskell: Wed. through Sat., May 17-20, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Work by Renaissance artists, including an altarpiece by Raphael, as well as paintings by nineteenth-century artists, owned by Richard Semmel, Esther Louise Palmer, and others: Fri., May 19, at 8 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 14, at 3 P.M., WABC.... Symphony Orchestra of Mexico, Carlos Chavez conducting, Sun., May 14, at 9 P.M., WOR.... New York City Center Opera: "La Bohème," Thurs., May 11, at 8:15 P.M., WNYC.... Ballet Theatre, Sun. and Tues., May 14 and 16, at 8:40 P.M., WNYC.... Joseph Schuster, 'cello, Wed., May 17, at 11:30 P.M., WEAF.

SPORTS—Racing: Metropolitan Handicap, Sat., May 13, at 4:15 P.M., WABC, WOR; Preakness, Sat., May 13, at 4 P.M., WEAF; Withers, Sat., May 20, at 4 P.M., WEAF, and at 4:15 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ.... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC.... Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC.... Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT.... Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR.... William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC.... Johannes Steel, nightly at 7:30 P.M., WMCA.... Leland Stowe, Fri. at 10 P.M., WJZ.... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.... Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE—Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC.... Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF.... Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY—Rather extravagantly different from the book, but tolerable when judged on its own merits. Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer, Akim Tamiroff, Nazimova, and Louis Calhern. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., May 13.... Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., May 15.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A screen adaptation that you may have heard about, notable for its suspense, acting, and exceptional Technicolor, if not for its political convictions. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., May 17.)

GASLIGHT—Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten in the screen version of the hair-raiser known on the stage as "Angel Street." (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

GOING MY WAY—An easygoing, homespun account of some of the practical functions of the Catholic Church. Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, and Risë Stevens. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

A GUY NAMED JOE—A flying picture that's amusing and intelligent except when the fantasy gets out of hand. Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Sat., May 13.)

THE HITLER GANG—A realistic reënactment of the rise to power of Hitler and Company. Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and Poldy Dur. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

IN OUR TIME—A long one about Poland in 1939, notable for a few political thoughts. Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., May 13-16.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Fri., May 16-19.)

JANE EYRE—Marred by an odd performance by Orson Welles but still recognizable. There's also Joan Fontaine and Henry Daniell. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., May 11.... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sun. through Tues., May 14-16.)

LIFEBOAT—Alfred Hitchcock's admirably done film about some Americans and a German in the same boat. With Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and Walter Slezak. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., May 14.)

THE MEMPHIS BELLE—An exciting Army documentary about a bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., May 16-17.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., May 16-19.)

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE—Not altogether like the book, the changes being mainly for the better. Robert Walker, Donna Reed, and Keenan Wynn. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE—A tasteful and well-acted, if somewhat dreamy, film about a young girl's miraculous experiences at Lourdes. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

STANDING ROOM ONLY—A comedy, with some good moments, about housing and servant troubles in

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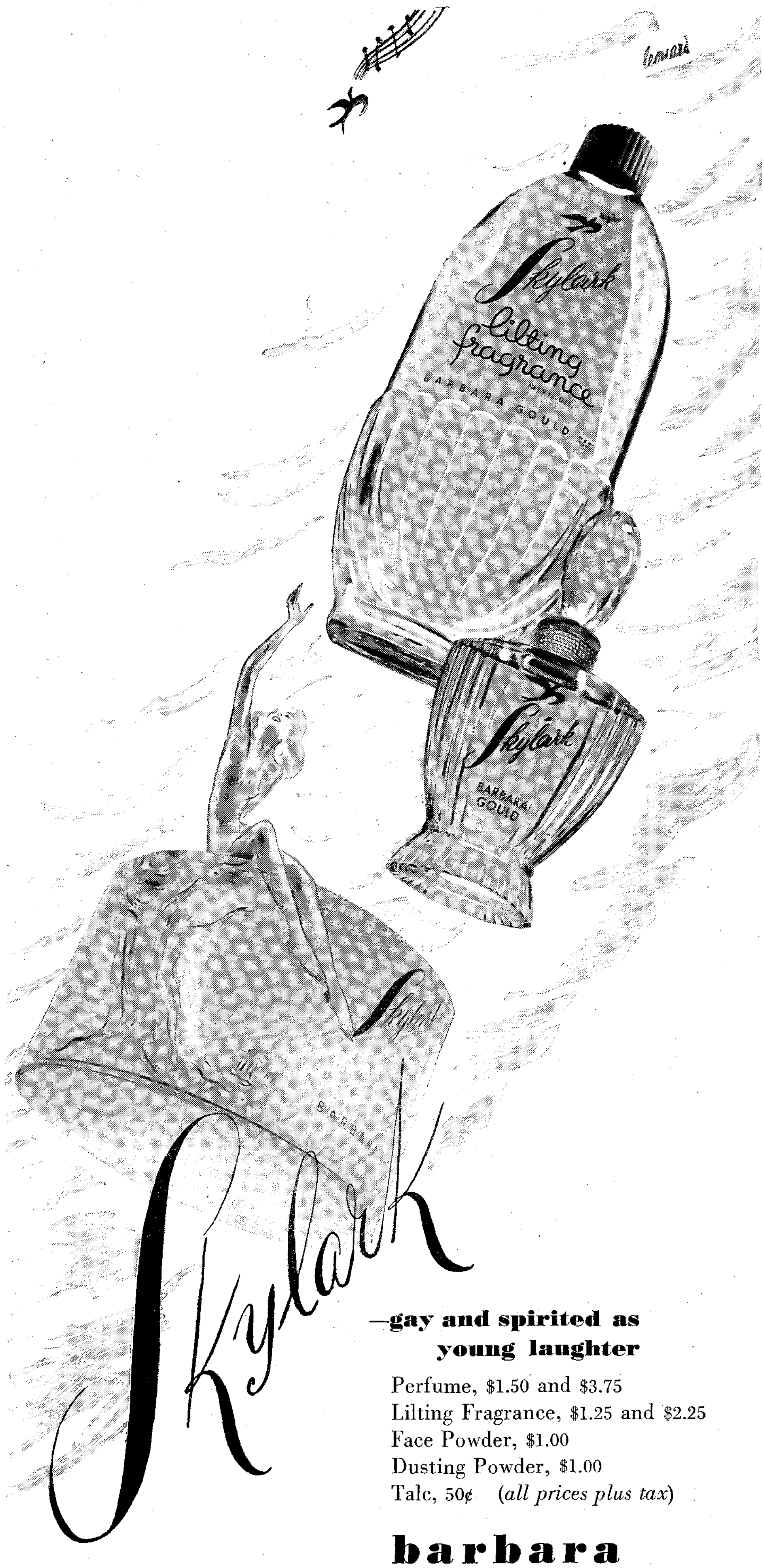

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Washington. Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard, and Roland Young. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., May 13. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., May 15.)

The Sullivans—The background of the five brothers who were killed in the Pacific. Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, and Selena Royle. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., May 12. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sun., May 14. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., May 12-15. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., May 13-15.)

Tunisian Victory—A British-American documentary, sometimes dull, sometimes absorbing, and always informative. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., May 16-17.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare in Russia. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. and Thurs., May 17-18.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—An early Marx Brothers. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 12.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Thurs., May 11.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. and Thurs., May 17-18.)

Cavalcade (1933)—Noel Coward's account of England during two wars. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., May 12.)

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the lady who loved her house more than her husband. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., May 12.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., May 12.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., May 16-17.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., May 12-15.)

Hangmen Also Die (1943)—Fancy guesswork about the assassination of Heydrich. Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. and Thurs., May 17-18.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family, and France, from the 1870's to the present. Michèle Morgan, Raimu, and Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Tues., May 13-16.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and most famous of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 12.)

Keeper of the Flame (1943)—About a national hero and concealed Fascism in America. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., May 14-16.)

Kings Row (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. and Tues., May 15-16.)

Love Crazy (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. and Thurs., May 17-18.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., May 11.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., May 16-18.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The early Capra comedy about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 11.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. and Sun., May 13-14.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the King. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. and Thurs., May 17-18.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence, and Charles Laughton. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; from Sat., May 13.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

This Is the Army (1943)—Irving Berlin's soldier show. In Technicolor, with George Murphy, Charles Butterworth, Joan Leslie, and a big cast of soldiers. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., May 13.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the following schedule: **THURS. AND FRI., MAY 11-12:** "The Wedding of Palo" (1937), full-length travelogue of East Greenland. **SAT. AND SUN., MAY 13-14:** "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), an early western; "The Last Card" (1915), with William S. Hart; and "The Covered Wagon" (1923), directed by James Cruze. (Theatre will be closed from Mon., May 15, through Tues., May 23.)

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

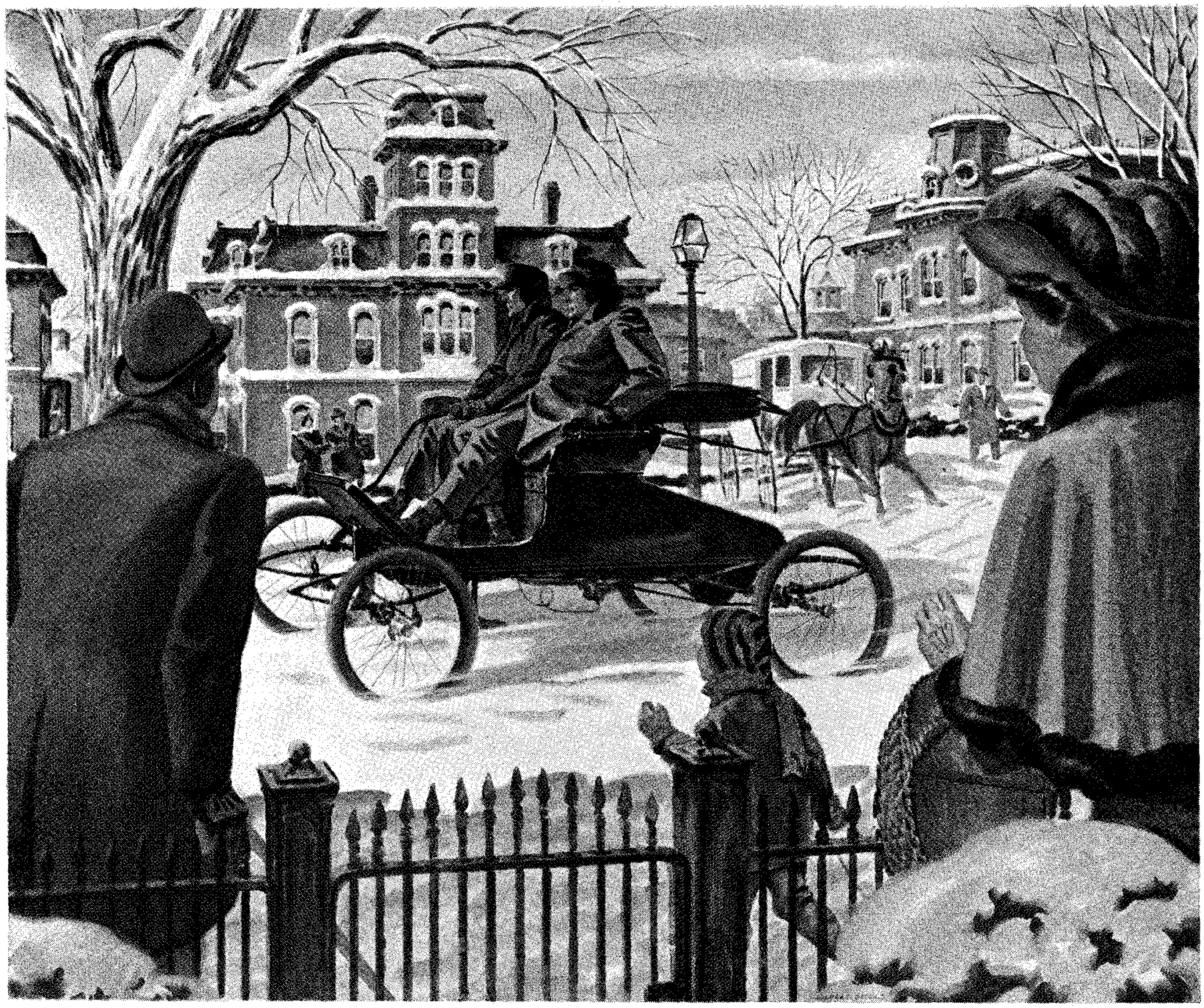
VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men or women with knowledge of some foreign language to aid foreign-born parents in writing to their sons in the service; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day filling kits for servicemen to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58th: women to spend as much time as they can spare in A.W.V.S. work shops making layettes and children's clothes for Army and Navy relief (PL 3-6487); women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing and serving refreshments for servicemen's clubs (RE 4-5982). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to work three hours a day, twice a week, as ward and clinic aides or as librarians in hospitals; men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, porters, and dietary and ward aides.

NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

SALVAGE—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charitable organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—Russian War Relief, 11 E. 35th (LE 2-4927), is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to the Soviet. Bundles will be collected by all laundry drivers, or they may be taken to any police station. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., 325 E. 38th, which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call LE 2-0886. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for pocket-size books, small games, playing cards, portable phonographs, and radios. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. . . . Musical instruments of all kinds, from ukuleles to pianos, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63rd, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538). . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50th (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French servicemen in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices.



"Swifter than a race horse it flew over the icy streets!"

Many a mustache cup was put down with a clatter. Many a housewife on this wintry Sunday morning in 1900 began to dream of a new family carriage—*without a horse!*

There on the front page of the newspaper was the thrilling story. Henry Ford had given a reporter a ride in the first Detroit-built automobile—an experimental model. It had been an inspiring experience.

A speed of 25 miles an hour had been attained. The reporter nearly leapt overboard in fright, but had kept his perch over the 3-gallon gas tank.

He was now able to record ecstatically that the "big machine rode with dream-like smoothness" despite the ruts . . . that it "stopped within six feet" and was off again "like a frightened ghost".

Mr. Ford had proved himself "an expert in cutting circles and other fancy figures". He turned sharp curves "with the grace and ease of a wild bird". Even a milk wagon and a loaded dray had been encountered without mishap!

From these early days, the name Ford has never ceased to be news.

The reason lies in the basic Ford principle: *build a sturdy, simple car priced within the reach of the greatest number.*

When production was stopped on the 1942 models, more than 30,000,000 Ford-built cars and trucks had taken to the road. Millions of them are still serving America's vital needs. Much of the present news of Ford is "restricted", for it has to do with the mass production of giant aircraft and other tools of victory.

But there will come a day when Ford news will again feature civilian models. You may be sure they will reflect all the ingenuity and precision engineering which are traditional with Ford. They will benefit, too, by the newer knowledge of materials and fabrication methods.

Yes, the Ford cars of the future may even challenge the descriptive powers of that forgotten reporter who, at the turn of the century, rolled along the streets of Detroit "swifter than a race horse".

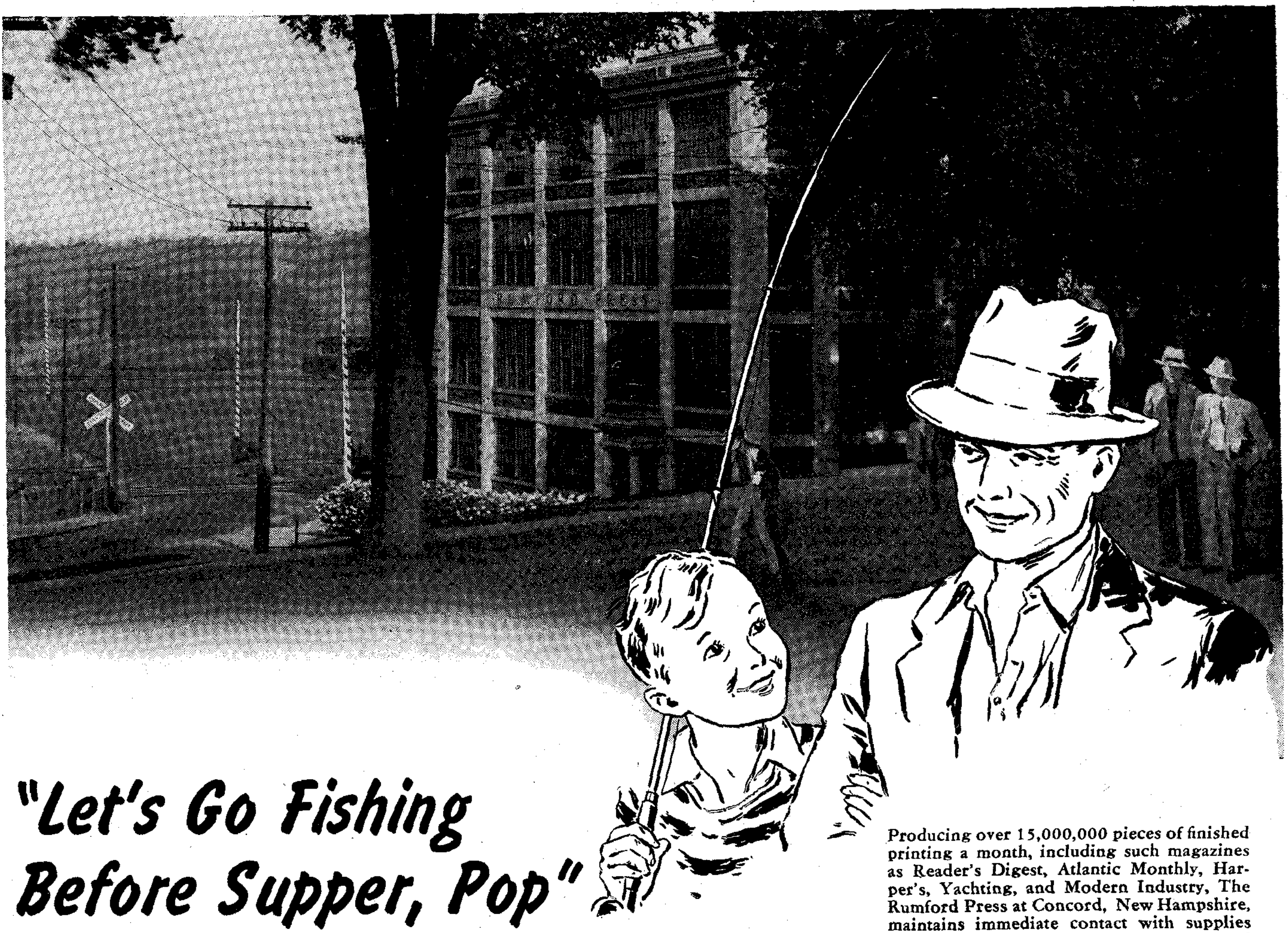
FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Chromablend (blended powder base)

- as individual as the skin that wears it. • a cream foundation blended especially to your order.
- the powder base that gives color emphasis to your skin. • protects dry, sensitive skins; softens as it beautifies.
- chromablend (blended powder base) sets the tone of your makeup and holds your powder for hours and hours.

JACQUELINE COCHRAN

MAYNARD



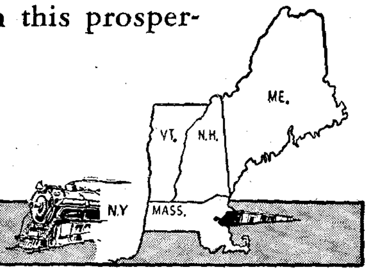
"Let's Go Fishing Before Supper, Pop"

Producing over 15,000,000 pieces of finished printing a month, including such magazines as Reader's Digest, Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, Yachting, and Modern Industry, The Rumford Press at Concord, New Hampshire, maintains immediate contact with supplies and markets through a full use of Boston and Maine facilities.

New England craftsmen know what it means to live in a good place, where they also work — where there's time to go fishing before supper. Life to them, and to their wives and children, means more than just a weekly pay envelope. It means a chance for a little home of their own, friendly neighbors, relaxation, rest and enjoyment after hours which insure a refreshed approach to tomorrow's task.

New England's manufacturers will always have *good* jobs for *good* workmen. Specialized industries serving a vastly increased number of other industries the country over; expanded facilities and natural advantages of low-cost water and electric power; well-located factory and warehouse sites closest to foreign markets— all coordinated by a modern system of fast, flexible transportation — place New England in the foremost position for maintaining a high level of postwar employment.

Industrialists interested in the combination of a commercially advantageous location plus living and working conditions which make for high-quality production will do well to write the Boston and Maine. Our intimate knowledge of the area we serve — Northern New England — enables us to furnish specific data concerning the many opportunities for new industries in this prosperous region.

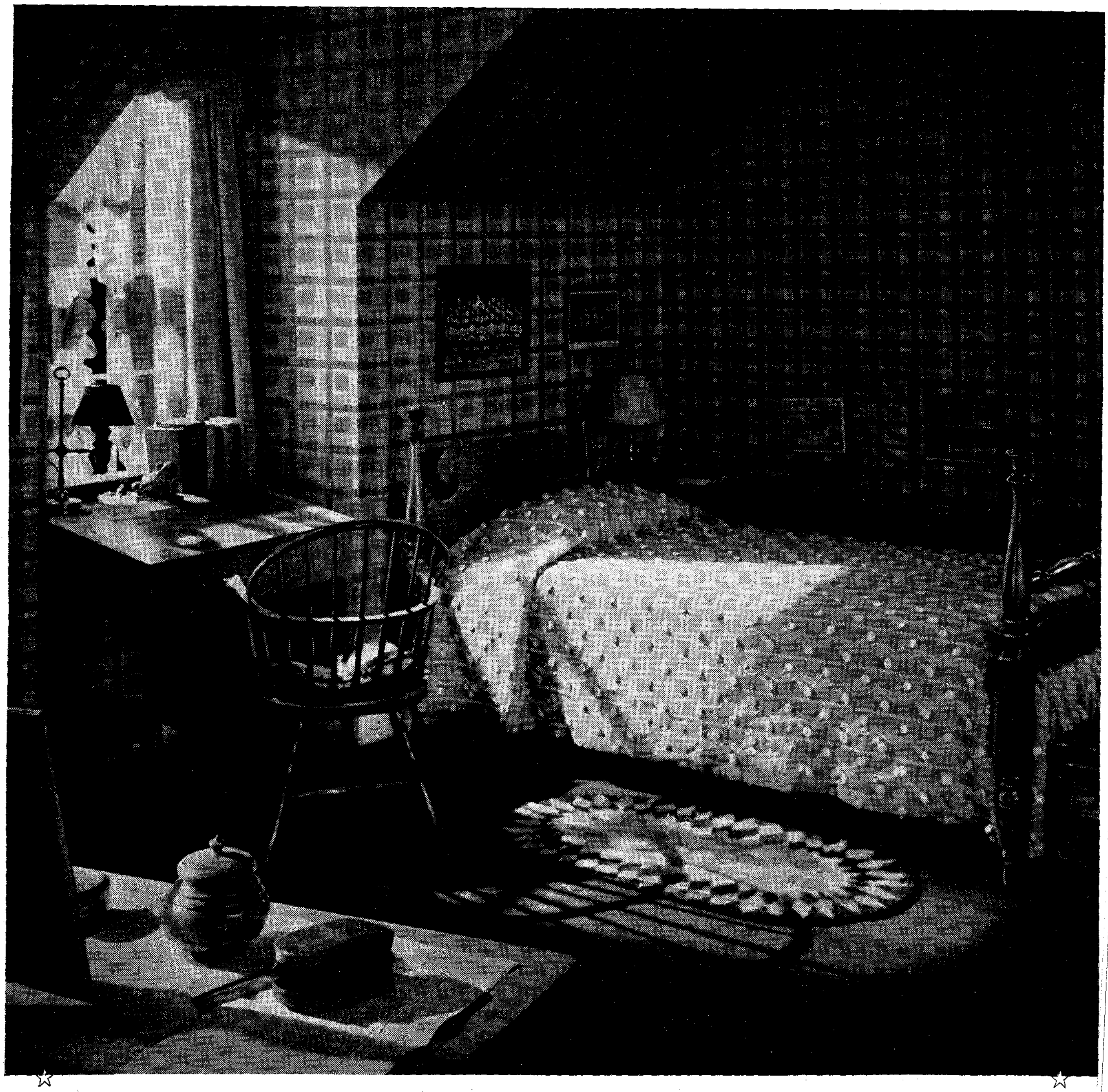


BOSTON *and* MAINE

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS - ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

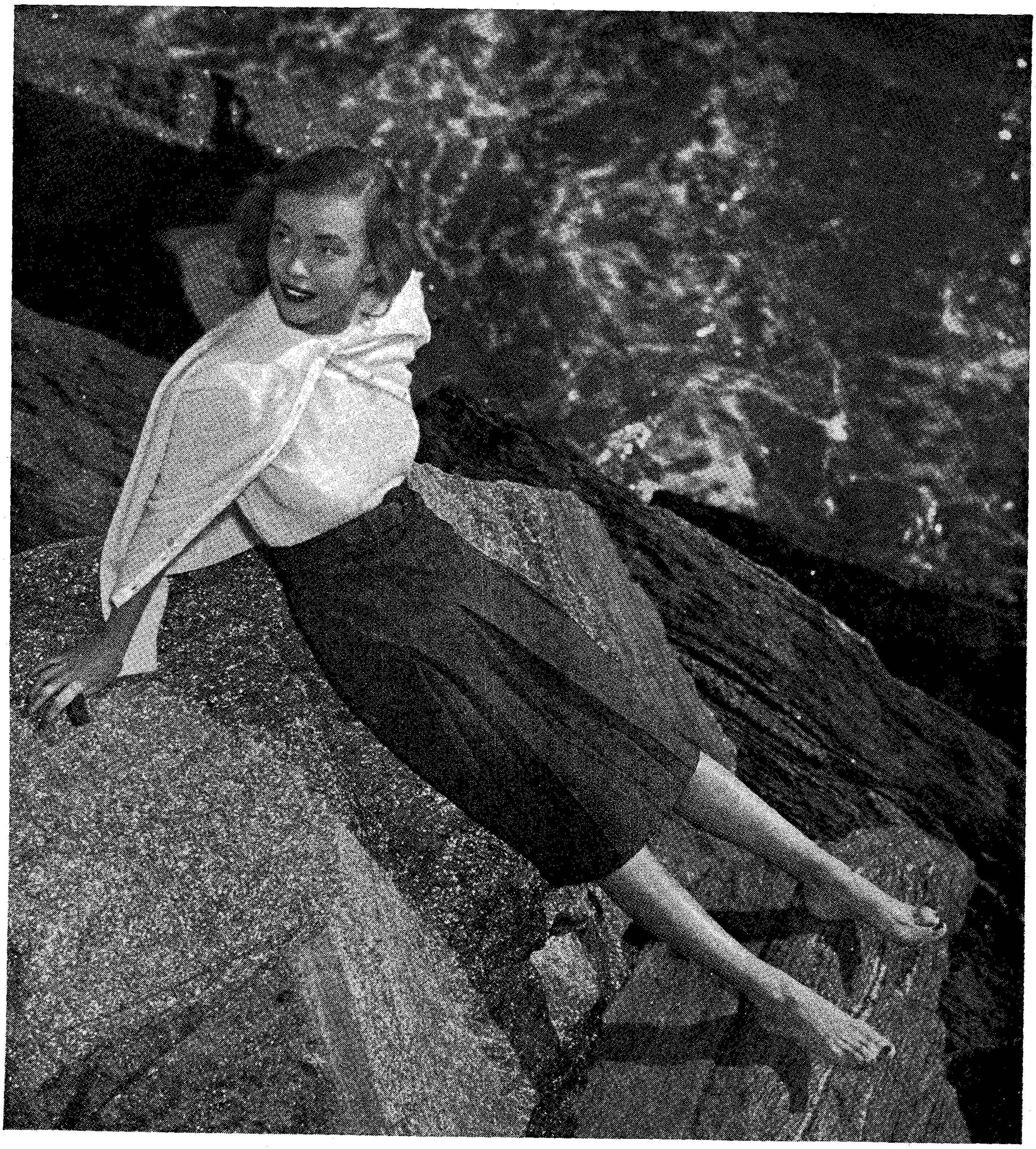
This is his room...

Closed and silent, the room waits for a boy who's spending his youth and strength, and risking his life, to buy a safer, saner, happier world for the rest of us. *You* can buy something for him . . . yes, War Bonds . . . and not only on pay days and during the Drives; but in-between. Today perhaps, remembering what he's going through for you, something you're tempted to buy won't seem nearly so important as helping to get him back home. Buy a Bond instead.



This War Bond message prepared and published by the brewers of **Ballantine ® Ale**

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

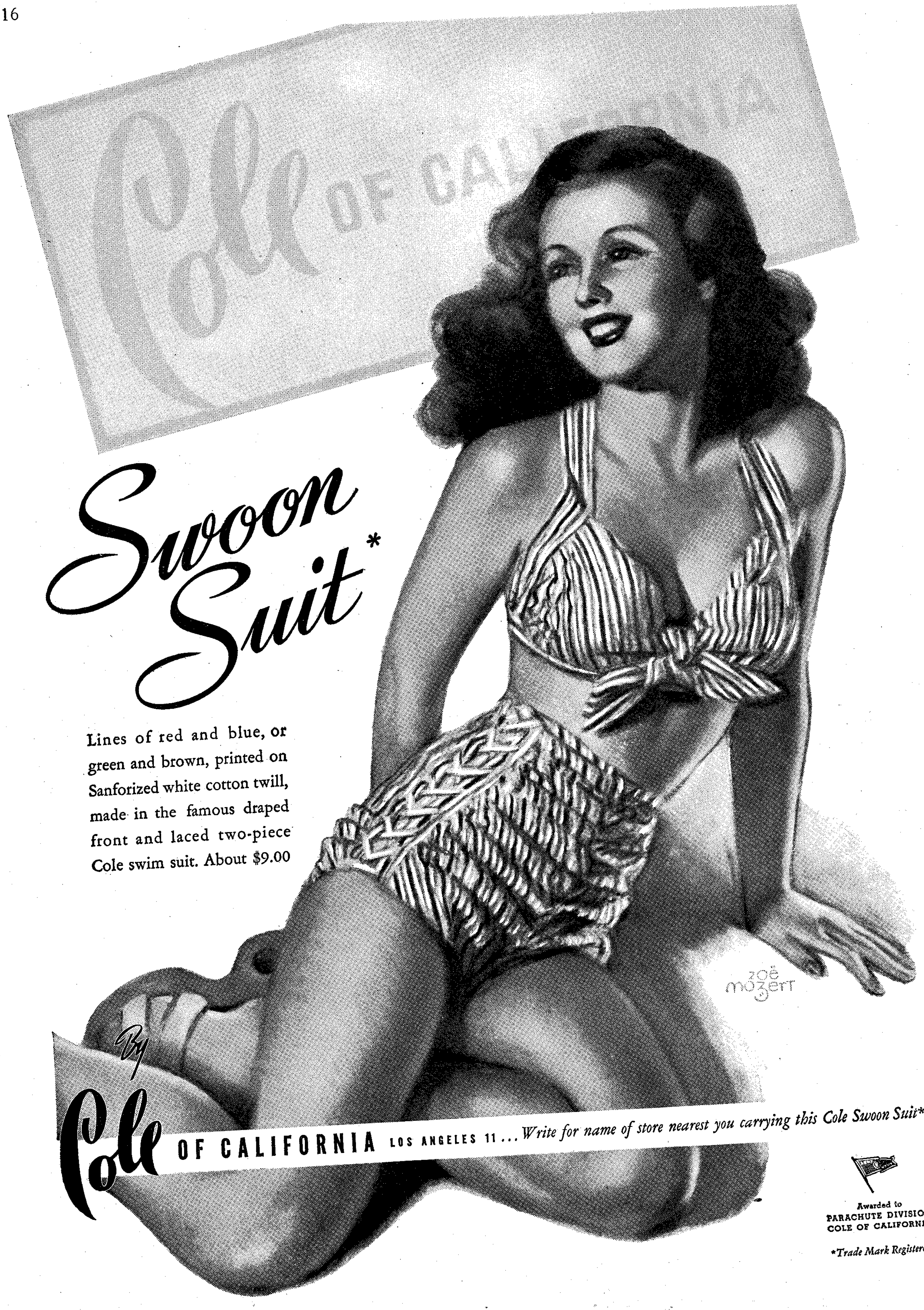


that's a HADLEY sweater

A distinctly American achievement, that sweater. It is proud testimonial to the fact that America can handle cashmere yarns, and turn them into sweaters soft and light as thistledown, perfect of fit, incredibly pure in tradition. The short-sleeved pullover, 12.00; the beautiful, beautiful cardigan, 14.00.

PECK & PECK

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • DETROIT • HARTFORD • MILWAUKEE • MINNEAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA • PROVIDENCE • ST. LOUIS • ST. PAUL



Swoon Suit*

Lines of red and blue, or green and brown, printed on Sanforized white cotton twill, made in the famous draped front and laced two-piece Cole swim suit. About $9.00

By Cole OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES 11 ... *Write for name of store nearest you carrying this Cole Swoon Suit**

Awarded to
PARACHUTE DIVISIO
COLE OF CALIFORNI

**Trade Mark Registere*

SCOTT
FINE RADIO RECEIVERS

The impertinent Piccolo punctuates fine music with a voice shrill, sibilant, insistent . . . exciting to hear if you listen with a Scott!

E. H. SCOTT

The Piccolo pipes up among the more austere instruments with a high brash assurance that often makes them seem dull and throaty by comparison. An octave higher than its cousin the Flute, it brings a shrill brilliance to any theme, whistles excitement into any score.

But you may never have *heard* the Piccolo truly, if your radio dulled its staccato voice! Then indeed you will want more than ever to be a Scott owner after-the-war . . . to have it bring to your unbelieving ears each single instrument in the orchestra, in its own voice and timbre, as in a "living performance."

Meanwhile the Scott has sterner work to do. A Scott goes aboard the ships of our Navy, our tanker fleet, and merchant marine, wherever the flag flies, bringing news broadcasts and favorite programs from home to lonely seamen. The Scott went early to war because it was the *first* safe broadcast and short wave radio, its low radiation affording no telltale leakback to submarine direction-finders.

So instead of begrudging a Scott to those men at sea who need them urgently now—make sure that one will be yours in the earliest days of peace. A good way is to buy BONDS, BONDS and MORE BONDS now.

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
4436 RAVENSWOOD AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

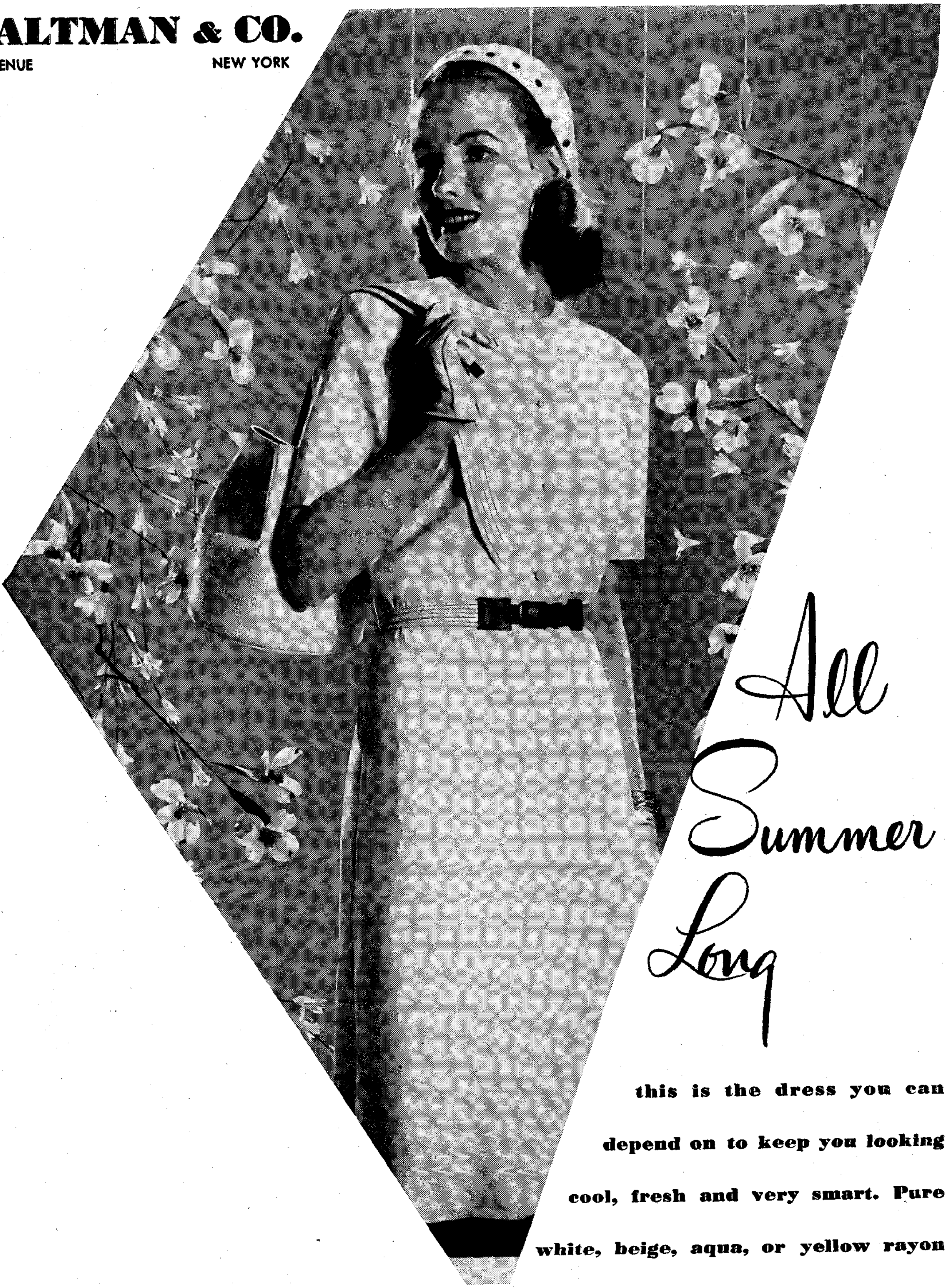
E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, Inc.,
Dept. 7H4, 4436 Ravenswood Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please send me a complimentary copy of your new booklet on radio, "Achievement Through the Years."

Name...
Address..
City................................*State*..............

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



All Summer Long

this is the dress you can depend on to keep you looking cool, fresh and very smart. Pure white, beige, aqua, or yellow rayon crepe. Corded belt. Sizes 10 to 18, 29.95.

Altman sportswear fashions, third floor

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO American soldiers in England, or just leaving England for the Continent, or just arriving there, we offer the only thing we seem capable of contributing at this juncture—a report on home. Your peculiar absence gives you plenty of time to think about home and we assume you are eager for particulars.

Here at home, spring was late in arriving, but it is now well advanced. In Washington Square the sward is green, bench sitters tilt their faces to the sun, schoolboys heave pocket knives at the trunks of trees, narrowly missing poets. Dogs are out in strength, roller skates go chees-chees, and the bus drivers take time out to finish their cigarette before starting the uptown run. In Connecticut, early vegetables are in, and neat people are painting their fences on bright mornings. In Maine, the martins have arrived, and smelt spawn has been found on the stones in the brooks.

In the literary field, a mystery novel has been written in which the victim is murdered by the reader of the book. The editors of *Who's Who in America* say that there won't be enough copies of the new edition to go around; this year everybody wants to know who is important. (Incidentally, soldier, if your name didn't get in, it must have been an oversight.)

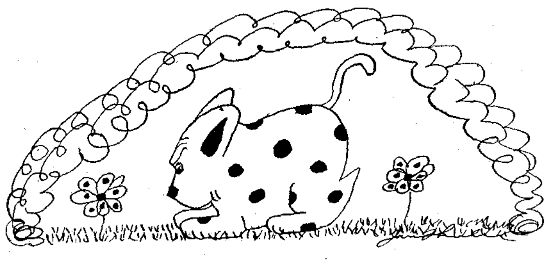
The Wrigley Chewing Gum Company reports that its entire output of Grade A chicle is going overseas but that it is experimenting with a Grade B chicle for the home jaw. If this Grade B gum should turn out to be tastier than the Grade A (which we think perfectly possible), we'll let you know right away.

Boston still is in charge of our morals. A Cambridge book dealer had to pay a fine of two hundred dollars for selling a copy of a recent novel. We won't tell you the name of the book; it might corrupt your morals and you have probably read it by this time anyway and are beyond recall.

It is now legal to make elderberry wine in the home. It is legal to buy a case of Scotch, too. There have been complaints against a Fifth Avenue dress shop for painting its front door an undignified shade of yellow, and every daffodil in town is keeping its stamens crossed. A Jersey fisherman, fishing off Cape May, caught a fluke whose belly was plainly marked with the imperial insigne of Japan. The fish died after a short struggle, and the rising sun soon set. In football games next fall, the linesmen won't have to run out onto the field to measure for a first down. It will all be done from the sidelines by telescopes and plane geometry. Red-hot peanuts will be served as usual during the slight delay.

Thirty-eight and nine-tenths per cent of the subscribers to *Time* live in a home that has a yard big enough to land a helicopter in.

The chairman of the board of Montgomery Ward was removed from his office by the President of the United States the other day, and in the confusion neither of them remembered to give his inseam measure. Citizens had an instinctive feeling that the government's emergency powers couldn't possibly cover all the items in a mail-order catalogue. Americans are often right about such matters.



Home, as you see, is the same old place. Discussion of the peace continues in good volume and, on the whole, along the right track. You will read many things which may discourage you, but just the same, millions of people at home are doing their homework faithfully. They are beginning to see the peace for what it is, an exercise in evolution in which the political structure of the world will have to be made a responsible one instead of an irresponsible one. They are quite determined that there shall be a justification for your incredible journey, your trip abroad.

THE editorial-page cartoonist of the *News* had a picture the other day which we figured must bristle with hidden import. We're sorry we can't reproduce it here; all we can do is describe it. It is titled "Championship Match" and shows President Roosevelt, in a white suit, seated across a chessboard from Dewey, in a black suit. The layout of the pieces on the board is clearly shown and you can see that the game hasn't progressed very far. The President looks far more cheerful than the Governor and his cigarette holder is confidently rampant. The Governor sits cheek on hand, pale, pensive, DuMaurieresque. We're no chess player, so we gave the cartoon to a man who is and asked for an analysis of the game up to the point pictured. He came up with the following: "Right at the start," he said, "the Governor accepted the queen's gambit, which was not at all the thing to do. Furthermore, he later advanced his queen's knight. The President obviously has seen clearly that Q–QR4 ch. will win the knight at QR5. It ought to be clear sailing after that." "You mean," we asked, "that the *News* thinks the President will win the match?" "Certainly," he said, "and possibly Maine and Vermont."

London Story

AN Englishman, a Mr. Holt, returned to London from the country a few weeks ago and found his town house pretty well shattered as the result of a direct hit next door. As he stood at the top of his steps, contemplating the rubble in his front hall, an elderly man trotted up, removed his bowler, and coughed apologetically. "Good morning, sir," he said. "I have called about the beetles in your kitchen."

Happy

WHEN we read that the two young chemists Robert B. Woodward and William E. Doering had duplicated natural quinine by a chemical process, we thought we ought to have a talk with the team's local member, Doering, who is an instructor in organic chemistry at Columbia. (Woodward teaches the same subject at Harvard.) We found Doering in his laboratory, a robust, shirt-sleeved young man, surrounded by bubbling tubes and hundreds of colored bottles, and almost the first thing he said was "Gee, but I'm happy!" Giving us his version of the achievement, he recalled that scientists had been working on the problem for about a hundred years. "Pasteur got an alkaloid from natural quinine, quinotoxine, in 1853," he said, "and in 1918 Rabe turned quinotoxine back into quinine. If we could make synthetic quinotoxine, it would be just one tiny step back to synthetic quinine. Well, one half of the quinotoxine molecule had already been duplicated, so we went after the other half, figuring that everything would be rosy—we'd have made another step in the great tradition. Everything was not rosy. Woodward had the blueprint for this thing and I helped with the mixing. Chemistry is the world's most discouraging business, I guess, with one hour of thrill for three hundred of sweat, and it's always the *last* experiment that works. I get sick thinking of the details, but we worked fourteen months—February first, 1943, to April eleventh, 1944, at eleven A.M. *sharp*. Boy, what a moment!"

Doering, who is twenty-six, told us that he and Woodward, who is twenty-seven, began work in a Cambridge, Massachusetts, laboratory rented by the Polaroid Corporation, the optical firm that financed the project. Polaroid had a natural interest in quinine because it used the drug in making its light-polarizing materials, but its interest became somewhat academic shortly before the war started, when it found another substance that would work just as well. Thus the experiment was started as a public-service endeavor. For the first month the young scientists had fairly clear sailing and achieved the skeleton of the molecule's unduplicated half. "The next move was heartbreaking," Doering said. "Matter of opening atomic rings and knocking out a hydrogen atom. It took eight weeks. Twelve weeks for the third step, because we kept losing a key oxygen atom. Lord knows where it went, but it wasn't there. You have no idea how depressed we got. We took to mumbling to each other. By September we were speaking in clear tones again: we had found the atom, each move was taking only five weeks, and the lab was filled with bottles of crystals, beautiful crystals. Organic chemists love crystals."

Doering got his Columbia appointment that same month and the experiment continued in both Cambridge and New York, with frequent telephone conferences. He worked in Cambridge during the Christmas vacation and then went back during the Easter recess. By that time the job was in its final stage; the molecule's unduplicated half had at last been duplicated and all the men had to do was combine it with the other half. "From nine-thirty in the mornings until four-thirty the following mornings we mixed and stirred and heated," Doering said. "All we got was a dirty brown oil. We dropped in a few natural crystals because sometimes they act like seeds and make other crystals, but nothing happened. April tenth we got synthetic crystals, all right, but they acted badly—wouldn't purify completely—so we had an ice-cream soda and we went home at three A.M. It was Woodward's birthday and I've never been so blue." Next morning the crystals did purify, and the two men wound up with a quarter gram of fluffy, faintly yellow, needlelike crystals. Doering put them to several tests and, to his amazement, they worked. "At eleven o'clock I went into the darkroom for the final test," Doering said, "a complicated matter of measuring the rotation of the crystals. It came out absolutely correct! I ran back to the lab and said, 'Woodward, this is it!' Woodward went in and took a look and came out smiling. We shook hands." The two young scientists called the president of Polaroid, who seemed stunned. He recovered and invited them to lunch at the Copley Plaza. Arriving at the hotel, Doering had two Daiquiris and Woodward had two Scotch-and-sodas. When they left the table after lunch, Doering got as far as the checkroom and then remembered that he'd put the formula under his chair, in a black cardboard folder, and forgotten it. He went back and got it.

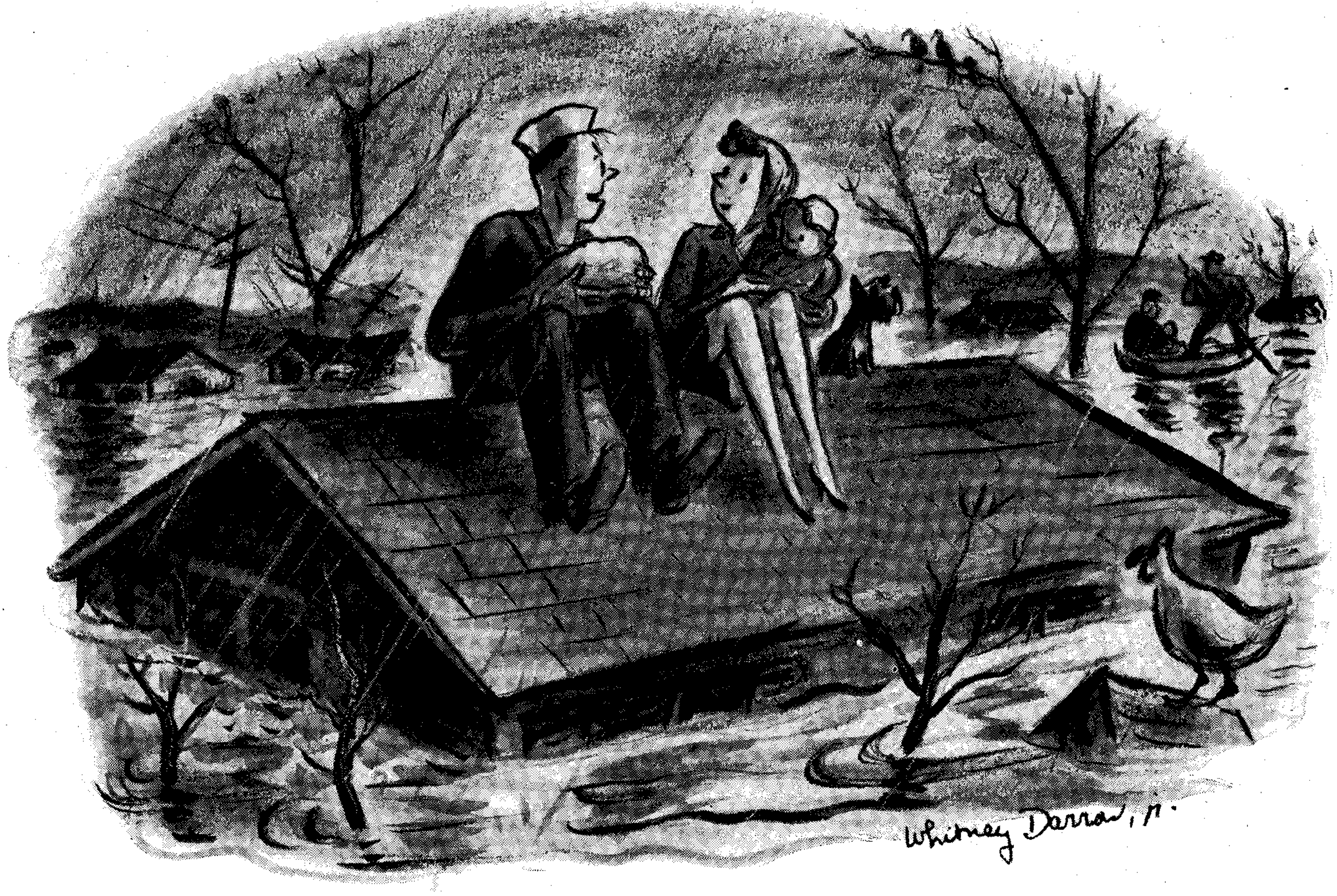
When we talked to Doering, he was about to join Woodward in Cambridge to prepare a scientific paper on their experiment. The two met at Harvard in 1942 while working on a secret war project. Woodward is something of a prodigy, having received a Ph.D. from M.I.T. after only four years of collegiate study; Doering has a doctorate from Harvard. "Sometimes the going is awful tough—a healthy fellow like myself watching crystals in a lab during a war," Doering remarked. "It got especially tough when one of my best friends came down with the world's worst malaria in the South Pacific. Now that we have these quinine crystals, I feel satisfied."

Roughing It

A BOSTON lady trundled into that town's finest crystal-and-china shop with a long shopping list and a firm idea of what she wanted. "I'm looking for some champagne glasses," she told the clerk. "Something suitable for a summer camp." They had just the thing, too: some nice, sturdy, heavy-duty champagne glasses.

Special Program

AT Fort Benning, where parachute troops are trained, they occasionally put on exhibitions for distinguished visitors. The commands given within the planes come over the two-way radio and are broadcast through a loudspeaker for the edification of the guests. They can hear the commanding officer giving each man the order to jump, and the man, as he leaves the plane, can be heard starting the count which he is supposed to complete before pulling the cord that opens his parachute. Once the chutists merely counted to ten, but now, so they


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"It's one hell of a way for a guy to spend a shore leave."

• •

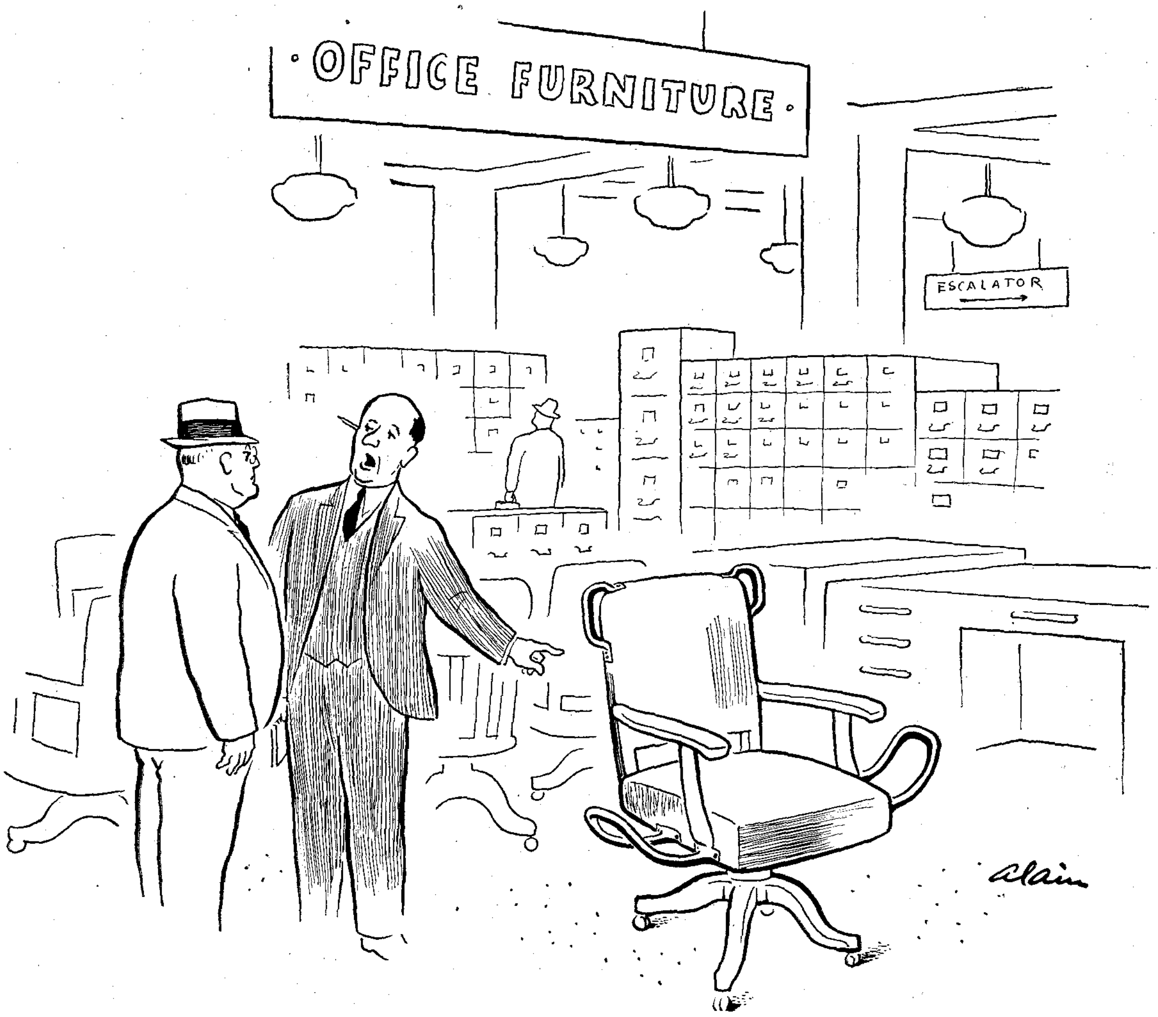
won't pull the cord too soon, they count "One hundred, two hundred," and so on. All this leads us to the time Secretary Morgenthau was in the audience. One by one, the paratroopers jumped, and the audience on the ground heard them begin the count. As the last man in the last plane started his count, his words came loud and clear through the microphone: "One billion, two billion, three billion . . ."

Our Own Baedeker

THE thing to remember about Belgium is that it is the most thickly populated country in Europe, with 710 inhabitants for each of its 11,775 square miles. One result of this is that many of its citizens had to become long-range commuters in order to get employment; it isn't uncommon (or wasn't, before the German invasion) for a man to live thirty-five miles from his job, and many textile workers commuted across the French border to Lille and Roubaix. Belgium has a tiny coastline, only sixty-two miles long, which, after the barbed wire and land mines have been cleared away, will doubtless revert to what it was before the war—a vast Jones Beach where English and French families, as well as Belgians, went for inexpensive vacations. The Belgian port of Antwerp, the greatest on the Continent, isn't on the coast; it's up the Scheldt River. "Antwerp," in case anybody asks, means "the place of hand throwing;" in the Middle Ages they punished thieves there by cutting off their right hand, which was thrown into the Scheldt. The first skyscraper in Europe was the Farmers' Bank in Antwerp, twenty-five stories high. At the last count, there was only one vessel in the Belgian Navy, and that mounted only a machine gun. The Belgians require that their senators have a university diploma or be a member of one of the learned professions.

Belgium's existence as a free nation dates back to 1815, after the downfall of Napoleon, when the five great European powers—Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia—set up the Kingdom of the Netherlands, which included Holland and Belgium. This union never took, partly because Holland was mainly Protestant and Belgium was Catholic, and in 1839 the powers signed a treaty separating the two countries, at the same time agreeing to respect their neutrality. This treaty was, of course, the "scrap of paper" which the Germans ignored in the first World War. Belgium has never had a common language; the inhabitants in the half of the country adjoining Holland speak Flemish, a Dutch dialect, and those in the other half speak Walloon, which is a corruption of medieval French. The line of demarcation passes through Brussels, which is officially bilingual. Belgium used to turn out five grams of radium a month, from pitchblende brought from the Belgian Congo; this was ninety per cent of the world's output. The Lys River has marvellous water for the retting of flax, but how much flax is retted there these days is a matter of pure conjecture. Soft coal is mined in the interior of the country, and the miners are sometimes parties to child marriages as startling as anything ever heard of in Kentucky. Buffalo Bill toured Belgium in the nineties, and the Belgians are still talking about it.

Belgium has practically a corner in beguinages. These are small communities composed of churches, houses,



"This is our senior-executives' model. Note the convenient handles for use in the event of eviction by the government."

• •

streets, and (at one time) breweries, where women may go to sequester themselves without taking religious vows. While there, they do charitable work, pray and meditate, and make lace, and they can leave any time. Beguinages were first set up during a period in the Middle Ages when all the young men had left on a crusade and the number of young women who wished to retire from the world overtaxed the facilities of the nunneries. There's a big beguinage in Ghent which was started by a firm-minded lassie named Jeanne of Constantinople, who may have got that name because her husband went on the crusades. She won an argument with her father by hanging him. Women's suffrage in Belgium is confined to widows, not remarried, of soldiers or civilians killed by enemy action in the first World War, or the mothers of such men, if they are widows; women who were imprisoned by the Germans for political reasons during the last war; and widowed mothers of unmarried sons killed in the war. Leopold II, the king who grabbed the Belgian Congo for his people, was terrific: he had a phenomenally long white beard, wore the uniform of a lieutenant general day in and day out, ate four poached eggs for breakfast every morning, and insisted that his copy of the London *Times* be dampened and ironed smooth before it was brought to him. At the time the Belgian Congo was annexed, a lot of Belgians didn't want it, and many still don't. You can believe it or not, but in Belgium they go shrimping on horseback.

Good Deed

WHILE lunching alone at Sardi's the other day, Lillian Hellman, who wrote "The Searching Wind," was both touched and flattered at hearing two lads in Air Forces uniforms talking about her play. One of them said that he had heard great things of it and wished he could get in to see it, and the other, with a rueful shake of his head, said he wished *he* could see it, too, but he didn't see how he could raise the price. Miss Hellman interrupted at this point and said she'd see that a pair of seats was waiting for them at the box office for any performance they cared to see. After they had introduced themselves, she said she hoped she wasn't being too inquisitive, but where were they stationed? At the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, they said.

Contest

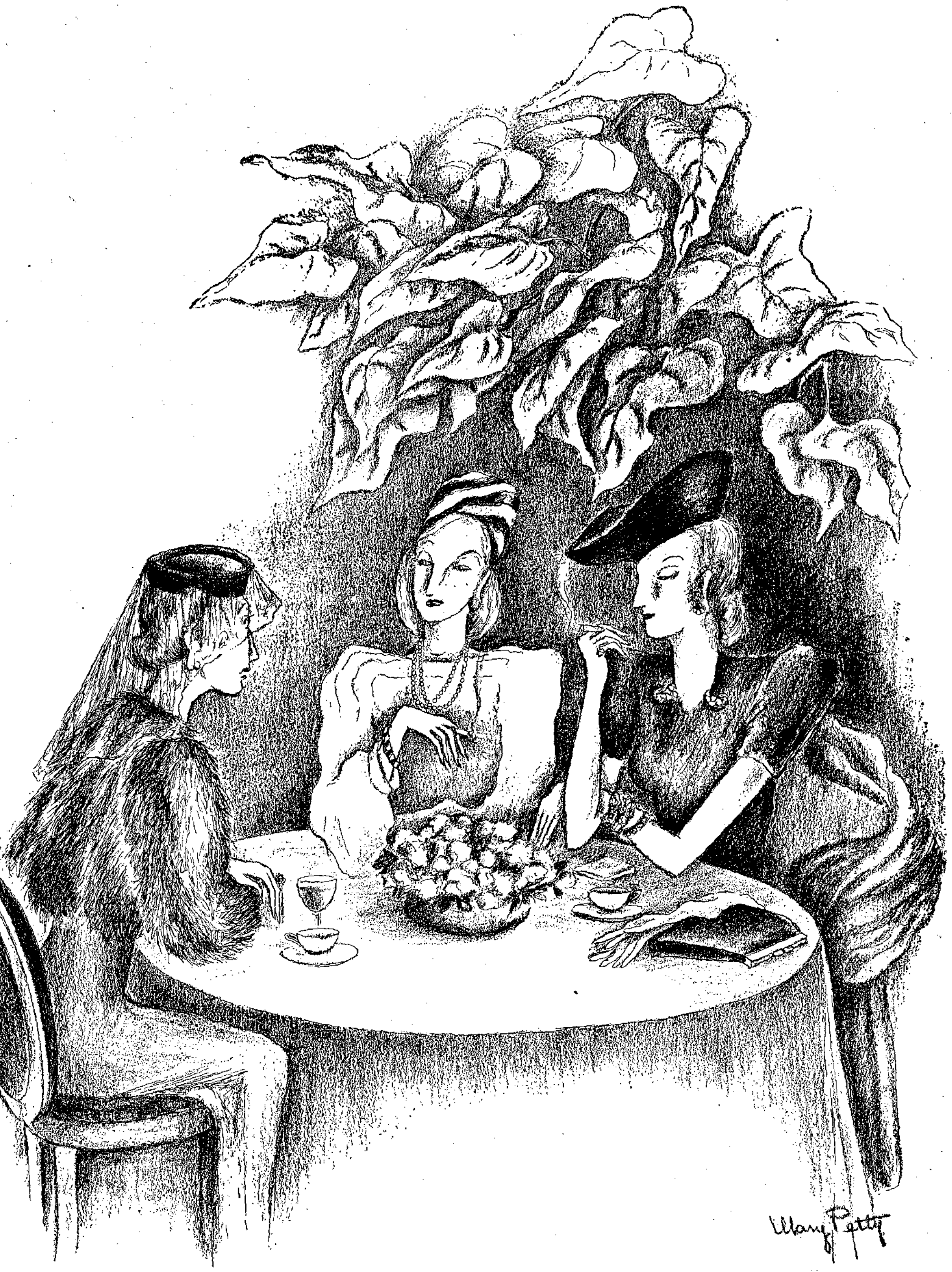
LAST week we attended our first frog-jumping contest. It was held on the stage at Manhattan Center, under the auspices of the Boys' Clubs of New York and other juvenile organizations and Warner Brothers (the Boys' Club of Hollywood). By a pallid coincidence, the affair came off just before the opening of Warner's "The Adventures of Mark Twain," and press agents moved about behind the scenes and sometimes came right out in the open. One of them got hold of us and informed us that the boys whose frogs leaped farthest would win trips to Hannibal, Missouri, where they would be at liberty to find out anything they could about Mark Twain. "Probably be awful hot, but when you're young you don't mind it," the press agent said. "What a prize—why, I bet most of these kids don't even know who Mark Twain *was!*" He said that, up to a week ago, most of them hadn't even known what a frog was. It was then that the boys enrolled for the contest had received Warner Brothers frogs. "Some of them thought they were turtles," the press agent said. "My manhood was cast down from me in a flood of remembrance." We looked at him inquiringly and he added, "That's D. H. Lawrence, but it's exactly how I felt."

A *Daily News* man came up and asked us what attendance figures we were going to use. We told him: two hundred grade-school boys, a hundred frogs (one for every two boys), five press agents, six photographers, and Jesse Lasky. Mr. Lasky, who is an associate producer with Warner's, sat quietly near some photographers who were trying to pose a lad with a frog. "Make him jump!" one of the photographers barked. The boy put the frog on the floor, but the frog remained as quiet as Lasky. "Tickle him, you little jerk," said the photographer. "No, *no*—underneath." Tickled underneath, the frog took off on a four-foot hop, landing close to Lasky, who shortly afterward betrayed what may have been a symptom of nervousness by loosening his shoelaces. "O.K.," the photographer told the boy, "now hold the frog and smile." "I don't like you," the boy said. "Smile, you little jerk," said the photographer. "Now, let's take pictures of all the frogs together," another lens hound suggested. "Nah," said the first. "Wouldn't be practical—no composition. Besides, who wants to look at frogs?" We fell into conversation with a man wearing a hand-painted necktie, who turned out to be a Mr. Jermy, a frog trainer who had acted as technical adviser on a frog-jumping sequence in the Mark Twain picture. He told us that he had come East with Lasky and a frog named Flash, who had acted in the film.

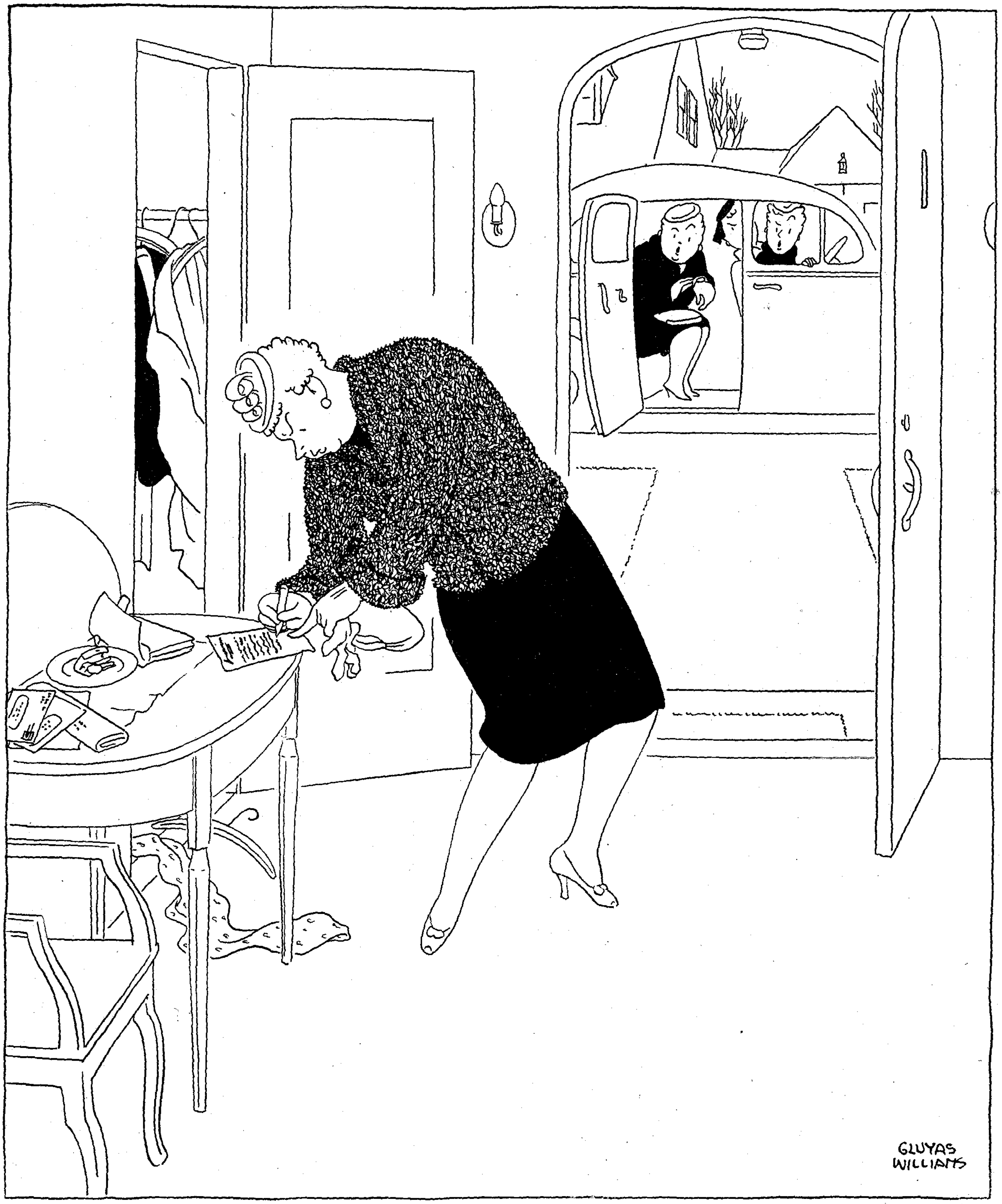
The contest started an hour after the announced time—right on schedule, it was explained to us. "Mr. Lasky wouldn't enjoy it if it was on time," somebody said. The contestants brought their frogs one at a time to a large bull's-eye painted on the floor, placed them in the middle, and encouraged them to jump. Some judges recorded the total distance covered in three jumps. Jermy, as technical adviser, was approached by one little boy, who said, "Something's wrong with this frog—I think he's dead." Jermy gave him another frog, without diagnosing the first. After ten frogs had jumped, Lasky tied his shoelaces, stood up, vigorously shook the hand of one of his publicity men, and said, "Terrific. Terrific. I've got to go." He departed behind a flying wedge of two publicity men and a cop. Meanwhile, one of the contestants whose frog had already competed approached Jermy and asked, "What do you want me to do with him now, Mister?" "Put him in that bucket over there, or take him home—I don't care," Jermy said. "We got these frogs from a scientific laboratory," a press agent told us. "They're just living on borrowed time." "So is everybody," we replied softly.

Hunger

THIS is one of those it's-an-outrage stories but so awful that it struck us as kind of funny. A man planning to put in an evening at his office dropped into a downtown restaurant for a quick dinner. "What's on the vegetable plate?" he asked the waitress. "Listen, if you can't make up your mind I got no time to waste on you," she said, and beat it. After a brief and inconclusive chat with the manager of the place, our man drifted out into the night and came upon a lunch wagon, where he ordered scrambled eggs. "Scrambled eggs I wouldn't make for Governor Dewey at this time of night," the counterman told him. "Soft-boiled, then?" the man whimpered. The counterman considered for a moment, then said, "Well, O.K. But remember—no time limit."



"Of course, I don't think Daphne's really happy. I think she just imagines she is."



THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Junior—Remind Sister she has to do an hour of piano practice before she goes out to play. The ration books are on the second cupboard shelf—give the boy twenty red points when he delivers the groceries. If laundry comes, ask about two sheets that are missing from last week. If A.W.V.S. headquarters calls, tell them I'm at a matinee and will be back as soon as . . ."

THE SLEEPY PIANO PLAYER

THE laziest man I have ever known was Sebastiano, a Spanish pianist from Algeciras, who joined our four-man orchestra aboard the French Line steamer La Bourdonnais for one voyage, in August, 1928. On sailing day, Dimitrij, our regular piano player, explained in a laconic *lettre pneumatique* addressed to Maurice, our *chef d'orchestre*, that "for personal reasons" he was unable to leave Paris. The personal reasons were, as we found out later, a *vendeuse* from the Galeries La Fayette, fourth floor, *caleçons, peignoirs*, ladies' underwear. Fortunately, Maurice ran into Sebastiano at the Café des Quat'z' Arts, the musicians' exchange, three hours before the departure of our train for Bordeaux, and hired him at once.

Maurice had worked with Sebastiano at the Rendezvous des Américains, a tiny, permanently overcrowded *boîte* in a side street off the Boulevard Raspail on Montparnasse, where the customers literally sat on one another's laps and the lights were so dim that no one was able to read *l'addition*. In the Rendezvous, Sebastiano sat behind an upright Pleyel piano in a corner, concealed from the rest of the *boîte* by a heavy velvet curtain, his job being to create what Monsieur Boniface, the proprietor, referred to as "*l'atmosphère—c'est tout.*" He played soft, subdued, intimate piano music, *en sourdine*. On Saturdays, he would be joined by a violinist and a 'cellist and it was on such an occasion that he met Maurice.

The atmosphere at the Rendezvous des Américains was anything but American, Monsieur Boniface having never seen more of America than the United States Treasury on the back of a ten-dollar bill. The bartender was from Rouen and the headwaiter from Corsica, and Sebastiano, a pupil of Albéniz, played mostly Spanish music—Granados, de Falla, Albéniz. He was a short fellow with thin shoulders. He had beautiful dark hair, always uncombed and falling down over his forehead; prominent cheekbones, black eyes, and a colorless complexion.

Sebastiano was unbelievably lazy. He said he could sleep twenty-four hours a day for four days in a row, and I don't think that he exaggerated. He liked to point out, however, that in Algeciras he was not known as an especially lazy type. "You should see my father," he once told me. "Never gets out of bed. On Easter Sunday, Mother, my eleven brothers and sisters, and I have to work for an hour before we get him dressed and drag him all the way to church. There he falls asleep at once. *C'est la vie.*" Sebastiano shrugged and fell asleep himself.

Sebastiano had a tiny room at a little hotel near the Panthéon. The room was on the fourth floor and Sebastiano hated climbing up the narrow, winding stairway. Often he would sit down on the stairs between the second and third floors and fall asleep. Mademoiselle Renée, a pretty, dark-haired girl, who lived next to him, would go down and call the *patron* and his wife, and the three of them would drag Sebastiano up to his room. Renée was crazy about Sebastiano, but he was indifferent and resented her hanging up her washed panties and stockings on a string across her window. "She's frivolous," he used to say. "Most girls are. *C'est la vie.*"

He got so tired of climbing the four flights that one day he decided that from then on he would stay at the Rendezvous and sleep under the piano. He took two plush seat covers and placed them on the floor in front of the piano. He hung his tuxedo across a chair and slipped into his pajamas, which he had brought from his room, and slept all day long. The place was being cleaned, and Monsieur Boniface carried on noisy discussions with wine salesmen, and once the headwaiter from Corsica almost stabbed the cook to death with a fruit knife, but Sebastiano slept peacefully and undisturbed. Around eight-thirty that evening, the headwaiter, aided by the entire staff, started to wake up Sebastiano. By nine-thirty the pianist was ready to get up. He changed into his tuxedo, had a glass of dry sherry, and sat down at the piano. His fingers worked automatically, though his mind was still in a deep trance.

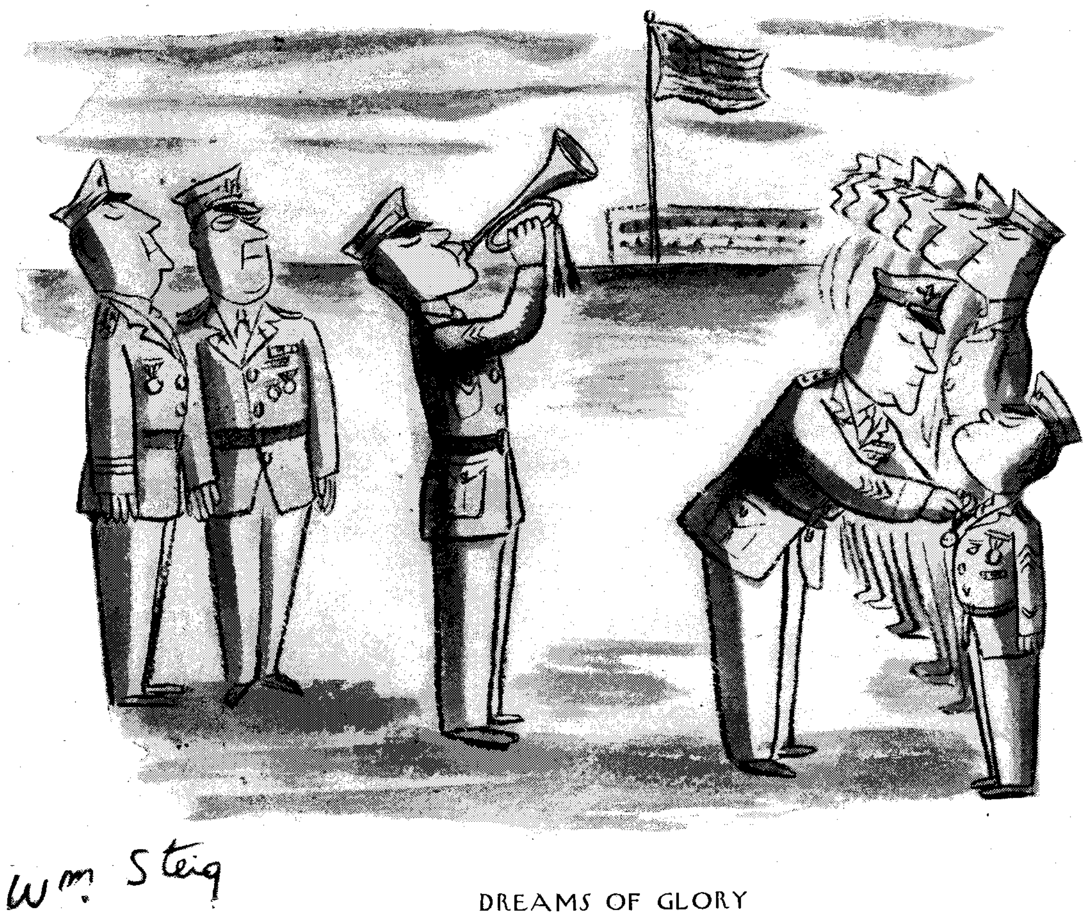
One day Sebastiano's tuxedo was stolen while he was sleeping under the piano. That night he had to play in his pajamas. He didn't mind. He hated to dress and the place was always overheated, and he was safe anyway behind the velvet curtain. At two in the morning, two American tourists discovered him in his odd attire. They pushed him out onto the floor, where he was an instant success. Everybody agreed that wearing nothing but pajamas was a great idea. The two Americans jumped into a taxicab, went to their hotel, and came back in their pajamas. Everybody bought drinks for everybody else. The idea caught on, and three or four evenings later all habitués of the Rendezvous des Américains arrived at the place in their pajamas, over which they had put on their overcoats and furs. Monsieur Boniface, a man of sound business principles, increased the prices of liquor fifty per cent and put out more lights. The son of the Corsican headwaiter was posted as guard in front of the entrance, and a small sign, "MEMBERS ONLY," printed in English, was hung on the door. Only people dressed properly—i.e., in pajamas—were allowed to come in.

Sebastiano, never given to loose talk, was particularly reticent about the weeks that followed. That epoch was, he indicated, characterized by cheerful abandon and wonderfully large tips. Then the cook, who was carrying on a vendetta with the Corsican headwaiter, got fired and went to the police. The agents raided the place and that was the end. "*C'est la vie,*" Sebastiano concluded gloomily.

The *agents de police* tactfully suggested that Sebastiano find himself employment outside of France or they would have to ship him back to Algeciras. Sebastiano hopefully went to the Café des Quat'z' Arts and happened on the job aboard La Bourdonnais.

SEBASTIANO began his career as ship's musician promisingly by missing the 9 P.M. train, which he had been ordered to take with the rest of us. He told us later that he took a taxi to the station and fell asleep. The cabdriver, unable to wake him up, took him to the nearest police station, where they managed to shake him out of his trance, but by that time our train had left. He took the midnight train and came aboard the following morning with the last group of first-class passengers. He had on his tuxedo, a yellow camel's-hair overcoat, and no hat. He had no baggage whatsoever and looked so bored and genuinely expensive that the *maître d'hôtel*, who took pride in his infallible judgment of his fellow-men, made his de-luxe bow and asked him for the number of his stateroom on A Deck. Two smart, tall Vassar girls, returning from their European vacation, gave him a wistful look, and a vivacious divorcée from Boston, reclining in a deck chair, put down her Michael Arlen story and stared at him in fascination.

Sebastiano was much too sleepy to return her stare. I took him down to the two connecting staterooms where



DREAMS OF GLORY

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the orchestra slept. Maurice started a noisy tirade. Sebastiano, his eyes half closed, dreamily inquired which of the four berths was his. He took off his overcoat, lay down in his tuxedo, and in four seconds was sound asleep. Baggage porters bumped into the door and uttered pungent *bordelais* oaths, women came into our stateroom looking for their husbands and husbands came in looking for their wives, a steward swung his bell ("Visitors ashore, all visitors ashore"), the siren wailed, but Sebastiano slept peacefully through all the excitement that preceded the sailing and we had to pour half a glass of ice water into his open mouth to get him up on deck in time for the national anthems, which were always played as the ship was being towed away from the pier. After the last note of the "Marseillaise," he went back to bed again.

The eleven days that followed, en route to New York, were a nightmare. Sebastiano kept the three other musicians—Maurice; Lucien, who was our French first violinist; and myself, the second violin—in a perpetual state of nervous tension. We had fairly easy working hours aboard La Bourdonnais. There was an apéritif concert on deck, between 11 A.M. and noon; a concert in the tourist-class dining saloon from 3 to 4 P.M., which was merely a rehearsal for the afternoon concert in the first-class saloon from four to five; and a concert, after dinner, from eight-thirty to nine-thirty, either in the saloon or outside on deck, depending on the weather. From ten to eleven, we played dance music. All in all, it was only five hours' work a day.

From the very first day, Sebastiano never showed up in time for work. As long as he was asleep in our rooms, we didn't mind so much. You could always go down, pour some ice water into his mouth, and drag him upstairs. But he got tired of drinking ice water and began to hide. Twenty minutes before concert time, someone would discover that Sebastiano had vanished and there would be a mad scramble for our piano player. You can play without your second violinist or your 'cellist, but you have to have your pianist. The first few days, we found him in fairly accessible places: lifeboats, heaps of rope on deck, the benches on the sun deck, the hospital, the tourist-class saloon. As the days went on, however, Sebastiano became more ingenious. He vanished behind stacks of breakfast-food boxes in the kitchen, in a corner of the wireless room, in the engine room, in the office of *l'imprimeur*. We had ingenious helpers in all departments of the ship and so we always found him, though sometimes rather late.

Things started to get really tough when Sebastiano began to vanish in the staterooms of the passengers. First he vanished under the bed of Mr. Wayne, a real-estate broker from New Jersey, who had Cabin No. 7 and spent all his days on deck playing shuffleboard. Fortunately, the cabin steward discovered him before Mr. Wayne, a tough character with a top kick's voice, could raise hell. Next, Sebastiano was found hiding in Cabin No. 4, which belonged to a Mr. Rhys Price, Mr. Wayne's English shuffleboard partner and an outdoor man too. One evening Sebastiano went into Cabin No. 35B, where the two Vassar girls lived. It was dinnertime for the first-class passengers and Sebastiano thought the young ladies were in the dining saloon, but they were in *their* stateroom, and not by themselves either, and they'd forgotten to lock the door. Sebastiano's face was still red as he tried to reconstruct the scene for us. "I said I was sorry, but the two men looked at me as though they were thinking of murder." He thought for a minute and then added, "And they were, I'm sure. They had that look in their eyes. I was frightened to death. I turned around and ran. *C'est la vie, mes amis.* All you want is some sleep and what do you get? Murder."

On the day before we reached Halifax, La Bourdonnais ran into bad weather and many passengers became seasick. Some stayed in their rooms, but the majority spent the day on deck, lying in their chairs, their faces the color of long-dead halibut. The deck stewards hustled back and forth, carrying trays with consommé and crackers, taking care to keep the door to the dining saloon closed because the smell of food made some of the passengers wish they were dead. Mrs. Sloan, the divorcée from Boston, was the sickest of all. She remained on deck until midnight, and the following day she was carried up there again early in the morning. Sebastiano had his own intelligence system among the deck personnel. That afternoon he was gone. We looked for him everywhere but didn't find him.

We knocked at all the cabin doors and stammered foolish excuses when the occupants opened up and we glanced over their shoulders, trying to discover Sebastiano under a bed or behind a curtain. Some passengers got very angry and Mr. Wayne spoke his mind in unmistakable terms. We didn't find Sebastiano. There was no tourist-class concert that afternoon and no concert in the first-class saloon. We were reported to the *commandant* and he ordered a methodical search of the steamer.

They found Sebastiano at 7 P.M. He was sleeping peacefully in Mrs. Sloan's bed. He was in his underwear, his shoes were placed beside the bed, and his tuxedo was hung carefully over a chair. He explained that he didn't want to get the bed dirty. The *commandant* had us all summoned to the bridge. He was angry as never before, but Sebastiano was his old, dreamy self. "It must be a sort of hypnosis, *mon commandant*," he said. "It overwhelms you. There's nothing you can do but lie down. It is stronger than you are."

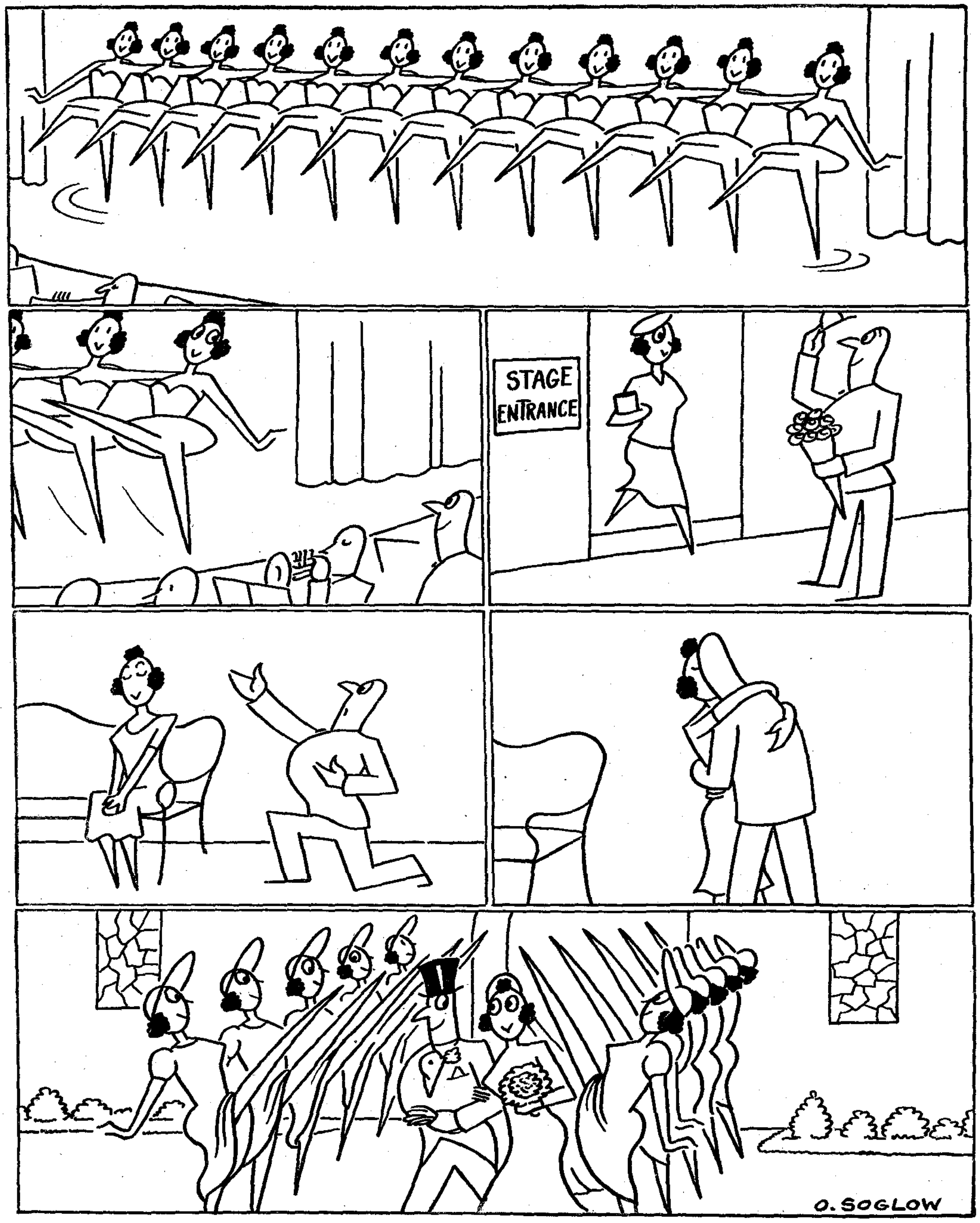
Maurice said, "Maybe he has sleeping sickness without knowing it. Were you ever in the Belgian Congo, Sebastiano?" Maurice always tried to help us out when we got in a jam.

"What the hell has the Belgian Congo got to do with this?" the *commandant* shouted. We fell silent and looked at Sebastiano, who was standing in front of the *commandant*. The pianist's eyes were half closed and he was swaying back and forth, like a tall pine in a wind. Soon, I knew, he would be asleep.

The *commandant* stared at Sebastiano, opened his mouth, shut it again, and shrugged. "Get out of here," he said. "All of you. . . . No, wait, you!" He called Sebastiano back and ordered him to apologize to Mrs. Sloan for using her bed. Sebastiano went down from the bridge to the windy, isolated place on deck where Mrs. Sloan was lying in her deck chair. He kissed her hand with all his inborn Algeciras *grandezza*, pulled up another chair, and sat down next to her.

THE following evening, Sebastiano didn't take his customary nap before the concert. He came down to our cabins for a moment, put on his camel's-hair overcoat and pulled up the collar, and went out again. At eight-fifteen, I found him in the chair beside Mrs. Sloan. I said I was sorry, but it was time for the evening concert. He nodded and helped Mrs. Sloan out of her covers and gallantly escorted her to the music saloon. I walked behind them. They called one another "Sebbie" and "Kathie." Mrs. Sloan was still pale and somewhat weak, but there was a light in her eyes as she sat down in the music saloon not far from the piano. She was a pretty woman, dark-haired and a little taller than Sebastiano. She seemed restless and excited. She watched Sebastiano. He played very well that evening. He asked Maurice to let him play a few solo numbers, and he played two Chopin études, a piece by Debussy, and a Brahms waltz. After every piece he turned around and smiled at Mrs. Sloan. It was the first time I had seen him make a movement that was not absolutely necessary. I looked at Maurice and Maurice looked at me, and we must have had the same thought because we both forgot to close our mouths.

After the concert, Mrs. Sloan invited the members of the orchestra to the bar for a drink. It was cool and she shivered, so Sebastiano volunteered to go for her mink coat. "Sebbie is such a dear boy," she said when he had gone. "He sits next to me and I talk and he just listens." She sighed and looked down at her fingernails. "My husband never



MR. FISH CROSSES THE RIVER

Good things come out of Westchester, Putnam, and Dutchess Counties,
Crossing the river into Rockland and Orange—
The sunrise, for example,
And the moonrise.
And all night the stars pour over,
Accompanied by the planets Mars, Jupiter, Saturn,
Always east to west,
This way across the Hudson.
Otherwise there's little communication between these defiantly opposite shores—
Westchester, Putnam, and Dutchess, the trimmed; Rockland and Orange, the ragged, wearing their slattern poison ivy;
Westchester, Putnam, and Dutchess, the ready virgins; Rockland and Orange, the not so well spoken of.
It was true, of course, that Ham Fish's district lapped over and took in Orange,
Yet we had our pride, we of the west bank,
And with reason, for he was not one of us.
No. Fish belonged definitely with the embarrassed aristocracies to the east;
He was theirs; he kept his *lar familiaris* in Putnam;
And they knew it. He didn't allow them to forget it.
He made himself their voice, their champion,
Their front, their labelled exhibit, their incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming,
Their song, their grove, their oracle, their heat
Of stuffed-shirt prophet dreaming of the Presidency,
And the stench was international.
And all their money did them no good,
And their beautiful wives and daughters,
And their languor and lawns and fountains,
And their stocks and influence and complexions.
No, we had it over them there.
They bent their heads a bit when Ham Fish came up,
Their handsomely barbered heads;
They never brought up the subject themselves,
They turned the conversation when politics was downwind,
And if you looked hard at a man from Putnam or Dutchess he thought you were thinking about Ham Fish, and he'd flush and hurry on.

But all this is changed. It has all come a ruin.
We had a cold winter, and the Congressional districts were reshuffled,
And the political experts, reflecting on recent returns, came to whispered decisions,
And a man of Orange, looking over toward Putnam County,
Watching the dawn,
Saw a man six feet four, Ham Fish every inch of him and proud of all of it,
Carrying a carpetbag,
Crossing the ice with the morning,
East to west, inevitably, like the movement of the stars,
Talking all the time:
He was coming over to Orange to live.
He had reserved a room in a hotel.
He was not going to represent the aristocracies any more.
He was coming over to the proletariat,
To our side of the river.
He was going to represent Rockland, Orange, Sullivan, and Delaware.
He is to be our voice, our paraclete,
Our twenty-stone eagle screaming,
Our stench, our grove, our oracle, our heat
Of bull-neck prophet dreaming of the next Presidential election or the one after that.
Whether we want him or not, here he is,
His tentacles out, his vocabulary in action, his palm extended to his new constituents,
And it's all been fixed with the boys in the back room.
It's all been arranged for us.
His views will be ours,
We shall pervade the earth like an attar,
Smelling of Ham Fish,
Smelling of Fish,
Of propaganda written by a Hitler agent and mailed out of Fish's office,
Of hail-fellow straw-hat pomposity, passing out hot dogs and free seeds with a glad hand,
Of something peculiarly fulsome-noisome that empties the House when he begins,
Of the Honorable Mr. Hamilton Fish.

Lift your heads, men of Putnam, Dutchess, and Westchester,
Take pride in your spring, your lawns, your elms over the lawns,
In your matrons and maids, trimmed and ready,
Sing with the coming of summer.
But to us of Rockland, Orange, Sullivan, and Delaware comes no summer, no spring.
For us of the west the hair shirt, the crown of poison ivy.
The shame you wore before the city is upon us;
Fish has come over to our side with his carpetbag, claiming to be a resident, stating that he has a lot of patronage to hand out, that he is influential on key committees, that he remembers long and is lavish with rewards.

—MAXWELL ANDERSON

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did that. He never listened to me. He wasn't interested in anything I said."

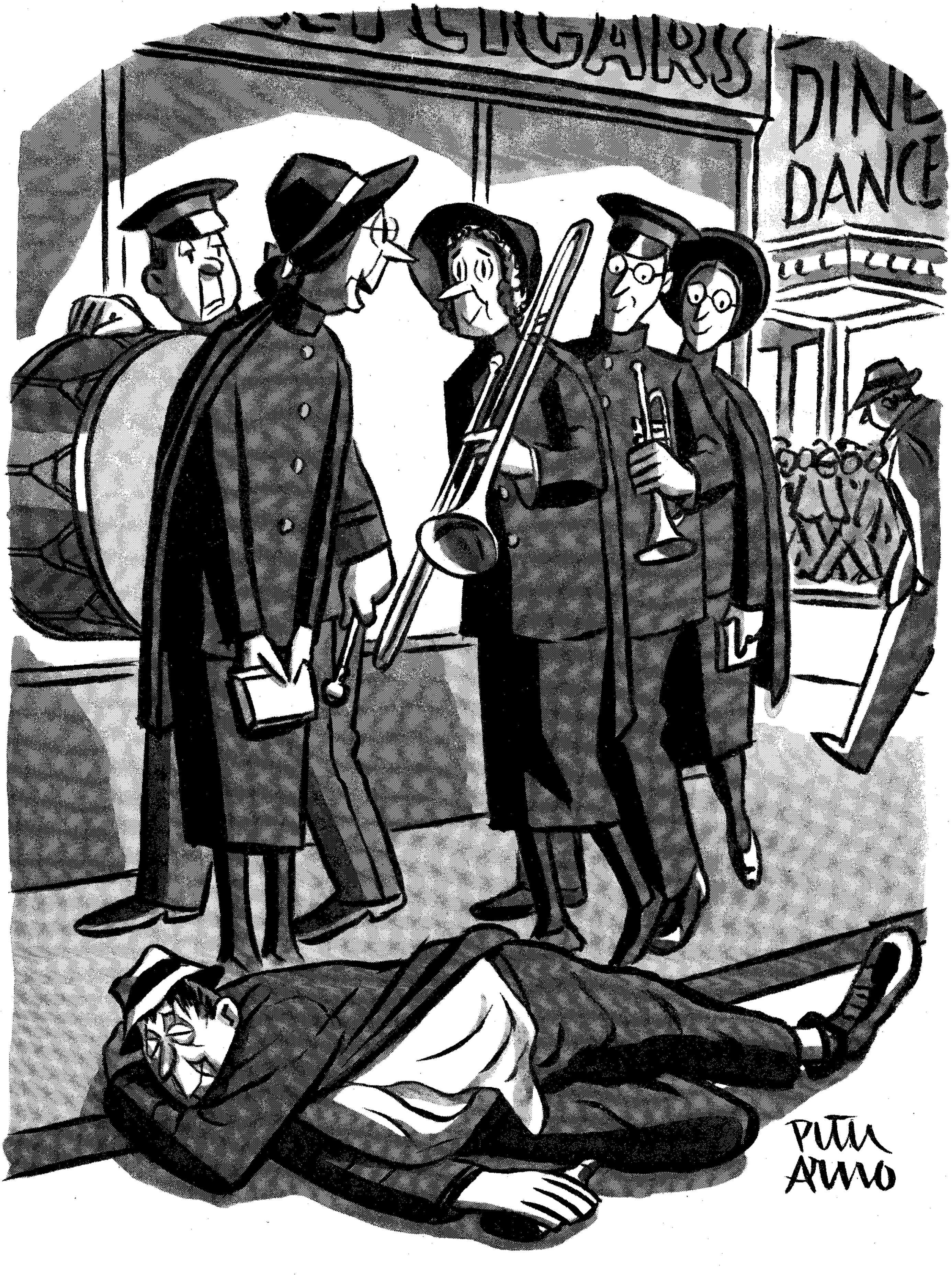
There was a pause, then Maurice said, "Sebastiano is a quiet man. Very quiet."

Mrs. Sloan sighed again. "He's so understanding," she said. "Dr. Wellman, my nerve specialist, always told me, 'It's hard to find an understanding person. A man who will listen to you and—' "

Sebastiano came back with her mink coat and she stopped in the middle of her sentence. That night, after the dance, Mrs. Sloan and Sebastiano sat in the bar. She talked all the time and Sebastiano listened, motionless and rigid, like a Brahmin on the shore of the Ganges who has vowed never to move.

Sebastiano didn't make the return trip with us to Europe. Two days after our arrival in New York, he vanished again. We looked in all the staterooms, including the *commandant's*, but there was no trace of our piano player. The next morning, Maurice got a telegram from Sebastiano. Our pianist was not coming back. He was up in Boston and he had decided to stay there for good. There was one particular sentence in Sebastiano's telegram which I remember: "Boston is a nice, quiet place," he wired, "colder than Algeciras, but a good place to sleep."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG


CIGARS
DINE
DANCE
Peter Arno

"This seems like a good place."

WALKING WOUNDED

PETER CROME wondered what had happened to the curtains. He lay stiffly on the bed, listening, with the old, irritated tightening of the nerves, to the wild and grating hubbub of the Cairo street outside his windows—the insane wailing of newsboys, the everlasting iron drip of gharry horses' hooves, the pained yelps of peddlers. The sun, bright and hurtful as hot nickel, cut in through the open windows. On the floor lay the curtains, torn, with bits of cord running from them to the top of the windows, like a ruptured spider web.

"What happened to the curtains?" he asked. His voice felt dry and sandy in his throat and the right side of his head began to ache.

Mac was shaving at the washstand. "Last night," he said, without turning. "In the excitement."

"What excitement?"

"You pulled the curtains down."

"Why?"

Mac shaved quietly and intently around his short, soldierly mustache. "Don't know," he said. "Either you wanted to throw me out, or throw yourself out, or just tear down the curtains."

"Oh, God."

Mac scrubbed his face with water. "Pretty drunk, Peter," he said.

"What else did I do?"

"Two lieutenants and a major. In the lounge. Ten minutes of insults."

"A major! Christ!" Peter closed his eyes.

"I think you hit somebody." Mac's voice was muffled in a towel. "Anyway, you hit something. Your hand's all cut up."

Peter opened his eyes and looked at his hand. Across the back of it there was a wide, ugly wound, just beginning to puff up around the edges. As he looked at it he realized that it was hurting him.

"I poured iodine over it," Mac said. "You won't die."

"Thanks." Peter let his hand drop. He licked his dry lips. "What did I say to the major?"

" 'Base wallah,' 'imperial vulture,' 'Gezira bloodsucker,' 'headquarters hangman.' "

"That's enough." The right side of Peter's head hurt very strongly for a moment.

"You were a little unfair," Mac said calmly. "He was a nice type. Been in the desert three years. Just come back from Sicily with dysentery. Wounded twice. Been attached to headquarters four days."

"Oh, Christ!" Peter said. "Oh, Christ!"

The room was silent as Mac put on his shirt and combed his hair.

"Get his name?" Peter asked finally.

"Major Robert Lewis. Might be a good idea to say good morning."

"How about the lieutenants?"

Mac took out his notebook. "MacIntyre and Clark," he read. "They wait your pleasure."

Peter sat up and swung his legs over the side of the bed. The room faded and glittered for a moment and he had to hold on to the bed when he stood up. "Someday soon," he said, "I have to stop drinking."

"A little whiskey is good for the soul," Mac said kindly. "Anything I can do for you?"

"No, thanks."

Mac was now at the door.

"Mac."

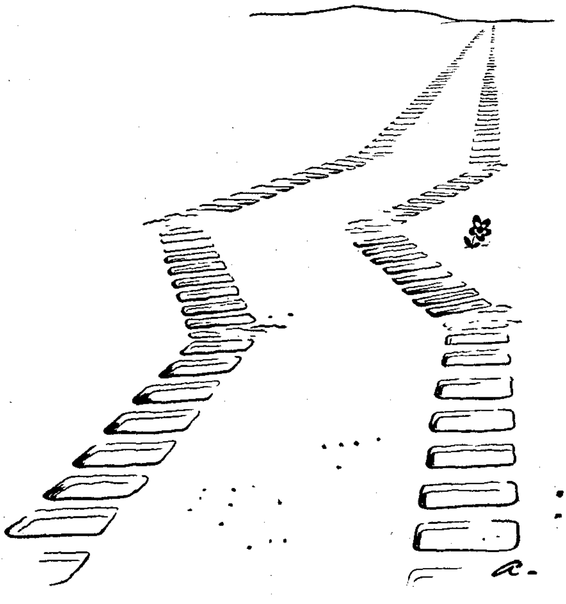
"Yes, Captain?" There was tiny, astringent, helpful mockery in the title.

"Mac, this is the first time anything like this ever happened to me."

"I know," Mac said softly. He went quietly out of the room.

Peter walked slowly over to the wash basin and looked at himself in the mirror—the familiar long, thin face, the uneven dotted crenelation of the wound across his forehead, the strange dark mark in the eye that had been blind for three weeks, all seeming to tremble slightly now in the bitter sunlight, as it had trembled for two months.

He shaved carefully and went to take a shower. He came back, feeling better, and put on fresh clothes. He switched his three pips to the shoulders of his clean shirt. Then he went down to apologize to the major.



PETER sat at his desk, sweating. The heat of Egypt was like the inside of a balloon. The balloon was being constantly filled, the pressure getting greater and greater. Typewriters clicked dryly in the swelling air, and flies, the true owners of Egypt, whirled cleverly and maliciously before his eyes.

Peter stared at the stack of papers on his desk. Ruled forms and tiny and intricate notations that had to be gone over slowly, corrected, signed.

Outside, a donkey brayed painfully. It sounded like an immense wooden machine, in agony, wood grating against wood, incredibly loud. It made the little paper-stacked room seem hotter than ever.

Peter re-read the letter he had received that morning from Italy. ". . . I am taking the liberty of answering your letter to Col. Sands, who was badly wounded last week. I am afraid there is nothing we can do about requesting your being posted to this regiment, as there is no provision in our Establishment for medically graded officers."

The donkey brayed again outside. It sounded like the death of all the animals of Egypt on this hot morning.

Peter took the top paper off the pile and looked at it. The figures leaped and wavered in the heat and a drop of sweat fell from his forehead and mistily covered a 3, a 7, and an 8. His hands glistened in little beads and the paper felt slippery under his fingers. His throat burned dryly with the fifteenth cigarette of the morning.

He stood up jerkily and took his hat and went out. In the corridor he met Mrs. Burroughs. She was a tall, full-bodied girl who wore flowered prints and always seemed to manage silk stockings. She was going home to England to divorce her husband, who was a lieutenant in India. She was going to marry an American Air Forces major who had been switched to London from Cairo. She was very pretty and she had a soft, hesitant voice, and her bosom was always oppressively soft and noticeable under the flowered prints. Peter hated her.

She smiled at him, hesitant, polite, gentle. She had two rosebuds clasped in her dark hair. "Good morning," she said, her voice cool, shy, inviting in the drab corridor.

"Good morning," Peter said stiffly. He never could look squarely at her. He looked down. No silk stockings this morning. The pretty legs bare, the skin firm and creamy. He had a sudden, hateful vision of Mrs. Burroughs landing in London, running to be crushed in the arms of the American major in the press of Waterloo Station, her eyes bright with tears and love and gratitude, her husband, used and forgotten, in India.

"I'm going to Groppi's," he was surprised to hear himself saying. "Tea. Would you like to join me?"

"Sorry," Mrs. Burroughs said, her voice sounding genuinely sorry. "So much work. Some other time. I'd be delighted."

Peter nodded awkwardly and went out.

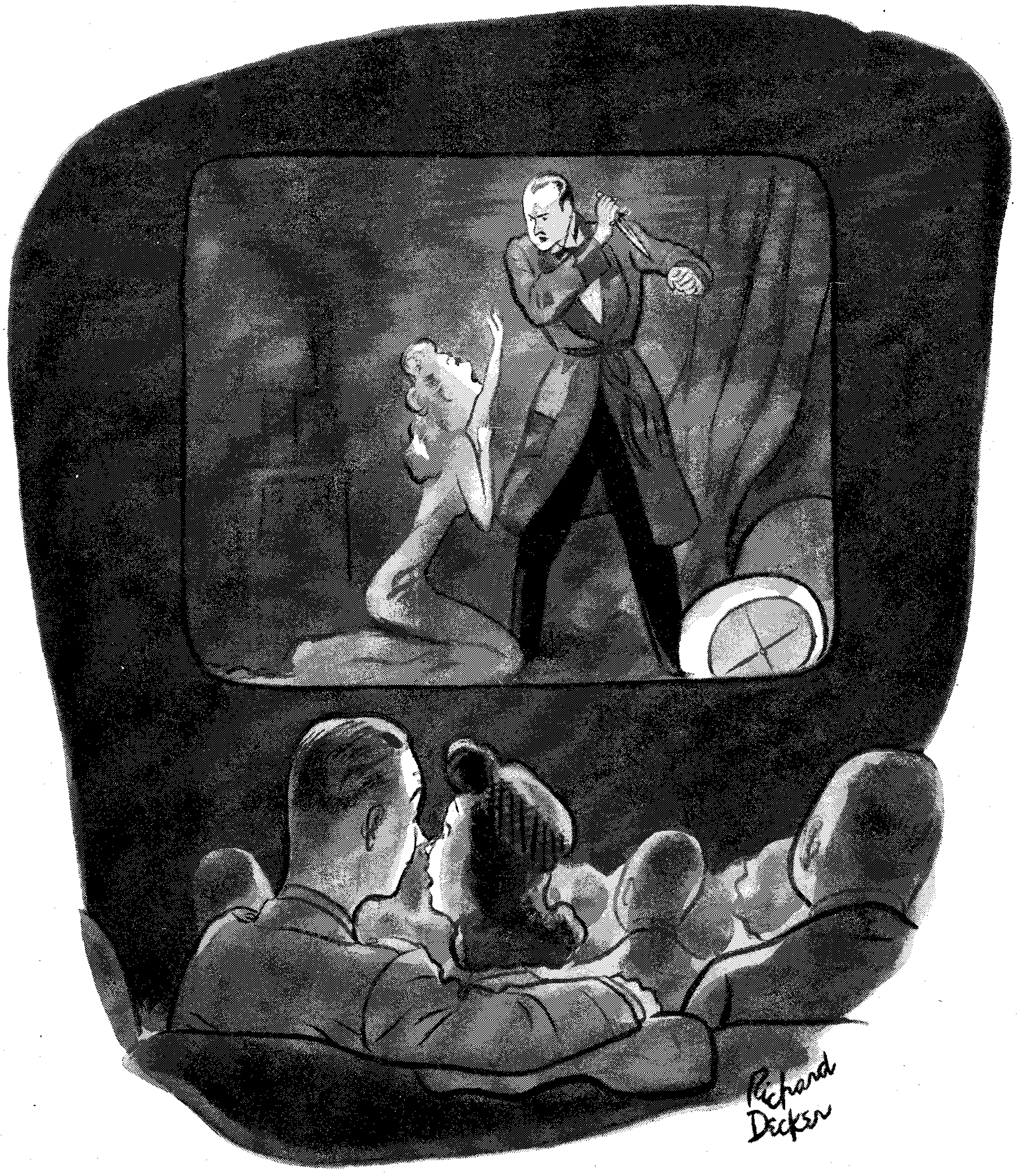
The street was full of heat, beggars, dirt, children with fly-eaten eyes, roaring Army lorries. Peter put on his hat, feeling his forehead, wet and warm, rebel under the wool. A drunken New Zealander wobbled sorrowfully in the full glare of the sun, hatless, senseless, reft of dignity, ten thousand miles from his green and ordered island.

GROPPI's was cooler, dark and shaded. The red-fezzed waiters in long white galabias moved quietly through the pleasant gloom. Two American sergeants with air-crew wings on their shirts were solemnly ordering two ice-cream sodas apiece.

Peter had tea and read the morning paper. The birth rate had gone up in England and an American magazine had suggested that Princess Elizabeth marry an American. The *Egyptian Mail* reprinted this suggestion with approval, in a flood of Anglo-American feeling. After six years, somebody had said in Parliament, men in the Forces were to be sent home. The Russians had made another substantial gain. Peter always saved the Russian news for last. Every step the Russians took was that much nearer home, nearer the rugged and manly weather of his native Scotland, nearer Anne.

He tried to think of Anne, what she looked like, what her skin felt like. He looked up at the ceiling and half closed his eyes to shut out the tea-and-ice-cream shop, to close out Egypt, summer, war, Army, distance, absence—close out everything but his wife. But he couldn't remember what she looked like. He remembered the dress she wore when they were married and the inn they'd stayed at after Dunkirk, and he remembered that he loved her. But her face, the sound of her voice . . . lost. She refused to have photographs taken of her. Some whim or female superstition, far away in England.

He paid and went out and started back to his office. But when he stood in front of the building and thought of the small, hot office, the endless papers, and the sweat, he couldn't go in. He turned and walked slowly down the street. He looked at his watch. Still an hour before the bars opened. He walked



"I hope __we'll__ never be like that, Edward."

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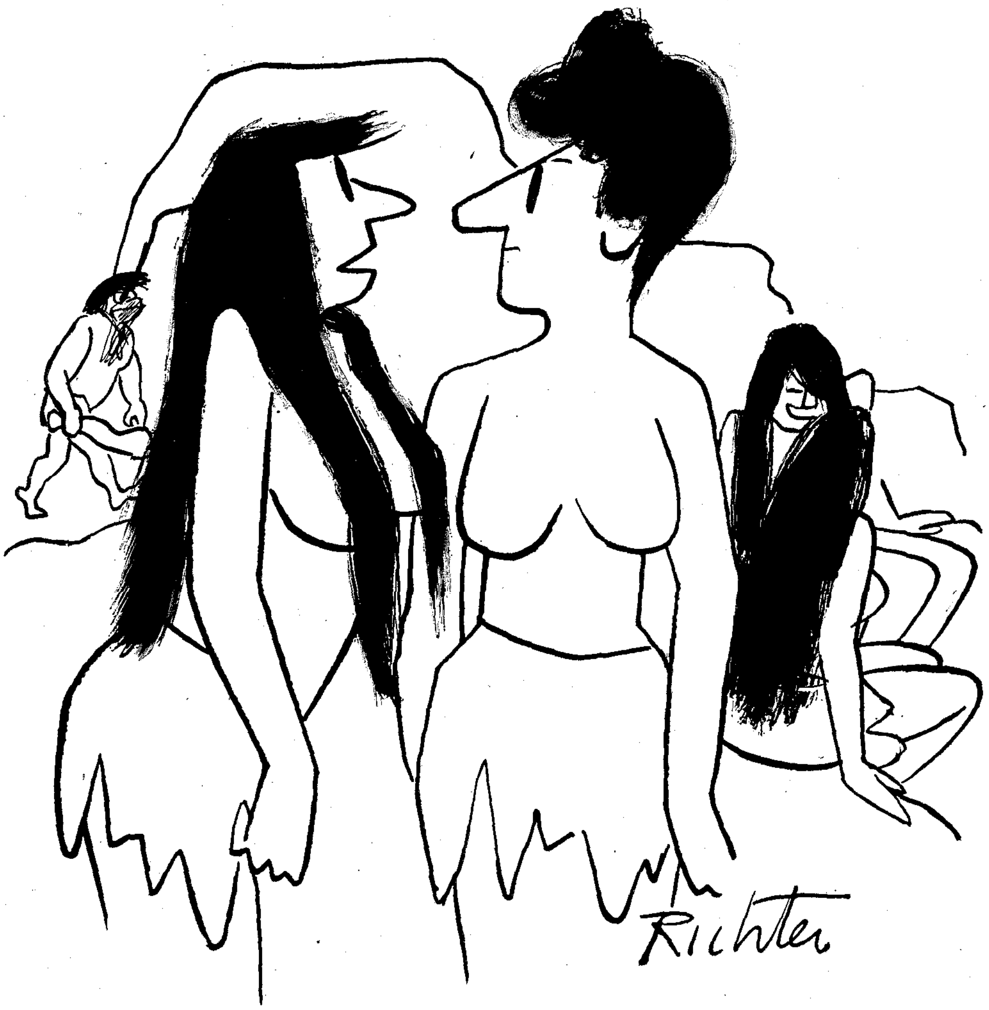

"Aren't you wearing your hair differently?"

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on the shady side, erect and soldierly, slowly, like a man with a grave purpose. A horribly dirty woman with a horribly dirty child, as dirty and street-worn as only Egyptians can be, followed him, whining, for half a block. Peter didn't walk any faster, although he felt his nerves jerking at the sound of the woman's voice.

The woman left him finally, and he walked deliberately through the crowded streets, stopping from time to time to peer into shop windows. French perfume, dresses, mangoes, books, photographs, his mind recorded heavily. He went into a photographer's and had his picture taken, refusing to smile, looking soberly square into the camera, intimidating the photographer. He would send the picture to Anne. Three years. How long could a woman be expected to remember a man? His face would stare solemnly at her, morning, noon, and night, crying, "Remember me, remember your husband!"

Out in the street again he resumed his grave pacing down the shady side of the street. Fifteen minutes more and the bars would open. He grinned as he thought of his pose before the camera, frozen Scotch passion grimly and puritanically peering across three years and two oceans. Anne would probably giggle at the absurdly stern, accusing face.

"Officer, wanna lady, wanna lady?"

Peter looked down. A tiny, filthy ten-year-old boy, barefooted, in a torn, baglike single garment, was smiling up at him, pulling at his blouse.

"French lady," the boy whispered wickedly. "Fine French lady."

Peter stared at him, then broke into a roar of laughter. The boy, after a moment of doubt, also laughed.

"No thank you, sir," Peter said.

The boy shrugged, grinned up at him. "Officer," he said, "cigarette?"

Peter gave him a cigarette and lit it for him and the boy darted off to try the French lady on a Polish corporal.

THE bar had a nice beery smell and was dark and cool and the bartender drew eight glasses at a time, letting the foam settle whitely on the glass rims.

"The two lieutenants," Peter was saying to Mac, "were a little stuffy, but the major was fine."

"I knew he would be," Mac said. "I talked to him last night."

"I had breakfast with him"—Peter waved for two more beers—"and he said he guessed he'd be doing the same thing himself if he had to hang around this town five months."

Mac drained his beer.

"The birth rate in England," Peter said, "has gone up. I read it in the *Mail* this morning. There're three million Englishmen out of the country and the birth rate's rocketing." He heard his own voice, loud and angry and humorless. "How in the name of God do they dare print things like that?" He saw Mac grinning widely, but he couldn't stop. "Who're the fathers? Where're the fathers? Bloody damned newspaper!"

"My, you have it bad today," Mac said.

Suddenly Peter realized that Mac, placid and tolerant, was bearing a great deal of the burden of Peter's nerves.

"Mac," he said quietly, "forgive me."

"Uh?" Mac looked at him, surprised.

"Wailing-Wall Crome. Agony, Cairo division." Peter shook his head in disgust. "I keep feeding it to you seven days a week."

"Oh, shut up. I've lived with lots worse."

"Any time I get on your nerves, sing out, will you?"

"Sure thing. Drink your beer." Mac was embarrassed.

"I must be going a little crazy." Peter looked at his hands, which had taken to trembling in the last few months. His cigarette jerked minutely between his fingers, in a spasmodic rhythm. "This town. When I was with the regiment—oh, hell . . ." The truth was that out in the desert, under the guns, on a pint of water a day, and the air often dire with Stukas, he had been much happier. There were no women in the desert, no reminders of a civilized and normal life. There was clean, sterile sand, the noise of armor, thousands of grumbling, good-humored men intimate with an equal death, and above all there was the sense of immense and hardy effort and accomplishment, as first they had held the Afrika Korps and then driven it back. Cairo had been a beautiful town, two days at a time, a hot bath and unlimited Scotch, and sweet clean sheets and relief from the guns. But now, under the dry flood of paper, under the stiffness and pettiness of headquarters politics, under the cheap weight of men who had clung to soft jobs for three years, with the streets full of barelegged girls, with the war on another continent a thousand miles away . . .

Now the regiment, what was left of it, was broken up. Most of them were in graves on the road to Tunis, others were in hospitals, the rest scattered among other units, after the four years that had started in France.

“Six years,” he said. “Some bloody M.P. said we’d be sent home after six years. What do you think a woman thinks when she reads that she’ll get her man back in only six years?”

Mac grinned. “Always remember what Monty said. ‘The war can’t last more than seven years. We’ll run out of paper.’ ”

“If only I could get back to England,” Peter said, “and sleep with my wife for two nights, everything would be all right. Just two nights.”

Mac sighed. He was a quiet, efficient, small, matter-of-fact man, noticeably graying, and sighing was strange and incongruous to him. “Peter,” he said, “can I talk plainly?”

Peter nodded.

“Peter, you ought to get yourself a girl.”

They sat in silence. Peter played sombrely with his beer. In France, even though he had just been married, he had been the gay young officer. Handsome and debonair, he had played joyfully and thoughtlessly with the pretty ladies of the country towns at which he’d been stationed, and in Paris, when he’d had a month there, a charming, beautifully dressed wife of a French captain stationed in Algiers . . . But when he’d got back to England with the gray-faced remnants of his regiment, after the hideous, bloody days of the break-through, and had taken his wife silently into his arms, all frivolity, all smallness and lack of faith had seemed wanton and irreligious. Leaving England for Africa, he had felt that he had to keep the best part of his life orderly and decent.

“Maybe,” he said to Mac. “Maybe.”

“A man’s got to be practical,” Mac said. “Three years. Oh, my God!”

Peter had to smile at the drastic expression on the practical man’s face.

“You’ll just explode,” Mac said, “and blow away.”

Peter laughed loudly, nervously. “Whiskey provides certain compensations,” he said.

“Whiskey will send you home a doddering wreck,” Mac said grimly. “You’ll do no one any good that way.”

“Maybe. Maybe.” Peter shrugged. “Anyway, I hate these women out here. Having the best time of their lives, just because there are a hundred men for every woman. Snobbish, overconfident. Bitches, all of them.” He talked faster and faster, all the bitter observation of the years flooding to his tongue. “They demand abasement, homage, the ugliest and meanest of them. Women have been among the most horrible of the war’s casualties. All humility’s gone, all normal value, all friendship. They’re man-greedy. They’re profiteering on the war, like the worst usurer and manufacturer of machine tools, except that their profits are lieutenants and generals, not cash. After the war we should have rehabilitation hospitals for women who have been in troop areas, just like the hospitals for maimed men, to teach them how to live normal lives again—”

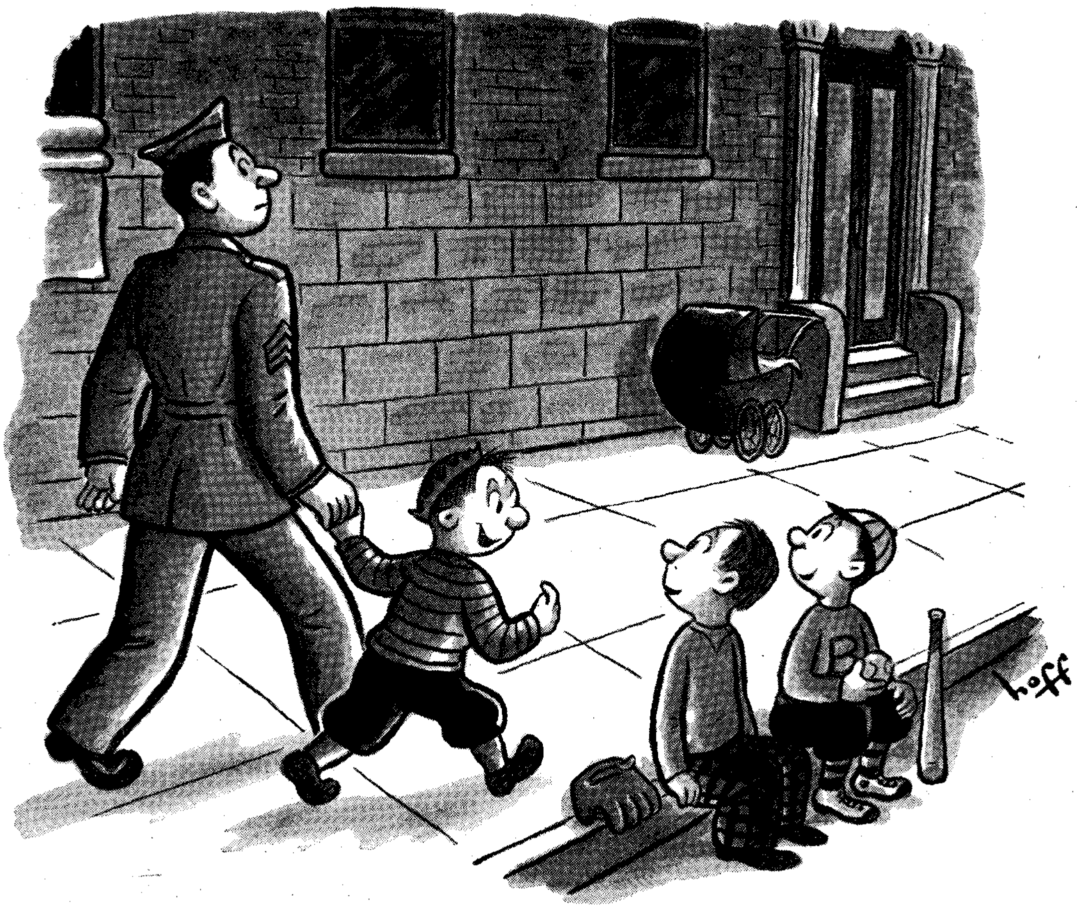
Mac was laughing by now, helplessly, into his beer. “Enough,” he said. “Enough, John Knox! All I wanted to say is that I have a date tonight and my girl has a friend who’s just come from Jerusalem and it might do you a world of good just to have dinner with a woman for once. Do you want to go?”

Peter flushed and looked down at the beer-ringed table. “I wouldn’t even know how to talk to a woman any more.”

“Do you want to go?”

Peter opened his mouth and closed it. “All right,” he said. “All right.”

“Jerusalem is nice enough.” It was on the dance floor at the Auberge des Pyramides, under the stars, with the three great tombs standing huge and a rebuke to time in the darkness just outside the lights and the music. Joyce was talking as they went slowly and painfully around the dance floor. “The city’s clean, and the King David’s an amusing hotel, but the people’re



“This is the brother I told you guys about.”

"simply dreadful." She had a brittle, drawling voice, pitched just high enough so that everyone nearby could hear clearly what she was saying. "There," she said brightly, as Peter managed a full turn, "we're doing much better, aren't we?"

"Yes," Peter said, sweating in the heavy Nile heat, as he tried to concentrate on the beat of the music. Joyce's voice distracted him and put him off and somehow she never seemed to stop talking. She worked in the consular service and by nine-thirty Peter had a full store of information on the doings of the consulate in Jerusalem for the last year and a half, back to the time Joyce had come out from England. He had hardly said a word all night—stammering half-finished sentences, suffering, feeling like the clumsiest farmer. Still, she was pretty, most desirable in a full white evening gown ("We always dress in Jerusalem"), with full, sleek shoulders bare and daring under the gay lights.

"That's King Farouk." For the first time all evening her voice dropped a bit. "Isn't it?"

Peter looked. "Yes," he said.

"Isn't he attractive? What an original beard."

Peter looked at King Farouk. "He looks like a fat, self-satisfied young man," Peter said, the first full sentence he had got out. "And I understand he grew the beard because he has a terrible case of acne."

"Dance around the edge of the dance floor," Joyce whispered. "I'd like people to see me."

Dutifully and heavily, Peter danced around the edge of the floor until the music stopped. Then he followed Joyce to their table. Joyce smiled vivaciously at seven or eight officers seated at various tables throughout the establishment.

"It's amazing," she said brightly and loudly, "how many men I know in Cairo." They sat down. There was an awful silence while Peter wondered where in the name of God Mac was, and his girl, and Joyce smiled prettily first at one table then another.

"Are you married?" Peter heard himself asking. For the first time that evening Joyce gave him her undivided attention.

"Why," she said, looking at him queerly and coldly, "what a strange question."

"It's just that there's a girl around my office," Peter said, almost dazedly. "Married to a lieutenant in India. Marrying an American major in London . . ." The expression on Joyce's face became strained. "I don't know what made me think of her," Peter said lamely.

"No," Joyce said coldly, "I'm not married."

"I am," Peter said.

"Really." Joyce smiled automatically at a colonel four tables away.

"My wife," said Peter, feeling his tongue too loose from the drinking, which had been continuous since six that evening, "my wife is a woman of admirable character, although I can't remember what she looks like. Her name is Anne. She works for the Air Ministry in Manchester. After Dunkirk, I was stationed on the beach at Dover for five months. I used to manage to get away weekends. We'd just stay in one room and just look at each other. After France, I felt as though my wife had healed me of a dreadful disease. She healed me of mud and death and friends dying on all sides. She's most beautiful, but I don't remember what she looks like. She's very calm and simple and her voice is low, although I don't remember that either. I sent her my photograph today. Six years is too long for a man to expect a woman to remember him. Someone ought to tell Parliament that. Don't you think?"

Joyce was staring at him. "Yes," she said.

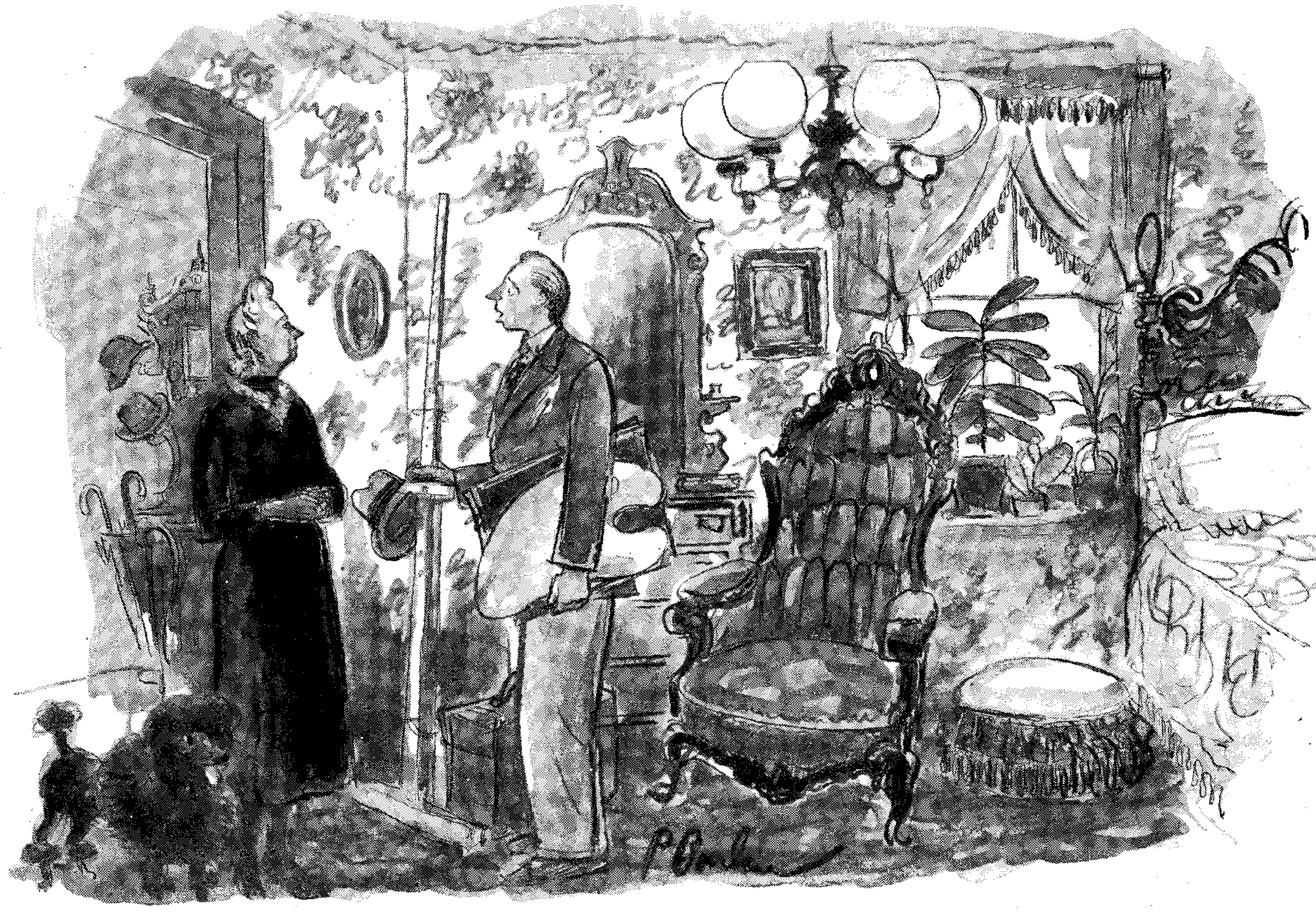
"If I could only see her for two nights . . ." Well, finally, the thought crossed his consciousness, the lady from Jerusalem is listening to me. "Right before I came out here, I was moved to another beach. It was raining. Autumn and miserable and barbed wire at the high-tide marks and mines all over the beaches. I called her long distance and she told me she had a week and asked me if she should come down. I told her no. It was so miserable. Cheap little shacks waiting for the Germans in the rain. I knew we were leaving for Africa and I didn't want our last days together to be dreary, in that abominable place. I told her no, but she said, 'You wait right there. I'm coming down tonight.' " Suddenly, above the dance music in the valley of the Nile, Peter remembered what his wife's voice had sounded like—merry and sensual and confidently commanding over the faulty wires on that autumn night. "She came down and we had the week together," he went on, "and the rain and the barbed wire made no difference at all. I've never been so gay, and it was early in the war, and we always had a coal fire and hot rum and lovely heavy breakfasts, with the curtains still drawn. And never a tear when she left. And I started for Africa singing in my heart." He was talking straight ahead to the Pyramids in the ancient desert darkness now, not to the silly, bare-shouldered girl across the table. "I haven't heard from her in two months. Not a letter in two months." He shrugged. "After the war," he said, "I'm going to go in for politics. I'm going to stand for Parliament. There must be somebody in Parliament who knows what a war is like, who knows that one war is enough, that six years is too much—"

"Why, Joyce, how nice!" It was the colonel, standing gallantly at the table. "Dance?"

Joyce looked doubtfully at Peter. Peter stood up, a little unsteadily. "Delighted," he said. Without looking at Peter, Joyce went off with the colonel, smiling impartially at dozens of officers as she danced around the edge of the floor.

Peter hazily watched the flashing plump white dress among the brave khaki. He passed his hand over his eyes, thinking, as he remembered his outburst: God, I must be going crazy.

He saw a captain cut in and dance with Joyce, then an American major. "The world," he said softly to himself, "is full of American majors." He laughed gently, stood up, and walked slowly out of the night club. Outside, with the music thin and distant in his ears, he stood for a few moments and looked at the Pyramids, which loomed, crumbling in the darkness, in memory of the unremembered dead.



"There's really nothing wrong with the room, Mrs. Sullivan. It's just that something seems to be happening to my style."

• •

He got into a cab and started for Cairo.

WHEN the cab got to Gezira Island, Peter tapped the driver on the shoulder. "Sporting Club," he said. I need a drink, Peter told himself seriously. I need a drink very badly. He thought of old Mac, caught there with two girls and the tremendous bill. He felt bad about it, but he'd pay his share, although it would mean considerably less drinking for the rest of the month. But he couldn't stay with that damned girl. The truth was he couldn't stay with any girl. Anne, unphotographed, in Manchester . . . Still, she should write more often than once every two months.

The bar was still open. There were three South Africans and three American fliers lounging against it. One of the American fliers was singing, in a soft Southern voice, "Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me . . ."

"Scotch and soda," Peter said to the bartender, feeling for the first time that evening a cessation of loneliness, his constant climate.

"Fo' Ah'm gawn t' Alabama with mah banjo on mah knee . . ." the American pilot sang sweetly and happily.

"Gin and lime," said one of the South Africans, a gigantic captain, with huge bare arms, whom the others called Lee. "Gin and lime all around." He turned to Peter. "What're you drinking, Captain?"

"I've ordered, thanks." Peter smiled at him.

"Man says he's ordered," the American pilot sang. "What do you know about that? British captain says he's ordered. Order again and order again, oh Captain, order again . . ."

The bartender, grinning, put two Scotches in front of Peter. The huge South African captain poured it all into one glass. They lifted their glasses.

"To South Africa," one of the Americans said.

They drank.

"To sergeants." The American who had been singing grinned at a large South African with a mustache. He wore lieutenant's pips on his shoulders.

The man with the mustache looked around him uneasily. "Quiet, please," he said. "I'll be in jail five years."

"This gentleman looks like a gentleman." Lee put his arm around the man with the mustache. "Doesn't he?"

"Yes," said Peter.

"Jail," said the man with the mustache.

"He's not a gentleman," Lee said to Peter. "He's a sergeant. He's my bloody sergeant from my bloody company."

"Ten years," said the man with the mustache.

"We're all A.W.O.L.," Lee went on. "Sergeant Monks—Lieutenant Monks for the evening. Lieutenant Fredericks"—he waved to the slightly smaller red-headed South African down the bar—"and myself. We're farmers. Independent men. When the bloody O.C. said no leaves, we said farewell. Sixty miles out on the desert for three weeks. Sergeant Monks, I said, take off those bloody stripes and put these pips on your shoulders. We wish to show you the glories of Shepheard's and Gezira so that you can come back and dazzle the poor bastards in the Other Ranks with tales of the high life of Cairo."

"I've been talking to brigadiers all afternoon and evening," Monks complained. "Wearing on the nerves."

"If the O.C. shows up, it's all taped," Lee said. "I grab Monks by one arm, Freddie grabs him by the other. 'We've just arrested the bugger, sir,' we say, 'impersonating an officer.' "

"Ten years," Monks said, grinning. "This round is on me."

Peter laughed. He lifted his glass. "To sergeants everywhere." They all drank.

"On my right," said Lee, "is the American Air Forces."

The American Air Forces—two lieutenants and a twenty-four-year-old major—raised its glasses at Peter and the lieutenant who sang started in on "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." The other lieutenant, tall, gangling, and very blond, and the major just stood there grinning.

"The American Air Forces is going home," said Lee. "Their tour is over. Home, by way of England. The infantry's tour is never over. Oh, the poor, stinking, bloody infantry, their tour is never over."

"Unskilled labor," the blond pilot said calmly. "We're delicate and highly sensitive mechanisms. We're war-weary. We've bombed too many places. We've seen too much flak. We're lopsided from wearing ribbons. We're going home now to instruct the young idea how to shoot."

"I am going home to play with my wife," the major said soberly.

"The infantry is not under the same Awful Strain," said the pilot who had been singing. "All they have to do is walk in and be shot. Their nerves are not stretched to the breaking point like ours. Captain," he said, leaning back and talking to Peter, "you look a little war-weary yourself."

"I'm pretty war-weary," Peter said.

"He looks sensitive," the major said. "He looks fine and sensitive enough to be at least a navigator. He looks like Hamlet on a rough night."

"I was in the tanks," Peter said.

"It's possible," said the major, "to get war-weary in a tank, too, I suppose."

"It's possible," Peter said, grinning.

". . . breakfast in Carolina . . ." sang the musical pilot.

"When're you leaving for home?" Peter asked.

"Six A.M. tomorrow—0600 hours, as they say in the Army," said the major.

"Five or six glorious days in London among our brave English allies and cousins," said the blond pilot, "and then Fifty-second Street and all the full-bosomed, ribbon-conscious, lascivious American girls."

"London," said Peter. "I wish I were going with you."

"Come along," said the major. "We have a nice empty Liberator. Pleased to have you. Closer relations with our British comrades. Merely be at the airport at 0600 hours, as they say in the Army."

"Did you see in the *Mail* today?" asked the singing pilot. "Some idiot wants Princess Elizabeth to marry an American."

"Excellent idea," said the major. "Some upstanding representative citizen of the Republic. Postwar planning on all fronts. My nomination for Prince Escort is Maxie Rosenbloom."

Everyone considered the suggestion gravely.

"You could do worse," the blond pilot said.

"Infusion of sturdy American stock into an aging dynasty," the major said. "The issue would be strongly built, with good left hands."

"Do you mean it?" Peter asked the major. "You really could take me?"

"Delighted," the major said.

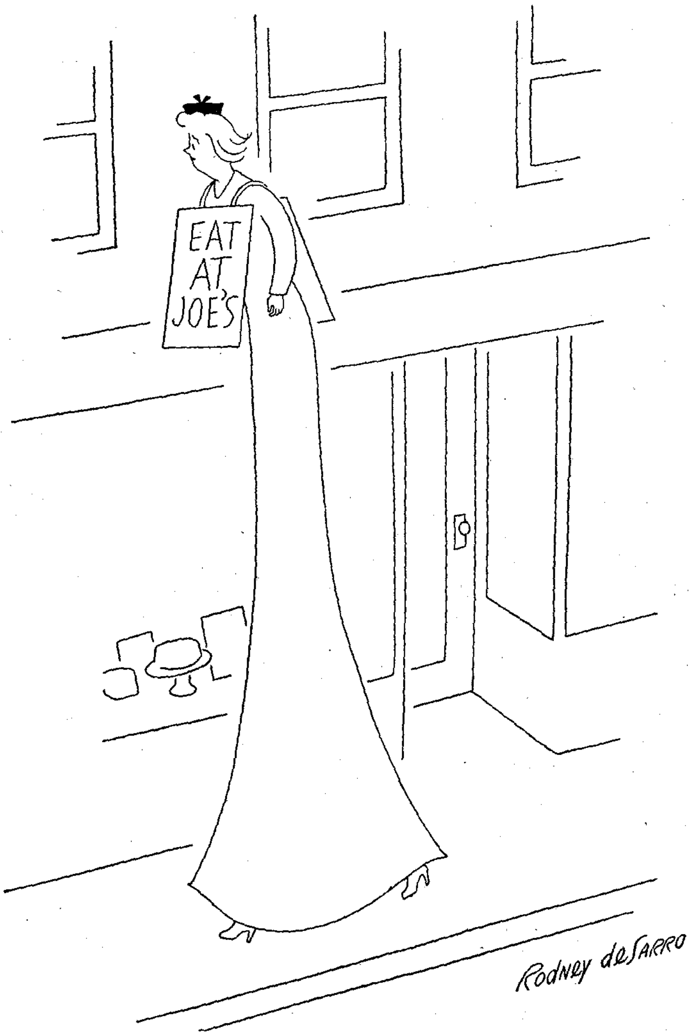
The singing pilot started in on "All Alone" and everyone but Peter joined him. Peter stared unseeingly at the glasses and bottles behind the bar. In two days he could be home. Three days and he could walk into Anne's room, quietly, unannounced, smiling a little tremulously as she looked up unsuspectingly. Maybe it was possible. He had had no leave since he'd come to Africa, except for two weeks' convalescent. He could go immediately to Colonel Foster's apartment, explain to him. If the Colonel gave him a written order releasing him from duty for twenty-one days, he would undertake to get transportation back. Somehow, somehow . . . He would take all the responsibility himself. He was sure that Colonel Foster, who was a good soul, would do it.

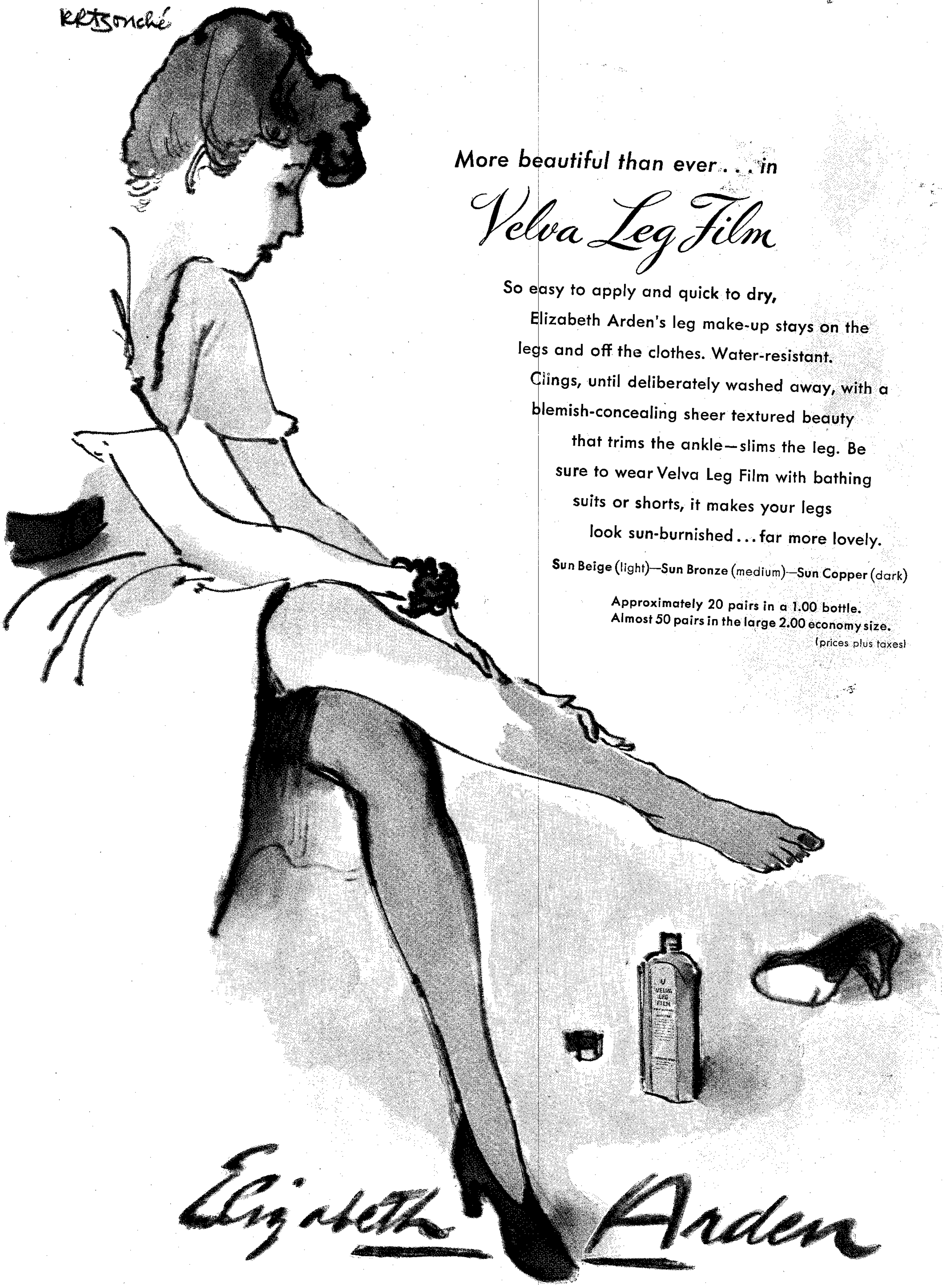
Peter stood up straight. He spoke to the American major. "Perhaps I'll see you at six o'clock."

"Fine," the major said heartily. "It's going to be a great trip. We're loaded with Scotch." He waved as Peter turned and left the bar.

"All alone, I'm so all alone, sitting by the telephone . . ." the wailing, mocking voices quavered in the night.

PETER got into a taxicab and gave Colonel Foster's address. He was trembling. He closed his eyes and leaned back. It was all absolutely possible. England was only two days away. Two weeks there and he could face the rest of the war calmly, knowing that he would not explode, would not lose his reason. England in three days, after the three years . . . Colonel Foster would most certainly say yes. Peter was sure of





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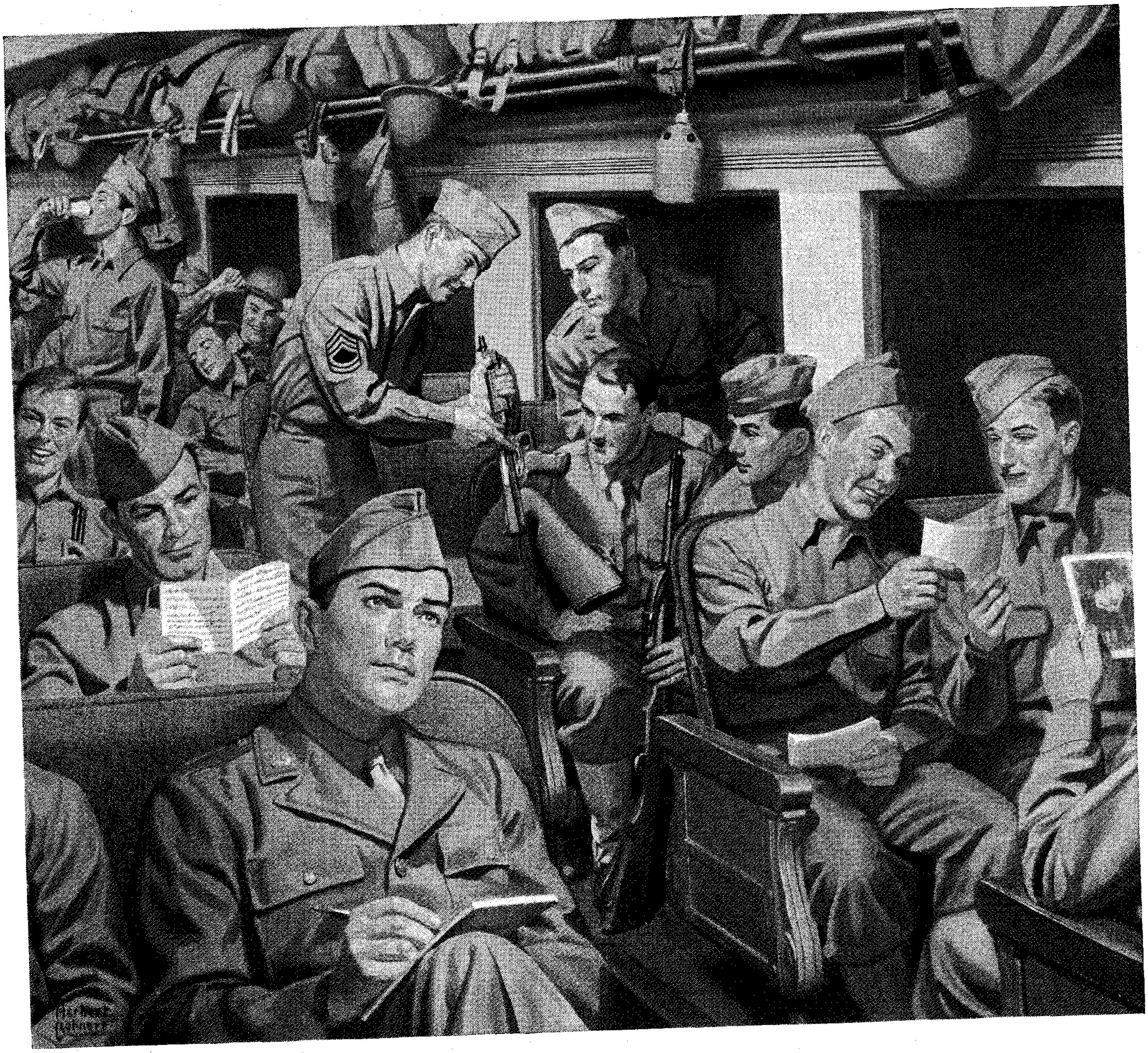
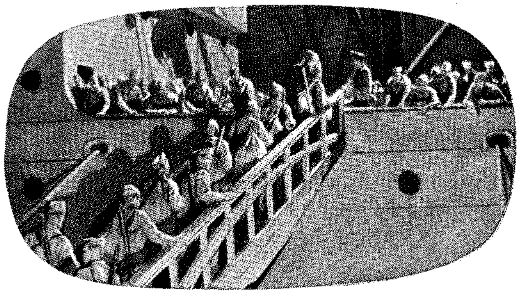


ON THEIR WAY



Shades are drawn down. Lights dim low. The landscape is blotted out... there's just the hum of the speeding train.

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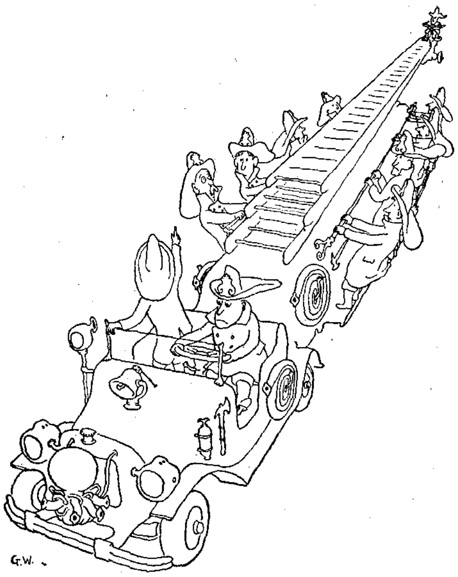
★ *44,823 in the Armed Forces* ★ *134 have given their lives for their country* as the taxi drove up to the dark apartment building where Colonel Foster lived. Peter paid the driver and looked up. The Colonel's window was alight, the only one in the entire building. Peter felt his breath coming fast. It was a symbol, an omen. The man was awake. His friend, who could give him England tonight with a few strokes of a pen, by luck was wakeful in the quiet night, when all the rest of the city slept around him. It would be irregular, and Colonel Foster would be running some risk, but he had rank enough and was independent enough to take the chance.

Peter rang the night bell of the apartment building. Far in the depths of the sleeping stone and brick, a forlorn and distant bell sang weirdly. As he waited for the hall boy to open the doors, Peter hastily rehearsed his story. No leave in three years. The tension getting worse and worse. Medically graded, no chance of getting to an active unit. Regiment disbanded. Work deteriorating. Given to sudden fits of temper and what could be described only as melancholia, although a doctor wouldn't believe it until it was too late. He knew the British Army couldn't provide transportation, but here were these Americans with an empty Liberator. He'd get back somehow. As he went over it, in the darkness, with the faraway bell sounding as though it were ringing at the bottom of a troubled sea, Peter was sure the logic was irrefutable. Foster couldn't refuse.

When the hall boy finally opened the door, Peter sprang past him and raced up the steps, too impatient to take the elevator.

He was panting when he rang Colonel Foster's bell and sweat was streaming down the sides of his face. He rang the bell sharply, twice. He heard his breath whistling in the dim hall and he tried to compose himself, so that Colonel Foster would think him absolutely calm, absolutely lucid.



The door opened. The figure at the door was silhouetted against the yellowish light behind it.

"Colonel," Peter said, panting, "I'm so glad you're up. I must talk to you. I hate to disturb you, but—"

"Come in." The door was opened wider and Peter strode down the hall into the living room. He heard the door close and turned around. "I—" He stopped. The man who was standing there was not Colonel Foster. It was a large, red-faced man, bald, in a tattered red bathrobe. He had a mustache and tired eyes and he was holding a book in his hand. Peter looked at the book. The Poems of Robert Browning.

The man stood there waiting, pulling his bathrobe tighter, a curious little smile in his weary face.

"I . . . I saw the light, sir," Peter said. "I thought Colonel Foster would be up and I took the liberty of . . . I had some business with . . ."

"Colonel Foster doesn't live here," the man said. His voice was clipped and military, but tired, aging. "He moved out a week ago."

"Oh," Peter said. He swallowed and made a conscious effort to speak quietly. "Do you know where he lives, sir?"

"I'm afraid not. Is there anything I can do, Captain? I'm Colonel Gaines. That's why when you said 'Colonel,' at the door, I—"

"No, sir," Peter said. "Nothing, sir. I'm dreadful sorry. This time of night."

"Oh, that's all right." The Colonel waved a little embarrassedly. "I never go to sleep. I was reading."

"Well . . . Thank you, sir. Good-night."

"Uh"—the Colonel looked hesitantly at him, as though he felt, in some dubious, obscure way, that Peter should be helped—"uh . . . perhaps a drink. I have some whiskey I was just going to . . . for myself . . ."

"No, thank you, sir," Peter said. "I'd better be getting along."

Clumsily, they went down the hall together to the door. The Colonel opened the door. He stood there, red-faced, huge, British, like a living Colonel Blimp, lonely and tired, with Robert Browning, in the foreign night.

"Good night, sir."

"Good night."

The door closed and Peter walked slowly down the dark stairs. He started toward his hotel, but the thought of

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CORT, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Additional Amusement Advertising on pages 40 and 58

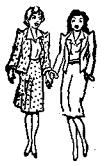
THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE · Alfred DRAKE · Joseph BULOFF · Joan ROBERTS
ST. JAMES Thea. 44 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • ANNABELLA • OSCAR KARLWEIS
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The MARGARET WEBSTER PRODUCTION
PAUL ROBESON
JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
OTHELLO
EDITH KING • JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones
SHUBERT Thea. 44 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON HITS!
"Glib, daffy, enormously funny"—Morehouse, Sun
RUTH GORDON IN
OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MUSIC BOX, 45th St. West of B'way. CI. 6-4636
EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS., & SAT. at 2:40

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40



MICHAEL TODD presents
BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
with JUNE HAVOC · GEORGE GIVOT · WILBUR EVANS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St., Mats. Wed., Sat.

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER • JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with Paula Laurence & Teddy Hart
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46th ST. THEA. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Big and important...human, convincing"—News
THERON BAMBERGER presents
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
Staged by ELLIOTT NUGENT
CONRAD NAGEL · SHIRLEY BOOTH
BARRYMORE, W. 47th. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

the disordered room and Mac lying there, steadily asleep, steadily and lightly snoring in the next bed, was impossible. He walked slowly past the dark policemen standing quietly with their rifles on the street corners. Down the street, gharry lights, small and flickering and lonesome, wandered along and the sound of the horses' hooves was deliberate and weary. He came to the English Bridge and stood on the bank of the river, looking at the dark water swirling north toward the Mediterranean. Down the river a felucca, its immense sail spread in a soaring triangle, slowly made its way among the shadows from the trees along the shore. Across the river a minaret, poignant with faith, shone sharp and delicate in the moonlight.

Peter felt spent and drained. A nervous and hysteric pulse pulled at his bad eye and a gigantic sob seemed wedged in his throat.

Overhead, far away, there was the sound of a plane. It came nearer, passed across the stars, died away, going somewhere.

The wedge dislodged and the sob broke out like tears and blood.

Peter closed his eyes, and when he opened them again the wild pulse had stopped, his throat was clear. He stared across the river at the minaret, faithful and lovely in the light of the moon, by the side of the old river. Tomorrow, he thought, tomorrow there may be a letter from home. —IRWIN SHAW

•

Long, lanky, lean and laughing, Leverett Saltonstall is not "another Lincoln" because truth to tell he has more background, more executive ability, more genuine appeal to the masses than Honest Abe ever possessed.—*The Bostonian.*

He's more modern, too.

•

SECRETARY, to assist advertising agency account man; must have advertising experience, be efficient, tactful and not afraid of burning herself out young; salary $35. For appointment write S. Duane Lyon, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza.—*Adv. in the Times.*

In the flame of life's superlatives?

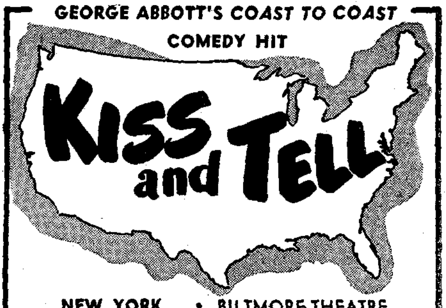
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Atlanta Journal*]

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA., March 8.—(U.P.)—A coconut Wednesday was responsible for a $50,000 suit against the town of Palm Beach by Marion Wildey, of Pennsylvania.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S COAST TO COAST COMEDY HIT
KISS and TELL
NEW YORK • BILTMORE THEATRE
CHICAGO • HARRIS THEATRE
MIDDLE WEST • ON TOUR
WEST • ON TOUR
Written by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Mr. Abbott



"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
Margaret SULLAVAN & Elliott NUGENT
in JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"Smash hit!" Winchell
MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SENOR WENCES · CHRISTINE AYRES · SARA ANN McCABE
NADINE GAE · TOMMY WONDER · JACK McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way. CO-5-2412
TWICE SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35. No Perf. Mon.

"A REAL EVENING IN THE THEATRE"
—NICHOLS, Times
DECISION
AMBASSADOR 49th W. of B'way
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40 Mats. Sat. and Sun.

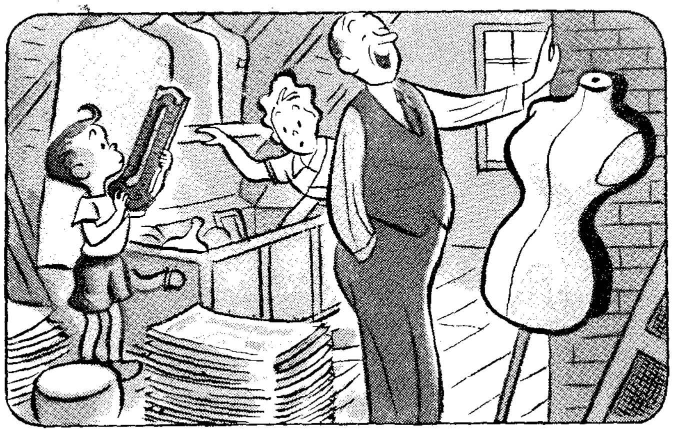
Josephine HULL · Effie SHANNON in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
4th YEAR!
"Unforgettably funny"—Atkinson, Times
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:40
Matinees Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3. No Tues. Perf.

"THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
ROBERT REUD presents
ZASU PITTS in
RAMSHACKLE INN
By George Batson
"A HUMDINGER OF A PLAY, AS UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL AS 'ARSENIC AND OLD LACE'!" —Rascoe, World-Tele.
ROYALE THEA., 45th St. West of B'way | Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40 MATS. SAT. & SUN.

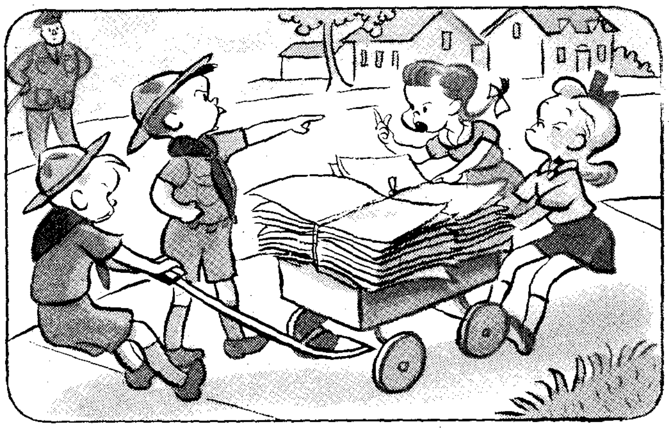
"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS OF THE NEW YORKER

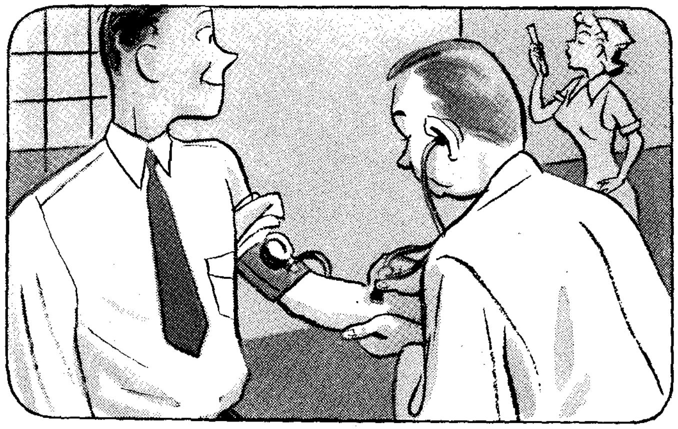
1 It's enough to make an editor weep. But the thing to do with this magazine (after reading it) is give it to your local Waste Paper Drive. The need is so great, and manpower so scarce, there won't be enough paper for Uncle Sam and you too . . . unless you help:



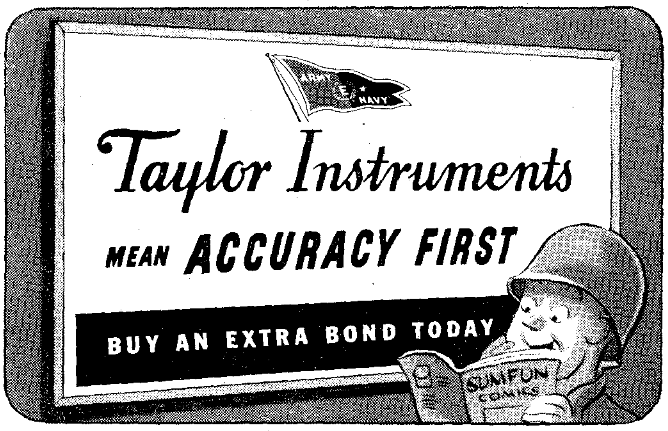
2 Explore your attic. Dig into those piles of old magazines. You never know what may turn up in an attic. Maybe even $1000 in gold—or Grandpa's Taylor Thermometer (we've been making 'em since 1851).



3 Join the Boy Scouts in a neighborhood paper hunt. Tell 'em it's not unpatriotic to get paid—if they can. And cut down on your own use of paper at home and at work. We've *all* got to make a 75% supply do a 100% job.



4 Reduce your blood pressure by *doing* something about the war instead of just worrying about it! (*Doctors please note:* for quick, accurate blood pressure readings, you can't beat our Tycos Aneroid Sphygmomanometer.)



5 What are we doing? Our instruments are helping paper mills turn out all the paper they can—besides working overtime for the armed forces and war industry. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester and Toronto.

LISTEN: MAY 13, 1944

Each year the George Foster Peabody Radio Awards pick out the "most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by the broadcasting industry."

For 1943 CBS won 5 of the 7 classifications of public service designated by the Advisory Board of the Peabody Awards. Here they are:

1. For Outstanding Reporting of the News—EDWARD R. MURROW, CBS European News Director (heard on CBS, Sunday 1:30 to 1:45 pm EWT).
2. For Outstanding Entertainment in Drama—(two citations)—
   A. LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS, Mondays 9:00 to 10:00 pm EWT).
   B. AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE (one-time CBS broadcast on inter-racial tolerance, July 24, 1943).
3. For the Outstanding Children's Program—LET'S PRETEND (CBS, Saturdays, 11:05 to 11:30 am EWT).
4. For Outstanding Entertainment in Music—SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS, Sundays, 12:00 noon to 12:30 EWT).
5. For The Regional Station Making The Outstanding Contribution To Its Community—CBS STATION KNX, LOS ANGELES (for an original series of six broadcasts on inter-racial tolerance called *These Are Americans,* Aug. 5 through Sept. 9, 1943).

Gratifying as these citations are to CBS, they are not without precedent. Since the Peabody Foundation first started its public service awards 4 years ago, CBS and its affiliates have won 13 of the 24 citations granted.

★

On Friday, May 5, a girl sang a song called "Dream a Little Dream of Me." Exactly 13 years ago Kate Smith sang the same number, conducted by the same orchestra leader, Jack Miller, on her first broadcast over CBS. Since then she's been a fairly busy girl.

★

(Shorter story this week than usual; paper shortage)

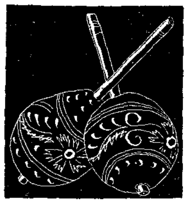
This is CBS ...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE THEATRE

A PAMPHLET COMES TO TOWN

CONSIDERING all the samples offered in the past, a courtroom drama by this time is apt to be a pretty doubtful enterprise in the theatre. "Raise your right hand" and "Do you solemnly swear?" have got to be clichés ranking with "Won't you sit down?," and the orderly procession of witnesses to and from the stand, which was conceivably an interesting device in the days of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," now often seems as monotonous as the arrival and departure of trains from the Pennsylvania Station, Long Island side. In spite of these handicaps, Elsa Shelley has undertaken just such a work at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, under the sponsorship of "Michael Todd's Staff," whatever that may mean. Her play is called "Pick-Up Girl," it deals with juvenile delinquency (female), and it is, I should say, not exactly the answer to a very hard question.

Miss Shelley's social purpose obviously does her credit, but, as a playwright, she is florid, conventional, and, I'm afraid, more than a little innocent, with a tendency to approach prostitution with that same enthusiastic and youthful bounce which has characterized so many public servants in this city's recent past. The idea, roughly, is that most sexual irregularities can be attributed to a bad economic system, which deprives a young girl not only of responsible parental supervision but also of the pretty clothes and good times available to her contemporaries. I have no particular objection to such a thesis, though there are probably more exceptions to it than Miss Shelley seems to imagine, but the treatment this time is so much like a typical case history as imagined by a literary social worker that I doubt if it has much value, either as drama or instruction.



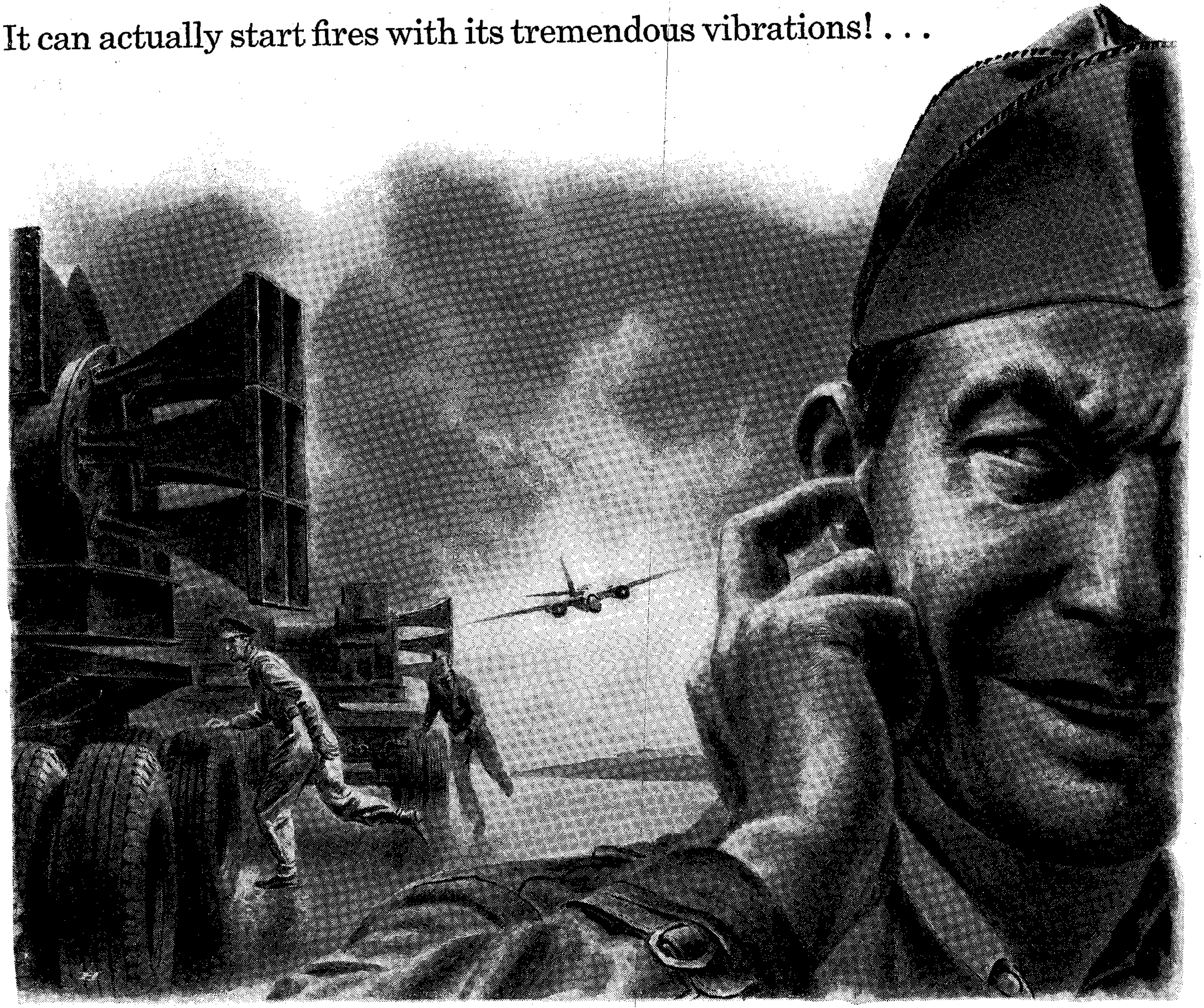
Elizabeth Collins, the fifteen-year-old heroine and victim of "Pick-Up Girl," is the daughter of an itinerant worker, who has left his family to look for a job in California, and a cook employed by "a theatrical family," who usually require their main meal at one o'clock in the morning. What with taking care of the younger children at night and going to high school by day, Elizabeth's life is clearly a rather wearing proposition, and it is easy to believe that she might be driven to playing hooky and picking up a sailor in Times Square. Up to this point, I am willing to accept Miss Shelley's story, though not necessarily being fascinated by it. The rest, however, strikes me as a mixture of the trite and the moderately absurd.

Rendered helpless by a single Cuba Libre, Elizabeth, a timid girl and a virgin, accompanies the sailor to a room over a saloon, where she is seduced and infected with syphilis. There is another assignation with the Navy (Elizabeth yields this time from patriotic motives and somehow I wish Miss Shelley could have brought herself to leave that out) and then, for extremely flimsy reasons, she takes up with one Mr. Elliott, a wealthy corrupter of adolescence, modelled apparently on all such characters in the magazine called *True Confessions.* In contradistinction to this evil man—among his other bad habits, he employs high-school boys as procurers—there is an all-understanding judge, with quite a gift for reducing truisms to rubble, and a noble young violinist, who loves Elizabeth in spite of her condition and plans to lower her out of jail on a scarf. In the end, she declines this offer and goes off voluntarily to an institution for treatment, leaving the violinist still faithful to her memory and Mr. Elliott, a hypothetically diseased and certainly an embarrassed man, under indictment for contributing to the delinquency of a minor. All the other characters are dealt with according to their moral or theatrical deserts and, on the whole, I suspect that Miss Shelley has turned out just the sort of story that might be expected from a young and sentimental reporter after his first assignment to night court.

Among those who appear in this earnest tract are William Harrigan, Pamela Rivers, and Marvin Forde. They all perform their rather incredible parts as sensibly as possible, but my one real enthusiasm of the evening is Doro Merande, who, as a court stenographer, provides a few moments of authentic comedy that I found very welcome in the midst of so much gloomy thought.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

“BIG JOE” CAN BLAST A HOLE THROUGH A FOG! . . . It’s the air raid siren that’s guarding Pearl Harbor and hundreds of American towns and cities . . . and it’s got the loudest mechanical voice in the world today. It can actually start fires with its tremendous vibrations! . . .



BACK THE ATTACK . . . WITH WAR BONDS!

“Where does Big Joe’s power come from? . . . I’ll tell you! . . . From the same engine that used to hide under the hood of a Chrysler . . . the very same engine that’s helping to push thousands of General Sherman tanks toward Berlin and Tokio!”

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors.

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
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WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Your personal Whiskey...
...because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

OF ALL THINGS

It is now taken for granted that Tom Dewey will be nominated and that he will be prevailed upon to accept. Apparently the only doubting Thomas is the Governor himself.

•

The renomination of the Roosevelt supporters Senators Pepper and Hill seems to disprove the claim that Southern Democracy is in revolt against the President. Maybe it isn't true what they say about Dixie.

•

General MacArthur's experience with Representative Miller may have convinced him that he was not cut out to be President. If he couldn't handle one congressman, how could he hope to handle a whole Capitol full?

•

Scientists have made the depressing discovery that the body contains bacteria which secrete a substance that destroys penicillin. You would have thought that penicillin didn't have an enemy in the world.

•

It is the contention of Bruce Barton that the present administration will be too tired to make a satisfactory peace. He sees a good opening for one of those well-rested Republicans of which we have such an abundant supply.

•

Making out income-tax returns next year will be pleasant and easy work. The taxpayer will have nothing to worry about except what to use for money.

•

The Montgomery Ward case is bound to have political repercussions. We hear that many people who didn't intend to vote for Roosevelt are now firmly against him.

•

Anybody could see at a glance that this is campaign year. The O.P.A. is obviously just catering to the meat-eating element.

•

It was logical that the sick and aged Gandhi should be released from prison. He is not nearly so dangerous as he used to be, and neither are the Japs.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT ?

"WHAT IS THE FIRST THING YOU EXPECT TO BUY AFTER THE WAR?"

To learn what Minnesota thinks about today's issues and tomorrow's objectives, The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune have created The Minnesota Poll. A corps of interviewers samples a scientific cross-section of the state's whole population. Findings, machine-tabulated and audited for accuracy, are published weekly in The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune.

Thus Minnesotans are kept informed of the complexion and trend of their own views, on problems which concern them. Thus, too, The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune—read in more than 330,000 homes in the Upper Mississippi Valley every weekday, more than 380,000 every Sunday—can spot quickly any fields in which readers need more information in order to make sound decisions.

Wartime questions, of course, take top place in current Minnesota Polls, for on farms, in factories, in towns and cities, Minnesota's millions are victory-bent and quota-busting. They look for a long war: 52% do not expect victory in Europe before 1945; 43% think victory in the Pacific is two years or more away.

But Minnesotans know what they want first when the war ends: No. 1 postwar purchase of 110,307 families will be a new car; of 73,538, a new home; of 58,830, a new refrigerator. There will be no war-bond-cashing spree to make these and other purchases. Minnesotans buy 20% more war bonds, in proportion to income, than the national average, but only 19% will cash war bonds for postwar buying; 38% will make peacetime purchases from other savings and 30% will buy on installments from current income. Fifty-two per cent expect to be as well off, 25% better off, after the war.

The Minnesota Poll, which discovers for Minnesotans such facts about themselves, is another of the public services which win The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune a warm welcome in Upper Mississippi Valley homes not only as complete, accurate, well-edited newspapers, but as good neighbors, reliable servants and dependable friends.

The **MINNESOTA POLL**

An impartial, scientific survey of what Minnesotans think on leading topics of the day.

Minneapolis Star-Journal *and* Tribune

JOHN COWLES • *President*

STAR-JOURNAL (evening) + TRIBUNE (morning) Over 330,000 ★ SUNDAY TRIBUNE Over 380,000

Kathleen Fae

Youthful Weekender

Young detail and slit skirt. One of a group of dinner gowns in striking crepe combinations. Suggest black or navy with citron, navy or citron with white. Sizes 10 to 20 —$22.95. . . *Clothes from Kathleen have that custom-like finish.*

118 EAST 60 ST., NEW YORK

THE
KNIZE TIE

Made of IMPORTED pure silk and cut on extra generous lines.

Exclusive shades.

IMPORTED pure silk $6 & $8

Foulard $3.75 & $5

KNIZE
20 E. 56th Street.
New York

LETTER FROM LONDON

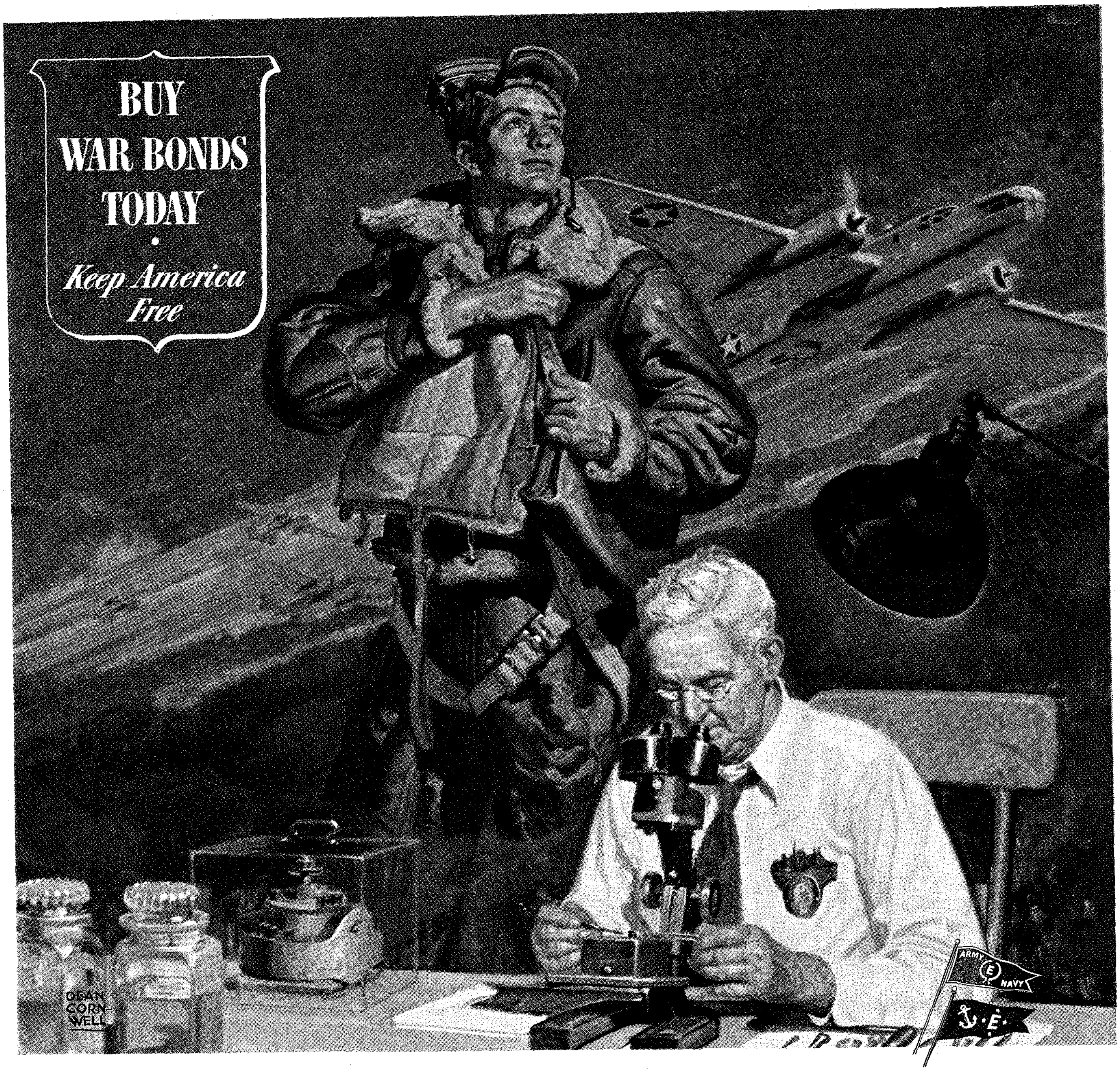
MAY 7 (BY CABLE)

A VISITOR to this city who had managed to get in before the last pre-invasion drawbridge was hauled up would probably be able to deduce nothing much from its appearance. Londoners, whatever they feel is coming in the near future, are getting on with their day-to-day existence in an almost ostentatiously normal way. After the tense chattiness of the past few weeks, most people have settled down to a calm, quiet wait, and even speculations on likely invasion dates and places have mercifully petered out. Now there appears to be a conspiracy to pretend that this is just another spring, instead of the spring everybody has been waiting for since Dunkirk. Although no one knows if he'll be able to keep them, private and public engagements are imperturbably being made for the next few weeks. The Royal Academy's private preview, which in peacetime opens the London social season, went off much as usual last week. Women are cheering themselves up with uncouponed new spring hats at dizzy prices which the Board of Trade, whose members are possibly husbands as well as officials, have promised to bring under control. The grass around the display of tulips in Hyde Park has been worn bald by the feet of garden lovers, who are taking advantage of their lunch hour to forget the war for five minutes and revive their memories of the Chelsea flower show. Traffic on the streets seems thicker than usual, most of its liveliness being contributed by American jeeps and glossy staff cars. Cinema managers report ruefully that there has been a sharp drop in business, something that is not entirely attributable to the longer spring days. While waiting in a deceptively placid way for events to occur, the public apparently does not want its mind taken off them. The mood of the moment here resembles the trusting calm which descends on a man in the hospital for an operation who, after months of anxiety, realizes all at once that there is nothing for him to do but lie back and leave everything to the professionals.

THE cinema and theatre managers, incidentally, were among the people most gratified by Sir John Anderson's "no change" budget, which many Britons had expected would call for a more severe tax on entertainment. On the night Sir John's new budget was announced, the bars were full of taxpayers gratefully ordering a drink of Scotch to celebrate its not being upped, as they had nervously anticipated, to thirty bob a bottle. The news that there was no news in the way of financial shocks was naturally a big relief to the man in the street, "who," the Manchester *Guardian* observed, "in West London now is usually an American soldier." The satisfaction of the genuine local article, however, resulted in the unusual phenomenon of a Chancellor of the Exchequer's being discussed with affectionate enthusiasm. The excellent impression produced by Sir John's first budget has possibly strengthened the feeling that he might make a good Prime Minister, but this view, it should be added, seems to be held by a fairly select few in high places. A newspaper poll held the other day to decide who would best fill out the folds in the ample Churchillian mantle overwhelmingly gave the popular vote to Anthony Eden, with Sir Stafford Cripps an exceedingly poor second. Though Sir John didn't even place in this trial heat, he has received plenty of complimentary bouquets from economists and businessmen who feel that all in all he has thrown them several important postwar life belts and from just plain people who are glad to be left with their heads still above water.

AFTER having been given such a pleasing financial blueprint for the next year, Londoners were last week introduced to an architectural blueprint of what large areas of Britain are going to look like after the war. The first of Mr. Churchill's promised prefabricated steel houses for newlyweds has, like a squat mushroom, suddenly sprung up in the shadow of the Tate Gallery. While its aesthetic appeal is limited, lots of housewives who go to see it will think its labor-saving devices are much better-looking than anything in the Tate. It is being emphasized that such houses represent only a temporary solution of the postwar housing problem, which, on this bombed island, will certainly be acute—a reassuring guarantee to those apprehensive lovers of rural England who were beginning to visualize bungaloid growths sprawling all over the green countryside.

The Royal Academy show, like the



Hands across the sky

The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

FROM the skillful hands of our craftsmen to the welcoming hands of airplane pilots, three amazing instruments are now flowing steadily and in volume.

These are the gyro-horizon, the directional gyro, and the remote indicating compass. The first two were designed by Sperry, and are built by Sperry and Fisher Body. The latter was designed by Bendix, and is built by Bendix and Fisher Body.

To meet their specifications, in the volume required, was a challenge to Fisher technicians.

But true craftsmanship knows no limits. And the extreme precision demanded in the manufacture of these instruments was but an extension of notably accurate work done on bombers, gun-breech housings, tanks, anti-aircraft guns, and other armament.

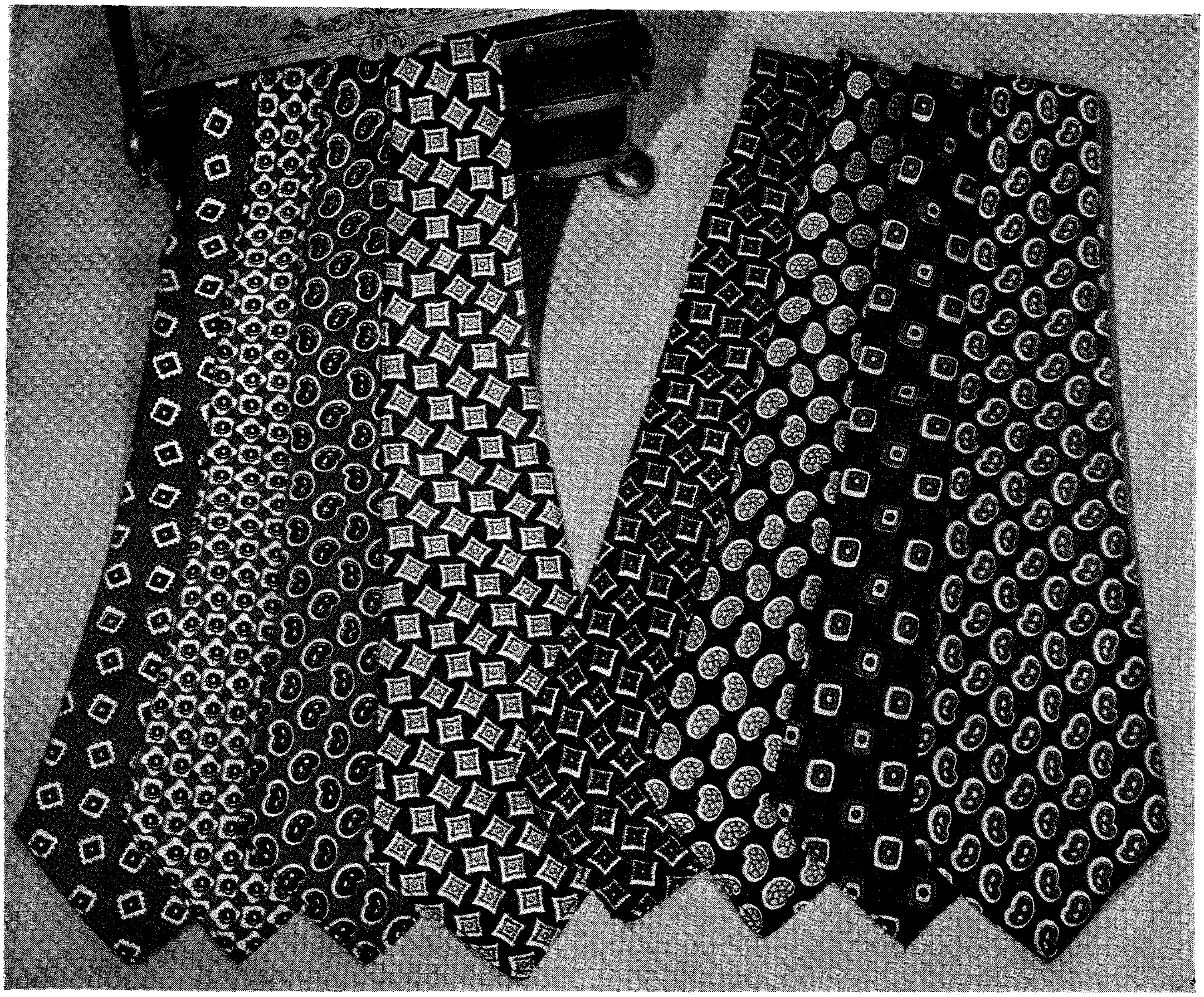
We have learned to bank on craftsmanship—to depend on it. And any time our fighting men need a technical plus to put them in the clear, we'll burn the lights every night till they get it.

• • •

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

armament
B~~OD~~Y BY Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



A new group of neat, crisp, colorful designs, hand printed on luxurious

McCurrach

GOLDEN FOULARD

$2.50

The clear, bright foulard tie colorings, formerly made only in England, are now printed by hand in America by McCurrach, in their own exclusive designs. The luxurious Golden Foulard cloth is woven on special looms and with special yarns by the famous McCurrach Golden Shuttle Weavers. Insist on seeing the Golden Foulard label on each tie. Write for new booklet, "Necktie Notes" . . . how to tie the Windsor knot, bow tie and other knots . . . what tie colors to wear with suits and shirts.

McCURRACH ORGANIZATION • DEPT. E • 411 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK budget, was comfortably free of shocks, and, in this most critical of problem years, free of problem pictures, too. At the preview, the greatest crowds seemed to collect around Augustus John's portrait of General Montgomery, a work which didn't flatter either John or Montgomery, and around Dame Laura Knight's detailed interiors of bombers and aircraft factories. A popular subject picture, in the good old Academy tradition, entitled "The Week's Ration," showed a good-humored butcher quizzically regarding two mutton chops and somebody's weekly one-and-tuppence meat allowance. This struck an almost painfully topical note in a week in which news of the letup on meat rationing in the United States had caught Britons trying not to look too envious, and at the same time becomingly grateful for their one-and-tuppence worth of frozen lend-lease pork.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

This Comic Dictionary will help you make wonderful impressions on all sorts of people. Before meeting anybody, just look up in advance the subjects you are likely to talk about . . . business, the war, the weather, rationing, or almost anything else. You'll find in the dictionary all kinds of wisecracks and gags on these subjects. In the course of conversation, repeat one or more of these items, and *everybody will laugh.* Your conversation will sparkle with wit. Your repartee will be quick and hilarious. Everybody will be delighted with your clever remarks, and they will all compliment you.

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—*Letter from a dictionary publisher.*

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•

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Cincinnati Enquirer*]

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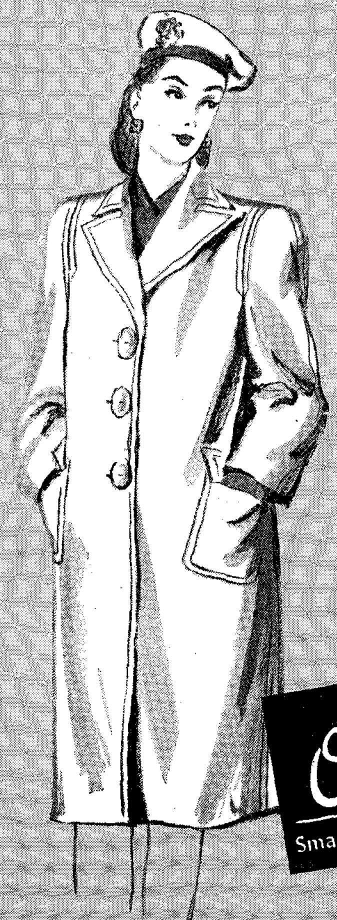

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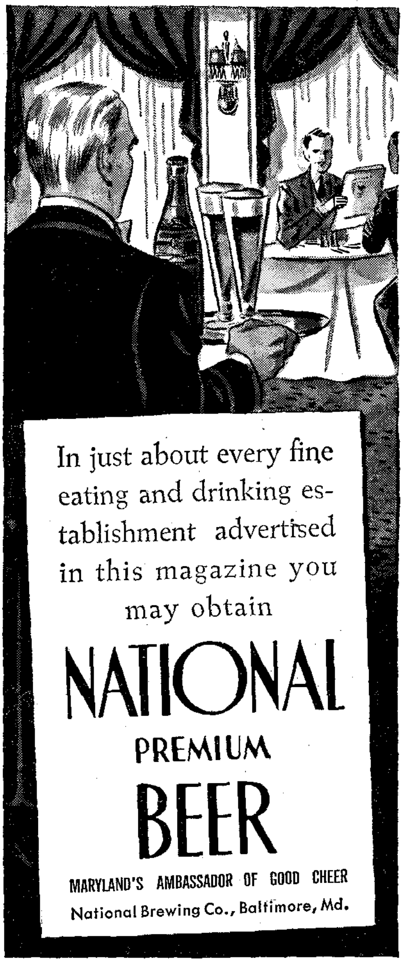

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THE RACE TRACK

What, Another Whirlaway?

HORSEMEN, most of whom are incurable optimists, say that a good colt, no matter how disappointingly he runs now and then, eventually returns to his best form. Pensive, who won the Kentucky Derby last Saturday, did just that. Before the Futurity at Belmont last autumn, which he seemed almost certain to win, there was a spate of predictions that Pensive would turn out to be another Whirlaway. As a matter of fact, although the two horses aren't related, Pensive does remind you a lot of Whirlaway. He has the same peculiar chestnut color, the same smooth, powerful way of going, and almost as long a tail. Pensive didn't quite make it in the Futurity, however, and, even though he won in Florida and in Maryland this season, he was something of a disappointment to his stable. You undoubtedly know that he almost wasn't sent to the Derby and that, after he arrived in Louisville, he stepped on a rusty nail while walking to his barn.

I'm sorry I can't tell you much about the race, but, like a lot of other people, I did the Derby by radio. Though I was more comfortable sitting near my own loudspeaker than I would have been at Churchill Downs, I'm all for television. I would have liked to know more about the horses and to have heard less of "My Old Kentucky Home," which was played as badly as I ever heard it, and I wish the commercials could have been shorter and better placed. I'm surprised that one wasn't slipped in just when the field turned into the home stretch. It's possible, of course, that the sixteen runners overwhelmed Mr. Husing. I am sure they'd have swamped me. I suppose I'll have to wait for the newsreels, and the returning travellers, to find out what went on. One thing, however, was obvious: Stir Up is not a stayer. By the way, Arcaro's public tip the day he left for Kentucky to ride him was "Stir Up's not really a good horse, but he's good enough to beat the kind he's up against." Well, I thought so, too, at the time.

Pensive, whose name seems more suitable for a filly, is an English colt by Hyperion out of Penicuik II. His sire won the Derby Stakes for Lord Derby and his granddam, Pennycomequick, won the Oaks for Lord Astor. He is owned by Warren Wright, who won his first Kentucky Derby in 1941 with Whirlaway. Pensive has earned $79,400 this year—his share of the Derby was $64,675—and, barring accidents, he will start in the Preakness at Pimlico on Saturday. Things have certainly been looking up for Mr. Wright and his horses. A couple of hours before Pensive won the Derby, his Sun Again galloped off with the Dixie Handicap, and a purse of $25,700, at Baltimore. I didn't hear the broadcast of that race, but my favorite monitor reports that it was rather inadequate, too.

SOMEBODY remarked at Jamaica last weekend that there were better three-year-olds running for the Zev Purse, which was worth only $4,000, than for the Derby. Both Rodney Stone, who won it, and Platter, who finished second, beat Pensive in the 1943 Futurity. Rodney Stone, who has long been a pet of mine, is handsomer and faster than he was last year, but Platter is my horse for the Preakness.

Offhand, I'd say that the best two-year-old I've seen so far this season is Jeep, who won both of his starts at Jamaica. He had rather a close call in his second, the Youthful, last week, but that really wasn't his fault. Atkinson, who rode him, was overconfident, and Hillyer Court, who came up fast in the last furlong, nearly beat him. That isn't likely to happen again. A lot of well-fancied youngsters will be popping out during the Belmont meeting, but I shall stick to Jeep for the Juvenile, a week from Saturday.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

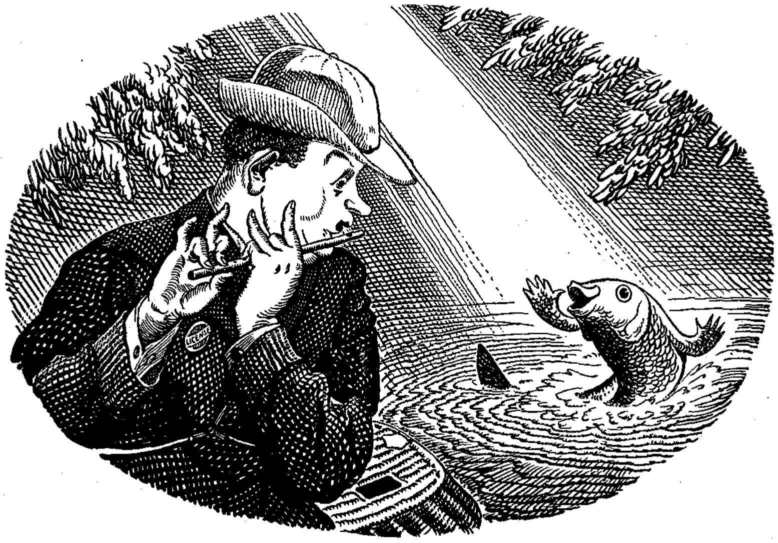
WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Seventy-seven years of unbroken harmony in the staid, uncomfortable confines of the exclusive Lotos Club, 110 W. 57th St., came to an abrupt end last night when a majority of prominent members ignored the selections of its nominating committee .... and elected a group of rebellious insurgents led by Chancellor Harry Woodburn Chase of New York University.—*The World-Telegram.*

The old guard, led by Chancellor Harry Woodburn Chase of New York University, retained control of the venerable and staid Lotos Club last night in a heated election contest.—*The Times.*

ESOP EAGLE'S FABLES NO. V

The Fisherman who played the piccolo...



ONCE UPON A TIME a member of the gentry of Greenwich, who played a mean piccolo, was invited to safari north to Quebec for the trout season.

Having seen Hindus charm cobras with nothing more than flutes, and heard Goodman captivate cats with his clarinet at the Paramount, this gent resolved to lure fish to his creel with no other bait than music.

So one day, standing on a projecting rock, he played everything from boogie-woogie to Bach in the hope that the fish, attracted by his melodies, would of their own accord jive into his net.

Swaying with the enchantment of his own music, the foolish fellow fell over the brink into the drink.

Poor fish!

Moral: **What's caviar to a catfish may be cornpone to a cod. Take media, for example. Some publications fish for the many who have too little. Others angle for the few who have more than enough. We go to neither extreme. Instead, we bait our editorial hooks with inspiration for the aspirations of the great middle class who, in good times and bad, provide you with the most productive market for your products. That's why your *happy medium to America's middle millions is* . . . . . .**

THE American MAGAZINE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE HEROES FROM UPTOWN

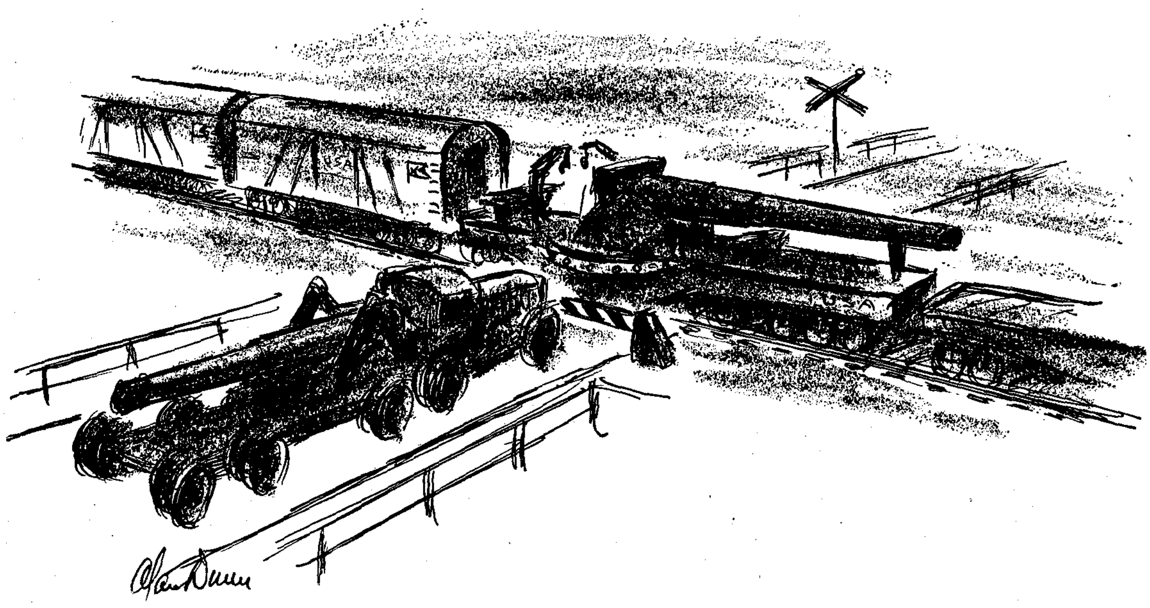
New York's naval training school, judged by Annapolis standards, is an incongruous plant in which to turn out seaworthy officers. Its classrooms and dormitories are tucked away aboard the U.S.S. Prairie State, that ungainly craft which lies moored in the Hudson River at the foot of 135th Street and has the outward appearance of a revival-meeting shed, and in Columbia University, a still less nautical- and much more ecclesiastical-looking spot. The institution has, however, since November, 1940, turned out fourteen thousand officers for the United States Navy. That is two thousand more officers than the Navy had before the war. A high percentage of the officers doing sea duty today got their training in this school and many of the young men from the U.S.S. Prairie State and Columbia have been killed or wounded alongside their comrades from the Naval Academy. The school always has two classes in attendance. Every two months it holds a commencement in which several hundred midshipmen, standing solemnly in the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, become ensigns. Then they go back to their quarters on the Prairie State or in one of the dormitories at Columbia, pack, and leave for their assignments. They have finished some sixteen weeks of fifteen-hour days, studying, among a variety of other things, fleet tactics, navigation, knot tying, bulkhead shoring, signalling, range finding, first aid, dead reckoning, the manual of arms, the use of the torpedo, and the rescuing of airplane crews at sea. Ninety per cent of them have trained as deck officers, the remainder as engineers.

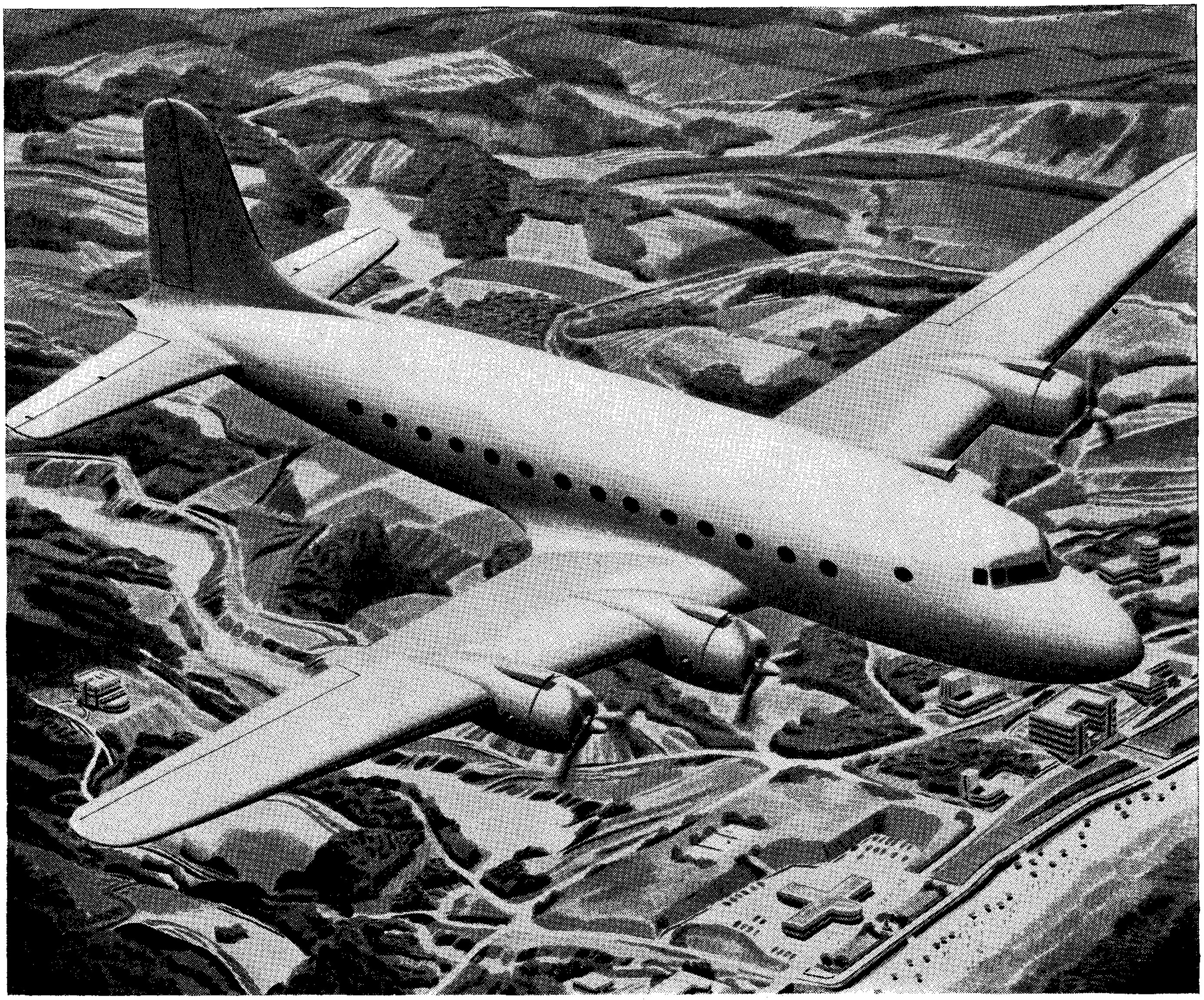
In the weeks right after Pearl Harbor, naval training schools were set up all over the country, but the one here—officially the United States Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School, New York—had already been running for months. For quite a while it turned out almost the entire supply of new ensigns. The young men at the school have come from all parts of the country, all environments, and all kinds of jobs. Some were enlisted men in the Navy. All have had some college education. Graduates of the school have taken part in every naval battle of the war. At one commencement, Captain Paul B. Blackburn, then personnel officer of the Third Naval District, told a solemn group of new ensigns, "Reykjavik, Tulagi, Midway and Guadalcanal have no night clubs and soft music, pretty women, and gay floor shows, yet men there and aboard ships face discouragement, loneliness, weariness of body and soul, danger, and even death with a fine spirit." The young men who heard him looked as though their spirit would overcome any conditions. Men from the Prairie State were aboard the California, the Arizona, and the Oklahoma during the attack on Pearl Harbor, the Houston when she was sunk in action off Java, and the submarine Shark, lost somewhere in the Pacific.

Of the twenty-six ensigns cited for courageous conduct at Pearl Harbor, seven were graduates of the New York school. One was Ensign Stanley Caplan, who was sitting that Sunday morning with three other ensigns in the wardroom of the fifteen-hundred-ton destroyer Aylwin, at anchor in the harbor. An announcement over the loudspeaker system that the Utah had just been torpedoed by Japanese aircraft broke up their conversation. Caplan was senior officer aboard the Aylwin that morning, since his superiors were ashore on leave. Caplan ordered general quarters sounded and gave the engine room the signal to get under way. A chief machinist's mate, senior that morning in *his* department, acted as engineer officer. Caplan headed the destroyer for her emergency station in the channel.

Within five minutes her machine guns were firing at Japanese planes diving on the harbor and two minutes later her five-inch guns went into action against them. As the destroyer stood toward her emergency station, her detection apparatus indicated the presence of two submarines. Caplan went after them, maneuvering the Aylwin through turns and runs as the men dropped depth charges, after which sizable oil slicks appeared on the surface. The Aylwin fired over a hundred rounds from her main batteries that morning and over a thousand from her machine guns. She came out of the attack with three airplanes and, it is believed, two submarines to her credit and without suffering a casualty. For his work that morning, Ensign Caplan, who had been graduated from the University of Michigan in 1939 and from the midshipmen's school in February, 1941, received a letter of commendation from the Secretary of the Navy. The faculty of the Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School, New York, was pleased but not greatly surprised.

The Navy casualty lists contain the names of more than a hundred graduates of the school who have been killed in action or are missing, of more than a hundred who have been wounded, and of a few who are prisoners of war. Twenty-one decorations for bravery against the enemy have been awarded, four of them posthumously—thirteen Silver Stars, seven Navy Crosses, and one Medal of Honor, which is the highest award bestowed by the United States. In each of the citations is a cap-





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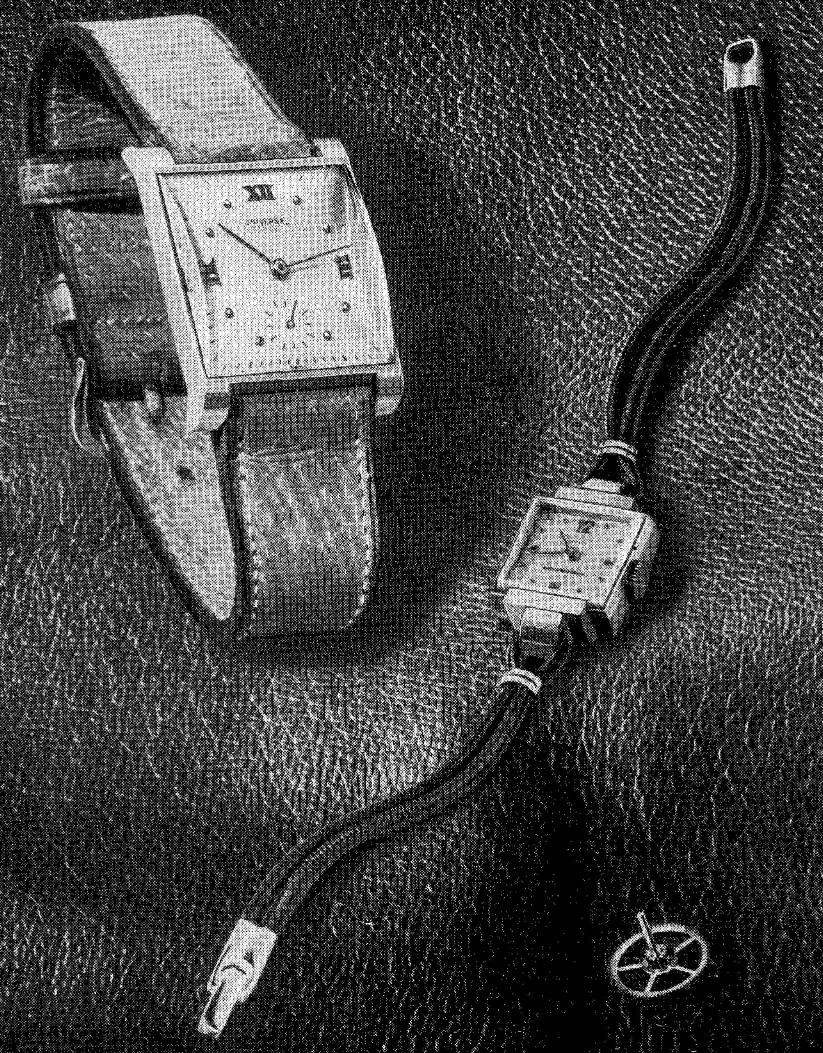

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sule story of heroism, a quality which the Navy assumes that officers and men will unhesitatingly display when circumstances warrant. To show what the alumni of the Prairie State and Columbia—nearly all of them young men fresh from civilian life who are devoting a few years of their lives to war—have been called upon to face and will be called upon to face, I shall set down the case histories of a few who have been decorated for valor. Three of these young men are dead, one is a prisoner of the Japanese, and the two others are presumably somewhere at sea. Although the situations of the six were different, the reactions of the men were alike. When the crisis came, they all knew what to do.

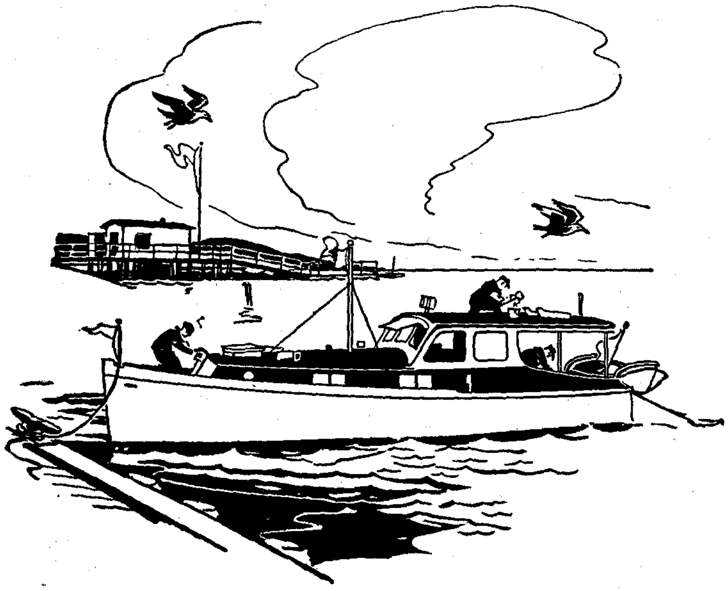
Ensign Herbert Charpiot Jones won the Medal of Honor. He was an anti-aircraft-battery officer on the California at Pearl Harbor. From his photograph and the description of him the Navy has in its files, it appears that he was a somewhat handsome, serious fellow of medium size. In his record is a statement he made when applying for training as a midshipman. "Being the son of a naval officer," he wrote, "I have travelled with the Navy all my life and have been in practically every country with a seacoast." He had wanted to go to the Naval Academy, but despite two years of prepping for Annapolis, he didn't make it. Instead he went to the University of California, which he left in his third year to enter the first midshipmen's class aboard the Prairie State. He was graduated in November, 1940, and was assigned to the California. He joined the battleship in Hawaii and was married in the islands some months later.

On the morning of December 7, 1941, Jones was aboard the California, lying in Berth F-3 at Ford Island. Since she didn't have steam up, she provided the sort of target known as a sitting duck. When general quarters sounded, Jones took his place by his five-inch anti-aircraft gun and he and his crew got it firing almost immediately. The California was one of the most important targets for the Japanese pilots and they went after her with torpedoes and bombs. Her power system was damaged by the first, shattering explosions and the ammunition hoists from the hold stopped running. Jones went below and organized a chain of men to pass ammunition up from the magazines. He stayed at the end of the line in the hold, and he and the men near him, nearly suffocating in the stifling smoke and cordite fumes, handed the heavy five-inch shells along so that the guns on deck could keep firing.

An armor-piercing bomb crashed through the decks and exploded near the powder room, badly wounding Jones and starting a dangerous fire that the ensign saw could not be put out. Jones, weak from pain and shock, ordered his men to leave at once. Several tried to pick him up, but he realized how badly hurt he was and he knew that the men would probably lose their own chance of escape if they tried to carry him up the ladders. He said, "Leave me. I'm done for." His order, in accordance with the traditions of the service and the necessities of battle, was the correct order. He died alone in the hold of the stricken ship.

LIEUTENANT (J.G.) THEODORE E. KREPSKI was awarded the Navy Cross for action in the Coral Sea. His home is at 510 East Twelfth Street, in a Polish section not far from the Polish National Home and the offices of the *Nowy Swiat,* a Polish-language paper. He is a graduate of N.Y.U., which he attended at night while working days as a clerk in the order department of Butler Brothers, a wholesale dry-goods firm, at 860 Broadway. He was graduated from the midshipmen's school in the fall of 1941, and in the spring of 1942 he was aboard the destroyer Hammann in the South Pacific. The Japanese were doing a lot of damage in that area, and the Navy was looking for them with a task force consisting of two aircraft carriers, one of which was the Lexington, and a group of smaller vessels to protect the carriers. The Hammann was one of the smaller ships. In May, this force battled, on successive days, two Japanese task forces, each about the same strength as the American, and defeated both. Actually, the ships opposing one another stayed a couple of hundred miles apart and the fighting was done by airplanes from the carriers. In the second engagement, the Lexington, for which the Hammann was part of the destroyer screen, was hit by five aerial torpedoes and a number of heavy bombs. Fires broke out all over her and in a few hours she had to be abandoned. The Hammann was one of half a dozen ships which stood by and took off the Lexington's crew.

Men dived into the ocean from the blazing ship or clambered down ropes along her heated sides. Many were burned and many more wounded. Krepski was in charge of one of the Hammann's small boats, assigned to pick up men in the water. Dodging



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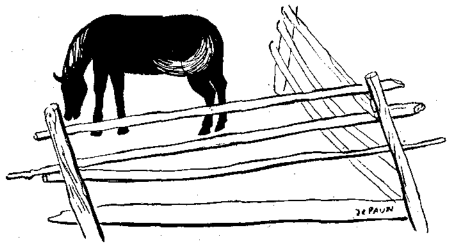
patches of gasoline flaming on the sea, Krepski again and again put his boat alongside the Lexington, pulled men to safety, and took them to the Hammann. After an hour or so, thousand-pound bombs and torpedo war heads inside the Lexington started going up in great explosions. These blasts sent fragments of steel torn from the Lexington flying through the air, and the small rescue boats were bombarded by them, but Krepski continued to maneuver his little craft through the noise and flame until he could find no more men to rescue.

THE childhood and youth of Lieutenant (j.g.) Robert L. Fowler were nothing like the East Side life of Krepski. Fowler attended St. Paul's School and Harvard, where he rowed in the 1939 and 1940 crews. Upon his graduation from the midshipmen's school in September, 1941, he was ordered to duty with the destroyer forces in the South Pacific and assigned to the U.S.S. Duncan, a seventeen-hundred-ton destroyer armed with four five-inch guns, some machine guns, and ten torpedo tubes arranged in two units of five. The Duncan was off Guadalcanal during the bitter sea fighting there and rescued seven hundred officers and men from the carrier Wasp when she was torpedoed. In October, 1942, the Duncan was one of a task force of cruisers and destroyers patrolling near Savo Island with the object of intercepting a Japanese task force known to be in the neighborhood and believed to be heading for Guadalcanal. One day, just before midnight, the American force encountered a group of Japanese vessels—several cruisers, a number of destroyers, and some troop transports. Thus the Third Battle of the Savo Sea opened. Navy officers say that in that engagement the Americans employed some of the most brilliant destroyer tactics in naval history.

The Duncan, in the van of the American task force, was the first to see the foe. She picked up a Japanese cruiser with her searchlight. Then, running and twisting at nearly top speed, she closed in on the cruiser, which soon picked up the Duncan with *her* search-



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lights and began firing shell after shell at her. Far outgunned, the Duncan continued to go in toward the Jap. Fowler, who was acting as torpedo officer, set one group of his tubes so that the torpedoes would spread fanwise when released. When the Duncan got close enough, he ordered the salvo fired. The cruiser was dodging in rapid, evasive action, but a torpedo hit her amidships. There was a terrific blast, which seemed to the men on the Duncan to light up the sea for miles. The Duncan swung about to bring Fowler's second set of tubes to bear on the cruiser, which, although crippled, was still raking the Duncan with gunfire. One of the cruiser's shells burst above the torpedo platform, critically wounding Fowler. The Duncan, badly damaged by the cruiser's fire, managed to withdraw from the battle area. Her opponent sank. The engagement continued, the final result being that another Japanese cruiser was sunk, one more put out of action, four destroyers and a transport were sunk, and one destroyer was probably sunk. The Americans lost only the Duncan, which sank in tow. Fowler died of his wounds and was posthumously awarded the Navy Cross.

Ensign Peronneau B. Wingo, now a prisoner of war, was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1939 and from the midshipmen's school eighteen months later. He was assigned to the Philippines, where, after the attack by Japan, men of the Navy fought hopelessly with a pathetic collection of boats and weapons. The Americans had some tugs and minesweepers, a few PT boats, and several yachts which were made into men-of-war by the addition of a few machine guns and rifles. It was the sort of battle fleet which, in an emergency, might be assembled at Larchmont. Wingo was on the 1030-ton fleet tug Napa, a quite formidable vessel for the group she was in. She had two three-inch rifles and some 30- and 50-calibre anti-aircraft armament which had been hastily installed. The Napa, together with some sister ships, formed the inshore patrol, operating out of Mariveles, a steamy port on the peninsula across from Corregidor. In the daytime they tied up in the harbor and helped the shore defenses with their anti-aircraft guns. At night they went up and down either side of the Bataan peninsula to intercept Japanese vessels trying to make landings under cover of darkness. One night they met some Japs who, with inefficient resourcefulness, had mounted a

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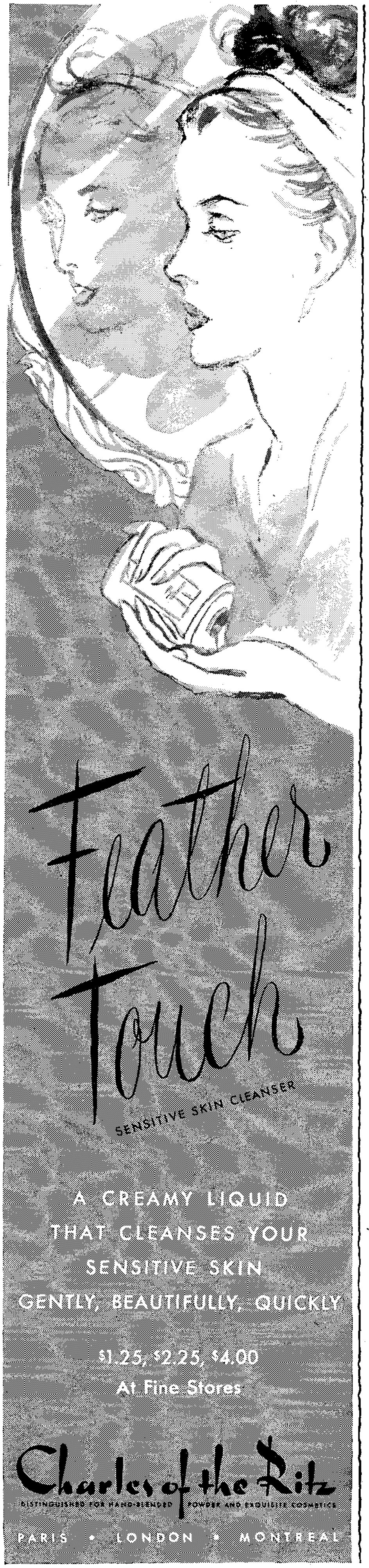
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lot of field pieces on rafts and were towing them toward an American base with the idea of firing on it. The Napa and some other ships closed in on the Japanese, who quickly discovered that their equipment was not designed for a naval battle. The Jap crafts were so unwieldy that most of them capsized.

During the Philippine fighting, Wingo became commanding officer of the Napa when its skipper was transferred to other duty. On the night that Bataan fell, Wingo had the tug's machine guns dismounted and ordered her burned in Mariveles harbor. He and his crew took the armament and what ammunition they had in small boats to Corregidor and fought on the beach for a month. Then that fortress fell, too. For his work as commanding officer of the Napa, Wingo was awarded the Navy Cross, which will someday be delivered to him.

LIEUTENANT HENRY S. TAYLOR, Yale, '40, was an apprentice with the Wellington Sears Company, an industrial-fabrics house, before he entered the midshipmen's school. After graduation he went to Miami for additional training on PT boats and then to Panama to learn more small-boat technique. He had been around boats of an unwarlike nature most of his life. In 1939 he was on the crew of the six-metre American yacht Goose, which successfully defended the Scandinavian Gold Cup in a regatta in the Baltic against entries from seven other nations. In the fall of 1942 he was with the first squadron of American PT boats to reach the Solomons.

The squadron arrived as the battle for Guadalcanal was at its height. The Marines on shore were being pasted every night by Japanese ships which came in close, let go a few shells, and then ran for it. Our large ships in the area were too busy with other problems to do much about this, and the PT boats were greeted with enthusiasm. Taylor, on his first offensive sally as the officer in charge of a PT, almost ran into a blacked-out Jap destroyer. Contrary to a quite general belief, PT boats do not always operate at such close range that they scrape the paint off enemy vessels. They are equipped to fire effectively at a distance of over half a mile, and their men are not unhappy about that. Taylor, on this occasion, turned and ran and lived to fight another day. That night, after Taylor's bobble, other members of the squadron sank a cruiser.

In the middle of November the Japs started an attack which turned out to

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be their last attempt to retake Guadalcanal. Taylor and his squadron knew, on the night of the thirteenth, that something important was up, because an enemy battleship and a shoal of smaller craft had been reported in the vicinity. Taylor's boat, that evening, lay off Lunga Point, just west of Henderson Field, the airport held by the Army and Marines. Two other PT boats idled nearby in the dark. Before long the Japs came in. Their planes dropped flares over the airport and their ships started shelling it. The flares helped Taylor see the Japanese ships, but his own small boat was practically invisible to them. He made out two large vessels. He waited while the enemy vessels fired half a dozen salvos, so that he could judge by the flashes of the guns which, if either, was the bigger ship. He picked her out and set a course for her, counting on the noise of the heavy guns to drown out the roar of his motors. When he got some twelve hundred yards from her, he discovered that she was flanked by a destroyer escort, so he let go a volley of four torpedoes, spun around, and got away. At least one torpedo hit the big vessel, which was a battleship, and the men in his boat were sure that another torpedo hit one of the destroyers.

Taylor's squadron did a lot of damage that night, and Taylor, for this and other jobs, including the sinking of a destroyer, was given the Silver Star by Admiral Halsey. Some time ago, Taylor, who lost thirty pounds in the Solomons, returned to New York for a rest. One night, while he was cheerfully rehabilitating himself in the Racquet and Tennis Club, another member asked him how he had felt as he raced toward the Jap warship. To this conventional inquiry, he made the conventional reply. "Nervous as hell," he said.

SOME of the jobs handed the graduates of the Prairie State have been exceedingly dull, some have been exceedingly dangerous, and some have been both. When, last summer, Lieutenant (j.g.) Kenneth M. Willett, of Sacramento, was assigned to command the armed guard on the Stephen Hopkins, a freighter which was to cross the South Atlantic, he thought he was getting a dull job. The route to Murmansk was, and is, considered likely to offer excitement, but not the South Atlantic. Willett and the young Navy men of his crew went to Africa aboard the Stephen Hopkins and started back in September of last year. The ocean was smooth, the weather fine, and the outlook dull when, on September 27th, two uniden-

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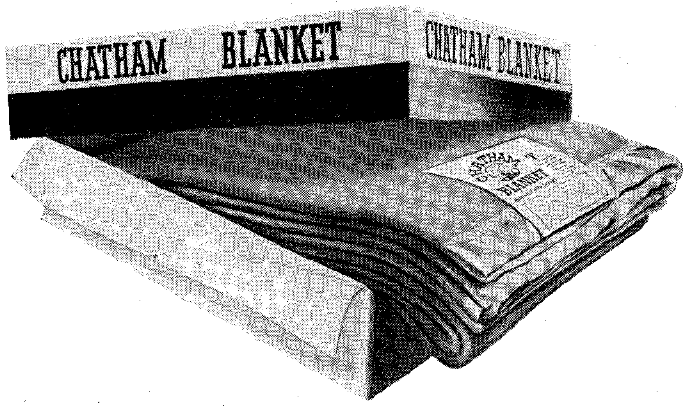

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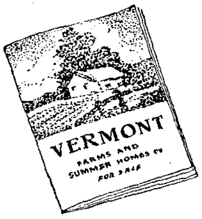

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tifiable motorships appeared on the horizon ahead. One of them was of about seven thousand tons, the other of about four thousand. They didn't answer signals, and Willett ordered his men to their guns—a light one in the bow, a four-inch piece in the stern, and some machine guns. When the two motorships were about a mile away, the smaller of them suddenly let down a flap on her side and opened up with a battery of four-inch guns. A shell from the first salvo struck the Stephen Hopkins, and Lieutenant Willett, at his post near the after gun, was hit in the stomach by a piece of shrapnel.

It was obvious immediately that the slow, lightly armed freighter was no match for the raiders, which were efficient men-of-war. The motorships had good fire-control systems, which allowed them to fire their batteries rapidly and accurately. The Stephen Hopkins' two guns were fired over open sights. Willett, from time to time almost doubled over with the pain of his wound, yelled to the bridge to put the Hopkins about so that the after gun crew could bring their four-inch gun to bear on the smaller raider, which seemed to be the more heavily armed. "Low, around the waterline," Willett told his pointer.

For twenty minutes, the Stephen Hopkins, which didn't have a chance, put up a bitter fight. Shell after shell hit her, killing men, tearing great holes in the hull, knocking down big sections of her superstructure. The men at the after gun put a series of shells into the smaller raider, while the forward gun engaged the larger motorship. The raiders closed in, following established privateer technique, and all three vessels opened fire with machine guns. As members of Willett's gun crew fell, their places were taken by merchant seamen, and Willett, dripping blood, directed them. His men tried to make him stop and tend to his wound, but he refused. He even helped handle ammunition himself. The four-incher fired more than thirty shells and nearly every one struck the smaller raider at the waterline. The Stephen Hopkins began to list and sink and her master gave the order to abandon ship. Boats and rafts were lowered; the wounded were put off first and then the uninjured men took to the boats. Willett refused to go with the other wounded, insisting on seeing that what was left of his crew got off safely. The smaller raider was by now enveloped in smoke, and the men of the Stephen Hopkins, with deep satisfaction, heard a big explosion amidships. The larger privateer, which was also seriously damaged, went alongside the smaller one and took off her crew. Preoccupied with her own troubles, she didn't attempt to capture any of the Americans as they moved away from the scene in their small boats. The men of the Stephen Hopkins saw their ship sink in a matter of minutes after they had abandoned her, and the smaller raider is believed to have sunk soon after dusk.

The Americans who survived the engagement landed thirty days later at a small Brazilian coastal town. Through remarkable seamanship, they had kept their small boats together for a month. Lieutenant Willett was not among the survivors. He had last been seen, covered with blood, moving painfully about the deck of the Stephen Hopkins as he superintended the lowering of a life raft. Although there seems no possibility that he is alive, the Navy lists him merely as "missing." He was given the Navy Cross in absentia.

THE traditions of the Navy and the sea have been consistently upheld by the young men from Columbia and the U.S.S. Prairie State. Rear Admiral Edward J. Marquart, who has just retired as commandant of the Third Naval District, said in a brief talk to a recent graduating class, "By no means are you to be your own masters, or even your own selves, for as naval officers you can by your every act bring honor or disgrace to the United States Navy." This admonition probably frightened the new ensigns just a little, but it shouldn't have. They, like the young men who were graduated before them, are unlikely to bring the Navy anything but honor.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

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His gifts as a lyric dancer are most remarkable. His build resembles that of the juvenile "saltimbanques" of the early Picasso canvases. As a dancer his instep and his knees are extraordinarily elastic and quick; his steps, runs, kneebends and leaps are brilliant in lightness and speed. His torso can turn on its vertical axis with great sensitivity, his shoulders are held lightly free, and his head poises intelligently. The arms are light and long, they float but do not often have an active look.—*Edwin Denby in the Herald Tribune.*

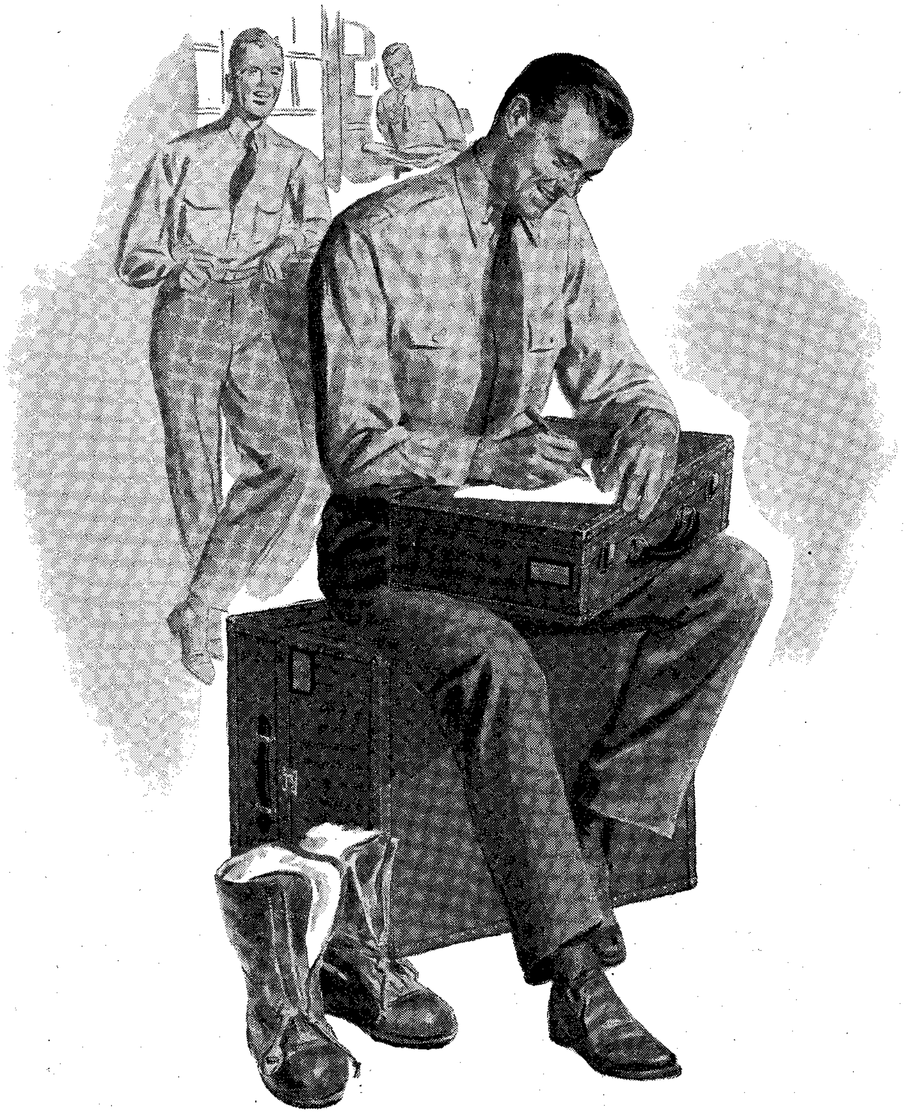
Can he wiggle his ears?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Rosetown* (*Sask.*) *Eagle*]

A meeting of the Ridpath Happy Hearts was held on Friday, March 10th. The roll call was answered by naming "your favorite teacher." For the next meeting the roll call will be answered by "present."



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THE ART GALLERIES

Masson, Miró, and Garden Produce

FOR a variety of reasons, the principal one being that his work was not shown here much until a few years ago, I was late in getting acquainted with André Masson's painting, and I must confess that at the start it didn't appeal to me greatly. He was a refugee who had just arrived from France and he had not yet had time to get adjusted to his new surroundings, so the things that he first exhibited here were from his earlier "Spanish" period, all hot reds and yellows, and with a curiously nervous, angular, almost jerky design. These were done in the nineteen-thirties, when he had been living in Spain, and I know now that what he was trying to do was to convey a sense of the heat and feverishness of the Spanish plain. But it seemed to me then—it still does, for that matter—that the work was too harsh, too arid, too spare and sparse in construction, for complete effectiveness, and it wasn't till he had lived and worked here for a time that his painting took on the richness and depth of feeling it now possesses.

Masson is one of the few refugees who have really profited by coming to this country, and his two shows—one of paintings at the Paul Rosenberg and another of drawings at the Buchholz Gallery—represent about the best work of his I have seen. It was the paintings that interested me more. Masson, as you probably know, was for a long time allied with the Paris Surrealists, but he seems to have been drawing away from the movement in recent years and his work is now a kind of combination of Surrealist symbolism (not "dream" symbolism, but one that is highly controlled and intellectualized) with an over-all abstract pattern that I find peculiarly satisfying.

His "Paysage Iroquois," in the Rosenberg show, is a good example of this. Autumn tints—deep reds, purples, greens—form the basis of the picture's coloration, and the tonality is so dark that the spectator has the sense of peering into deep woods. What you see is sometimes difficult to recognize clearly, for the symbols are highly abstract and their development is fragmentary, but the general suggestion is of the Indian and the wilderness: bear tracks, root traceries, leaf forms, a large kernel-shaped object that may be intended as a growth symbol, and at one side the profile of an Indian, apparently surveying it all—the whole bound together in a design that is at once tense, dense, and compact. There is another style Masson is currently using, more fluent, more linear, lighter both in color and treatment; it's exemplified by such pieces as "Le Pain" and "Histoire de Thésée." I don't like it so well. To my mind, it's in such things as "Peintre en Méditation," "Antille," and the powerful "La Pythie," all stylistically in the vein of "Paysage Iroquois," that his talent finds its best expression.

The paintings are dated either this year or last, but the drawings, at the Buchholz, go back as far as 1922, and they give us an excellent view of Masson's artistic development in the intervening years, from the rather bravura early pieces ("Hommage au Taureau," "Bacchanale," and so on), through that period in the nineteen-thirties when he was obsessed with the desire to present man in terms of his natural surroundings (in terms of tree forms in his "Amours des Moissonneurs," for example), to his current work, which is as mature philosophically as it is fluent graphically. Masson has always been an extremely sensitive and expert draughtsman, and as a result there are excellent pieces scattered through the show—among them the curiously aspiring "Métamorphose" of 1926, the "Mélancolie du Minotaure" of 1937, and the abstract "La Martiniquaise" of 1941. As is true of the paintings, I liked the latest ones best, in particular "Profil," with its amazingly swift line and elaborately arabesqued embellishment, and the leonine "Tête."

BY a coincidence, Pierre Matisse is showing a small retrospective (1927 to 1939) of oils and gouaches by Miró, an old friend and one-time associate of Masson. Miró, too, clings to Surrealism only by the thinnest of threads—or perhaps it is the Surrealists who cling to him—but his work ha grown airier and more fanciful as Masson's has become more thoughtful and powerful. Sometimes Miró trades on hi own fancy and our receptiveness to much, and unless you are very, very indulgent indeed, such pieces as hi "Smoke" and the even more scribbl

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"Gouache-Drawing" of 1934 (numbered 5 in the catalogue) are apt to seem pretty thin stuff to bother putting frames around. There is another one, also called "Gouache-Drawing" and numbered 4, which has all the charm its companion piece misses, and there are still others, notably "The Farmer's Meal," with its menagerie of animals surrounding the weird, gulping figure of the farmer, the "Woman Seated," and the really lovely "Man and Woman," in all of which he takes you straight to the heart of that utterly nonsensical, queerly poetic, imaginary country he has created.

AT the Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison Avenue (50th), there is an exhibition which, although it seemed a fairly foolish idea to me when I first heard of it, has turned out to be a quite good show. The idea, I gather, was to get together a bunch of paintings of fruits and vegetables, no schools or periods barred, and then balance them with a set of antique faïence-china fruits and vegetables which had been amassed from various collections. Well, the china is there—carrots, pumpkins, cauliflower, cabbages, and so on, highly glazed and elaborately exact in details, and looking as cheerfully gaudy as it must have done on the seventeenth-century dinner tables it was once set out on. The paintings are on the walls, and somehow the combined effect is quite pleasant. The fact that a number of the paintings are good ones helps too, of course: notably a Cézanne "Les Grosses Pommes," a fine "Les Citrons," by Braque, and a Manet "Le Melon" among the French, and, from other times and countries, a crisp "Turnips and Grapes" by Charles Demuth, a very elegant "Fruit and Silver" by Bernard Lintott, and a couple of those double-image things the Italians did in the sixteenth century, in which articles of garden produce were grotesquely grouped together to form the simulacrum of a man. These last are both from the School of Arcimboldo, one labelled "Spring" and the other "Summer."

—ROBERT M. COATES

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THIS IS WAR

[*Program announcement from WHN*]

9:45	News
10:00	GLOOM DODGERS
10:45	News
11:00	GLOOM DODGERS
11:45	News
12:00	GLOOM DODGERS
12:45	News

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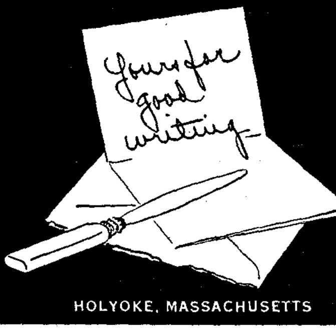

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

EVERYTHING indicates that once again New Yorkers are going to spend a lot of time in town this summer, so they might as well make their back yards, terraces, and roofs livable. By a not too staggering coincidence, the shops have come to this very conclusion, and there is some furniture around that should help the situation.

Furniture made of California redwood, a material which doesn't have to have a roof over its head to defy the elements, has arrived at Gimbel—massive and rather handsome padded chaises, club chairs, bench-and-table picnic sets, and the like. The pieces are as heavy as they look and probably most of them would be immovable without the wooden disc wheels with which they are equipped. Armchairs with redwood frames and deep-tufted, puffy cushions covered in duck are $25. There's also a fine umbrella table at $14.95, but you must first catch your umbrella.

At least two substitutes have turned up for rattan, a casualty of the war. Hammacher Schlemmer offer birchwood, dressed up with burnt-in markings and such to look as much like this vanished terrace pet as possible. An especially good piece is a lounge chair with a back which the sitter may adjust to any one of five angles without moving from his seat; $68.70. The other substitute is Abercrombie & Fitch's Kane Kraft, a compressed-fibre substance which has the lightness—and let's hope the durability—of rattan. This has been made up into single pieces and dining sets in the old-time, dressy tradition and painted in a delicate Pekin blue which I find quite pleasant—such as tables topped with translucent glass, and chairs and sofas having cushions covered with handsome hand-blocked sailcloth. If you feel that you must be elaborate, you can have a long dining table and six matching chairs, or a bridge set of four armchairs and a table which is just the right size for lunching.

Abercrombie also has that driftwood-finish cypress which is making its début this year, but it is done up somewhat more elaborately than it is in most places. Sofas and deep-seated lounge chairs have fat, handsomely covered cushions which can be removed in case it rains, and there is even an umbrella table complete with its own fringed canvas umbrella (you don't find *that* on every bush, or table, any more). The umbrella table and four padded chairs to match are $146. Abercrombie's furniture of frosted oak (the blond, natural wood, with white pigment rubbed into it) comes somewhere between the dressiness of the Kane Kraft stuff and the comfortable informality of cypress. There are small, light, uncushioned armchairs, at $21.50; a big folding bar cart, its top an enormous, slatted tray, for $29.50; and a very light, handy little portable serving table, with a top handle, at $23. Myself, I should think this stuff would have to come indoors when it rains, but it is not really heavy enough to make moving it a chore.

ONE of the largest collections of outdoor furniture in town is at Macy, where there is a series of furnished terraces in which fancy has been allowed to run free, if not positively wild. The most successful, and at the same time the most formal, of them all has a faintly ecclesiastical feeling, mostly because of background decorative detail (which, like everything else on view, is for sale) but partly because of the furniture itself, since the ash chairs ($34.95 each), with backs carved in geometric openwork patterns, somehow suggest church pews. The aforesaid background includes wall shelves made of old carved beams (these hold an array of potted plants) and some remarkable screens, one of them four-fold, made of old wooden panelling with Gothic carving and finished with a flat white paint. Old iron garden urns, also coated with flat white paint, have been planted with lush ferns and dripping vines. The ones you buy are, unhappily, not already planted. The cottagey terraces in Macy's show have a great deal of wooden furniture, usually upholstered in those perennial-border hues—violet blues, magenta pinks, and the like, which to my mind are a little strong, even for the great outdoors, in such large doses. And there are still a few metal tables ($13.98) and wire-backed chairs ($12.98) straight out of some bygone ice-cream-soda parlor and repainted white or candy pink. They furnish a terrace all done up in a cheerful pink-and-white which not

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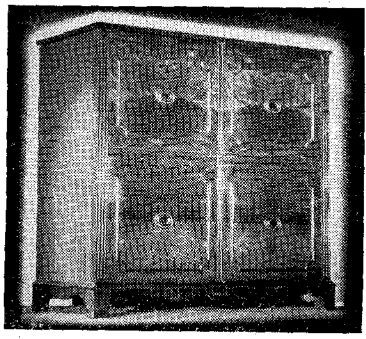

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inappropriately looks like a strawberry sundae itself.

HOMEWORK: Constance Talbot has written a book called "Complete Home Care of Your Family Wardrobe," which is a lucid, liberally illustrated, intelligently compiled guide for any woman who is trying to run a house and a family today. It has, to my mind, only one fault: the title doesn't even begin to hint at what you'll find between the covers. The pages on the laundering and care of curtains and household linens are worth the price of the whole book just by themselves. . . . "Let's All Grow Vegetables," by Grace Keen and Arthur Hutchins (University of Minnesota Press, $1), is an agreeable, handy, and highly encouraging, although not too optimistic, pamphlet for new gardeners, even town gardeners. There's a chapter on growing vegetables in window boxes which should put ideas into urban heads. A careful index, something too many garden books lack, is one of the pamphlet's charms. . . . "Buy an Acre," by Paul Corey, may take some of the stars out of the eyes of prospective landowners, but it tells the sombre truth—which people who think they want to buy a place in the country might as well know before they plunge—about living on the land. If, as the author says, you can read this book without losing all desire for a home of your own, then you have the stuff this country needs and can be a pioneer on what Mr. Corey calls, perhaps too enthusiastically, America's Second Front. He has a lot of sensible advice to offer on how you should go about being a pioneer. —B. B.

•

HOLLYWOOD [INS] Bandleader and Singer Bob Crosby revealed yesterday that he has been classified 1-A in the draft.

The musician expressed preference for service in the marine corps, "if they'll take me," he said.

Crosby, brother of Crooner Bing Crosby, is married. His wife, the former June Kuhn of Chicago, next week expects to become a mother for the third time.

Argentina has more than 13,500,000 population.—*Orlando (Fla.) Morning Sentinel.*

Without any Crosbys.

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

A.P. writes: As soon as I go to bed my throat starts to tick. How can I get rid of it?—*The News.*

Don't try to get rid of it. Hire yourself out as a human metronome to a night piano student.

THE SACRIFICE

BEFORE the war, Connor and his daughter had eaten in their formal, rather chilly dining room, waited on by one of a series of couples—Axel and Olga, Peter and Mary, and others—who had assumed charge of the house following Mrs. Connor's death twenty years earlier, but now that it was impossible to procure servants, Harriet, Connor's daughter, took care of the house by herself, and Connor and she ate their meals in the kitchen. At first they had enjoyed exploring that unfamiliar territory. They had learned where pots and frying pans were hung, where the crocks of raisins and brown sugar rested at the pantry window, and they had mastered, by degrees, the waspish eccentricities of the ancient gas range. After a few weeks, however, the sense of camping out was smothered by the drudgery of setting the chipped enamel table, of tasting food before it was ready to be served, of washing and drying dishes. They found it easy to cheat, omitting butter plates and extra knives and pretending—for their health's sake—that they had no interest in dessert. After a while, Connor no longer noticed the extent to which they deceived themselves, and whenever Harriet spoke of what had begun to seem their former grandeur, he said only, "Now, this isn't so bad. It's nice and snug, and it saves time."

Harriet had never done so, but she might have replied that they had no reason to save time. Connor was a vice-president of the local First National Bank, and as such he had barely enough work to occupy a full day. He was always home by four-thirty, and the few outside household chores—rolling the ash cans from the cellar door to the street, or returning them from the street to the cellar door, and, in season, fussing over the small, over-groomed lawn—never used up more than an hour. By six he had read the evening paper, washed his hands, and was waiting to eat supper. Afterward, when the dishes had been dried and put away, he went upstairs to his bedroom and turned on the radio. There, with a blanket over his knees, a sports magazine in his lap, he sat until midnight, dozing and waking, waiting until it should be late enough to undress, take out his teeth, and go to bed.

Harriet's day was hardly more crowded. Since they had shut off the third floor and only two of the five bedrooms on the second floor were ever used, she finished cleaning the house by noon; then, having warded off the plumpness with which she had never been threatened by eating a lunch of lettuce and cottage cheese, she went downtown to do some shopping. One or two afternoons a week she went to a movie. Her father regarded going to the movies while the sun was shining as little less than a crime, and unless it happened to be raining, Harriet never told him of her debauch. Every Friday she had her hair washed and set at the most expensive of the local beauty parlors. Though she submitted to experiments from time to time, she was so conscious of being twenty-eight years old that she invariably ended with a neat bun of hair at the base of her skull. Once a month she had a manicure, but since her father referred to other women's red-enamelled fingernails as claws, she was careful to ask for a colorless polish on her nails.

Friday was the most rewarding day of the week, not because of her visit to the beauty parlor but because of the reason for that visit. Every Friday night Harriet had her date. It was always with the same man, Roger Andrews, the second teller at her father's bank. Andrews was past forty and his visits followed a painfully precise schedule, which was perhaps natural in a teller. He would arrive at the house at eight o'clock, dressed in a blue serge suit and wearing a semi-stiff collar and the polka-dot tie which Harriet had given him three Christmases before. (That was the Christmas he had given her the little wicker sewing basket.) Roger would ring the bell once, gently, and Harriet's father, who, having stayed downstairs in order to perform his function as host, would be waiting just inside the door. Their greetings seldom varied. "Why, hello, young man!" Connor would say in a tone of friendly surprise. Roger would say, "Good evening, sir," or "Is Harriet in, sir?," and Connor would answer, "Why, I think so, Roger. Just a minute and I'll go up and see."

Harriet would be waiting, fully dressed, in the doorway of her room, but she had read somewhere that a girl ought to keep a boy waiting at least ten minutes. She always meant to keep Roger waiting that long, but it was generally no more than five minutes before she came downstairs, wearing one of her sensible "afternoon" dresses and feeling her freshly washed hair with her fingertips. Roger would say, "Hello, Harriet," and she would say, "Hello, Roger," and then her father would call to them from the head of the stairs, "Now, don't stay out too late, you two" or "Don't be coming in at all hours." Harriet and Roger had been going out every Friday for seven years, and they had never returned to the house later than eleven-thirty, but her father always repeated this advice in the same half-mocking, half-suspicious tone of voice.

As soon as Harriet got home, she invariably took off her dress and hung it in her bedroom closet, which smelled of sachet and naphthalene. Then, in a worn bathrobe and slippers, she would go downstairs and prepare for her father a second supper of sandwiches and hot chocolate to make up for his having spent the evening alone. She arranged everything daintily on the tray and her father never failed to protest that she shouldn't have gone to all that bother for him; he wasn't a bit hungry, he would say. Harriet would answer that it wasn't any bother and that she hoped it would help him to sleep. The fact was that the hot chocolate gave Connor a restless night, but he was too grateful for Harriet's thoughtfulness to put an end to the custom.

ONE Friday night Connor was seated in the big wing chair in his bedroom, listening to the news he had heard at least five times before, when at eleven twenty-five Harriet opened the front door. She called goodbye to Roger, closed the door, snapped off the porch and hall lights, and came upstairs. When she stopped at her father's doorway, he raised his eyes from his sports magazine and said, "Have a nice time with Roger, dear?"

"Yes, a fine time."

"Go to a movie?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's fine. Go anywhere afterwards?"

"Just to the drugstore."

"Oh." Connor glanced at her thin, impassive face, then looked away. Harriet and he had never shared many confidences. Turning the pages of the magazine, he said, "I've been wondering if you haven't been doing too much? I mean, with the housework and everything?"

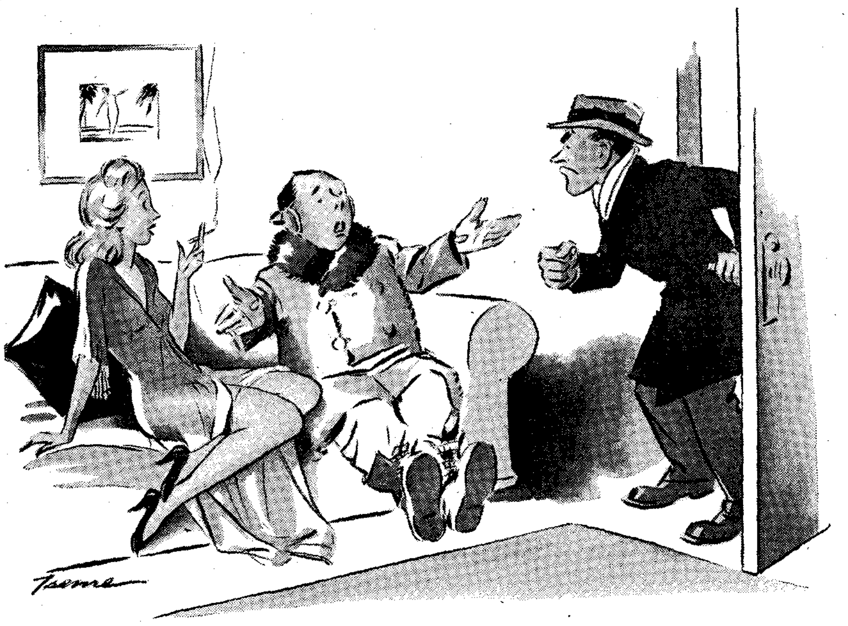
"No, of course not."

"You don't *look* well. Maybe we ought to try to get hold of a servant again. I hear they're letting out a number of women down at the small-arms plant."

"It isn't that."

"Well, then, what is it? What's troubling you?"

"Nothing. I feel fine," she said, but without conviction.



"Believe it or not, neighbor, I just came in to get warm!"

"That apartment of mine on the sixth floor is colder than the North Pole. When the war's over, I'm going to move to a **modern** apartment with the new system of 'personalized' heating control developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell, the heating and air conditioning control people. Then we can have just the temperature we like—dial it in as easy as a radio."

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He hesitated and then said abruptly, "It's not Roger, is it?"

Harriet laughed. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

"Now, if there's anything between you and Roger," Connor said with a false air of playfulness, "and I wouldn't be surprised if there was, after all these years—why, out with it! If you've been thinking of me, if Roger wants you to marry him and you've been afraid of leaving me alone in this big house, you can dismiss that from your mind this minute." He stood up and crossed the room to her, genuinely moved by his own words, by the immensity of the sacrifice he was prepared to make. "I'll get along fine," he said. "Don't you worry about me."

Harriet stared at him and wet her lips with her tongue. She tried to laugh again, but the sound broke in her throat. She said, "He hasn't asked me. He hasn't even asked me!" Then she turned and hurried down the hall to her room.

CONNOR would have followed Harriet, but he heard her door shut hard behind her. After a moment he walked down the long, curving flight of stairs to the front hall. He snapped on the lights in the hall, the dining room, the kitchen, and the butler's pantry. He opened the breadbox and gathered a handful of crackers, took a bottle of milk and some cottage cheese from the icebox, poured the milk into a glass, spread the cheese on the crackers, returned the milk bottle and cheese to the icebox, and set the glass and crackers on the tray. He would have liked to prepare some sandwiches and hot chocolate, but he didn't know how. He couldn't cover the tray with a doily because he didn't recall where they were kept. Balancing the tray, he stopped to snap off the lights in the pantry, kitchen, dining room, and hall. As he climbed the stairs, the milk spilled from time to time over the top of the glass and one of the crackers fell from the tray to the floor. He carried the tray to Harriet's door and knocked with the back of one hand. He could hear Harriet crying inside the room, and he felt himself beginning to cry as he stood there rapping on the closed door, the discolored tray in his hands. "Harriet!" he said. "Now, Harriet! Let your old dad in!"

—JOHN GATES

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*Headline in the San Francisco Chronicle*]

CALIFORNIA FACES
CULTURAL COLLAPSE,
WARNS EDUCATOR

ODE TO THE M.P. CHASING ME THROUGH A NORTH AFRICAN TOWN

With helmet, scowl, and club, oh, young M.P.,
Chasing me now along the Rue d'Isly,
You serve bewildered—while I skulk ahead
Casbahward past the blacked-out Rue Tancrède—
That ancient grand tradition which hunts down
With equal zeal Evil and Harmless Fun.

Your ancestors are not those Grant Wood pairs
You left behind on Kansas rocking chairs.
You have become your job now, and your kin
Are all who did your job once in this town,
Who through these streets chased all who left in lurch
Some form, not substance, of the Throne and Church.

Stone men upon stone horses at the squares
Bless you—it's these who are your ancestors.
Their glories weigh on you but cannot smother;
You stride between them like an equal brother,
As incorruptible and unforgiving.
You, too, dent skulls for Curfew and Clean Living.

The moon's queer light, which helps me to escape,
Each instant alters your pursuing shape:
A pink-cheeked Boy Scout playing cops and robbers,
A bloodhound with long ears and jowl that slobbers,
A Hollywood portrait of the G.I. he-man,
An atavistic dream of tribal demon.

Bounding, you grow enormous, cosmic-size,
That God of Law in skies above all skies—
Growing up and up and infinitely up—
Who knows each planet's and each sparrow's fall . . .
And yet you hardly look grownup at all,
A frightened boy who swings a frightening club.

—Sgt. Peter Viereck

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A few Pearce Blankets are going to leading stores to partially supply your pressing needs. See them. The fine weaving, the deep springy nap, the smart styling are indicative of the high standard of quality maintained by Pearce since 1805.

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All Wool PEARCE LATROBE, PA. EST. 1805

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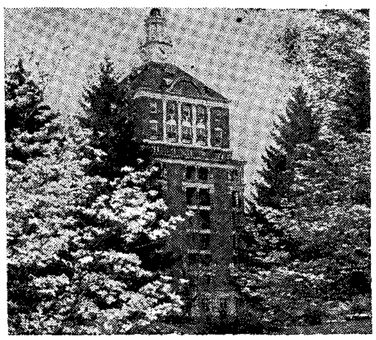
Virginia Hot Springs



UNEQUALLED FOR REST AND RELAXATION

OVERNIGHT FROM EASTERN POINTS

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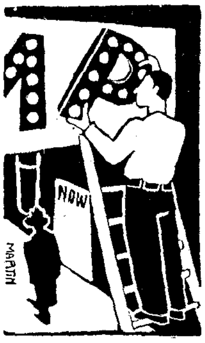
our New York office in
the Waldorf-Astoria.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Reminder



"THE HITLER GANG" is a very well-timed picture. Right now, having been at war with Germany two-and-one-half years, we may be too inclined to think about Hitler as simply an enemy military commander going about his military business, rallying his troops on the Eastern front, inspecting the Channel fortifications, planning strategy, and almost behaving like a respectable soldier. We may also be apt to think of him as consorting with other soldiers—von Rundstedt, Rommel, Kesselring, von Mannstein, and the rest—and forget the even more deadly crew who came with him to power and became international criminals without even knowing how a tank was operated. Himmler doesn't get into the papers much now, Göring is in a state of partial eclipse along with his air force, and even Goebbels, though we read his pronouncements of what the well-advised German will think, has retired to the background in favor of the military folk. The background, as far as our international thinking goes, is precisely where these babies should never be, and "The Hitler Gang," which tells their story from 1918 to the blood purge of 1934, serves to yank them out of it.

Rather good physical likenesses of the gang have been achieved. Robert Watson, as the head man, has not only the mustache and the hair-comb but, somehow, the cold, inanimate look around the eyes. He has also got hold of the humorless self-absorption that Hitler seems to have, in spite of his faintly comic appearance. It's possible that Watson is a little too calm, since people who have known Hitler have indicated that he is emotionally self-indulgent and Watson throws only the mildest kind of tantrum, but maybe he didn't want to cloud the issue with too much ham. Martin Kosleck, Luis Van Rooten, Alexander Pope, Victor Varconi, Roman Bohnen, and Reinhold Schunzel make believable delinquents of Goebbels, Himmler, Göring, Hess, Roehm, and Ludendorff respectively, and in most cases have managed to look a lot like their unlovely originals.

A PICTURE that has Bing Crosby, a very likable young man with good manners and a good singing voice, and Barry Fitzgerald, one of the gaudiest actors in the business, can't help but have some appeal, and "Going My Way," which has these two advantages, could conceivably give a Baptist a good time, although it is dedicated to the Catholic Church and its characters are named O'Malley, Fitzgibbon, Carmody, McCarthy, O'Dowd, and the like. It has the further advantage of a story which, until very close to the end, is attractive for its simplicity and has been kept moving by the use of frequent and timely fadeouts. There is one episode in the plot that seems to me to be wholly extraneous—a big fire which comes along and does a lot of damage just when everything is jake and it looks like a good time to end the picture—but I guess the boys in charge couldn't resist the urge to have one more good, clean tug at your heart. Otherwise, you are given a not improbable account of some everyday problems confronting the clergy in an imaginary Catholic parish in New York. The comedy, of which there is a good bit, is not the most subtle sort in the world, or even the second or third most subtle, but it fetches some valid laughs.

Fitzgerald, as the old priest with forty years at the same stand behind him, has treated himself to a field day. Crosby, as the young priest sent by the bishop to put the parish on its feet, has adopted the splendid expedient of just being himself, and is thereby not made a monkey of by the highly professional Fitzgerald. As a singer, though, he is handicapped by some very insipid numbers, among which is the title song. Risë Stevens, the Metropolitan Opera contralto, plays a Metropolitan Opera contralto, a bit of casting which strikes me as flawless.

"GASLIGHT" is the nom de screen of "Angel Street," the play about the man who, for the sake of a small fortune in jewelry, subjects his wife to an open-and-shut case of mental cruelty but in such a way that she almost goes crazy instead of to court. The story is a natural, and you're sure to be scared by it even if you've seen the play and know what's what. In the picture, you're taken back a little further and shown the courtship and early, happy married life of the couple in question This doesn't serve much dramatic pur pose, but it keeps you out of that stuffy, spooky London house for a while, because the pair live first in Italy, where it's pleasant, or was in the last century. If you saw the play with its original cast, your one unanswerable complaint will be that Charles Boyer as the husband, Ingrid Bergman as the wife, and Joseph Cotten as the cop from Scotland Yard are inferior to Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll. This may be unfair to the picture, which probably deserves to be judged purely on its own merits, but if you see two versions of the same piece of work, you're bound to compare them, and that's all there is to it. The three principals in the movie are a shade too mannered. Boyer pushes out his chin too far when he's mad, Miss Bergman tends to move sideways in a dreamy sort of glide whenever she's frightened, and Cotten is too soft-spoken. All the same, these three are better than lots of others who might have been chosen for the job, and the picture provides a good way to spend a horrified evening.

THE affair between the two prominent lions, British and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, continues in "The White Cliffs of Dover," wherein the M-G-M. animal proves itself even more taken with the overseas one than in "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest." This is an adaptation of Alice Duer Miller's poem, and its point is that Americans can get along fine with their British cousins, provided the cousins have titles and whopping country estates with ancestral portraits and plenty of good lawn. Irene Dunne plays the part of an American girl who marries into British aristocracy, has her troubles for a while, but learns that her in-laws are O.K. when you get to know them. Frank Morgan plays her gruff, Middle Western father, who even finds something to be said for the limeys himself. The British team is composed of Gladys Cooper, Dame May Whitty, C. Aubrey Smith, Alan Marshal, and Roddy McDowall. Both world wars are covered, with the intention of showing something or other about how we've been allies before and will go right on being, but I suspect that the impeccable social tone of the whole business will strike both British and American cousins as nonsense.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

The telephone rang, and Eudora slowly hastened to answer it.—*From "Let the Skeletons Rattle," by Frederick C. Davis.*

How'd she come out?

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BOOKS

Five Phases of Soviet Russia

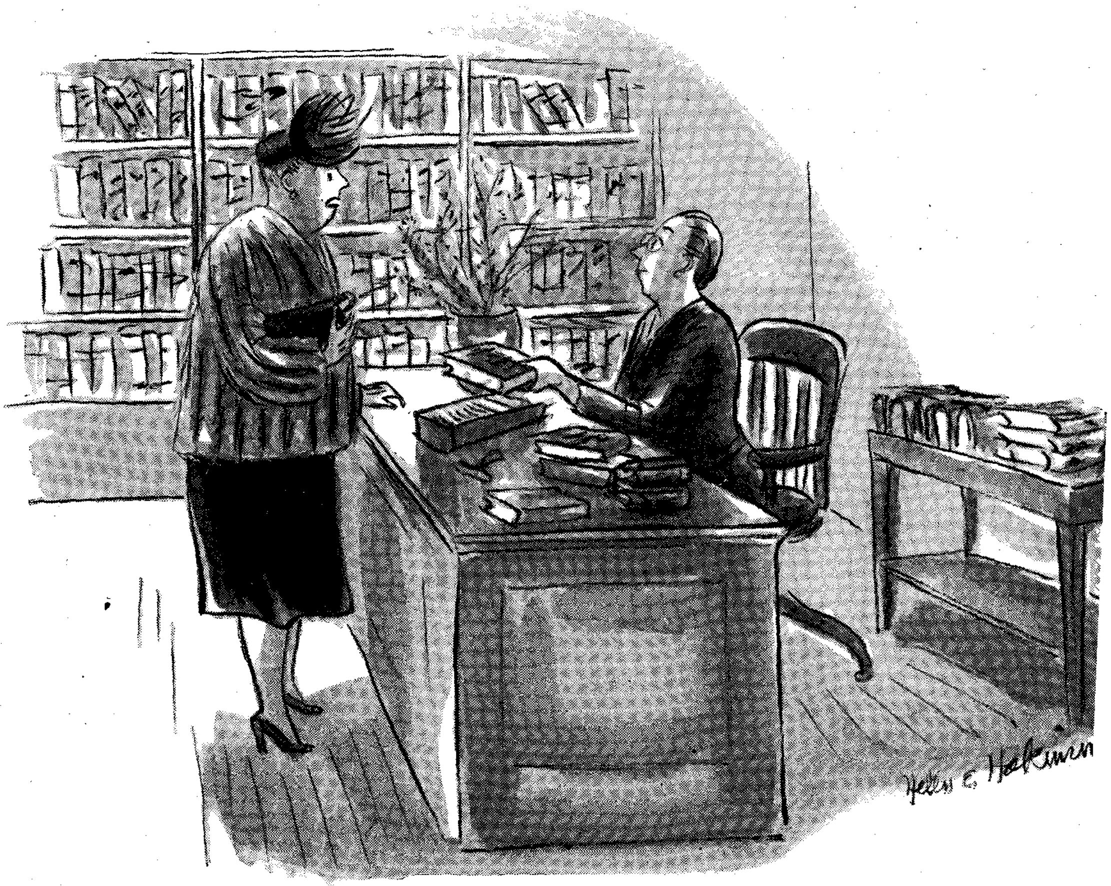
MARKOOSHA FISCHER'S book, "My Lives in Russia" (Harper), is the most illuminating document on the Soviet Union that I have read since Alexander Barmin's autobiography.

Mrs. Fischer is the wife of Louis Fischer, the well-known foreign correspondent. She was born in Russia at the end of the century and left in 1915, making a vow never to return till the czardom should be overthrown. A little later she came to New York, and she did not return to Russia till 1922, when she went there as secretary to a Soviet expert on railroads and married Louis Fischer. She felt that she had "found in Russia the one place in the world where there was struggle and hope for a better future," and she wanted to remain and "be part of it," but she was persuaded by the Foreign Minister, Chicherin, to go to the Near East Conference at Lausanne, and she did not get back till 1927, when she was sent by an American committee to the new colonies established in the Ukraine for the purpose of settling on the land the great numbers of Russian Jews who had lost their commercial callings through the abolition of private trade. She worked on the steppes opening kindergartens and providing food for children till 1928, when the collectivization of farming and the dispossession of the kulaks began, and when, owing to the fact that she had selected her staff from "the cleanest, most efficient households," regardless of "who they had been in the past and what views the cook had on Marxism," she was accused of having employed women who had "belonged to the 'capitalist' class."

During the next eleven years, Mrs. Fischer lived in Moscow, where she brought up her two sons, kept house for her family, helped her husband in research for his books, served as "alderman" for their floor of an apartment house and on the parents' council of her children's school, and worked at interpreting and translating. By 1939, the political purge, with its panicky hostility to foreigners and its suppression of free opinion, had made life impossible for the Fischers, and, with her boys, she joined her husband abroad. They had much difficulty in getting away, since, one gathers, they were being held as hostages to make sure that Mr. Fischer would say the right things in America, and it was only by appealing to Washington that he was able to get them out.

Mrs. Fischer is thus in a position to give a well-informed inside account of life in the Soviet Union from the point of view of one who knows, also, both the United States and Europe. Everything here is firsthand and concrete. There is no rhetoric, no partisan politics, and no economic theorizing; and yet Mrs. Fischer is always aware, in her school work and her intercourse with her neighbors, of the larger questions of policy involved. Mrs. Fischer is not a journalist: she has no interest in exploiting her material for any kind of literary effect; she is an intelligent, practical woman, who thinks she has something to tell which may possibly be of value, and she tells it directly and briefly, with sincerity and common sense. The book is to be recommended to readers—especially to women readers—who have not in the past followed closely what has been happening in the Soviet Union and who would now like some solid data upon which to form an opinion as to what Russia means to the world.

Our traditional education has not prepared us to understand Russia. Except for reading a few Russian novels and acquiring a few unrelated facts, we are likely to get out of college with no knowledge of Russian thought and history. And the result has been that, whether we have sided for or against the Bolsheviks, we have tended to try to get along with the same rather simple-minded picture of what has been taking place in Russia. This picture is somewhat as follows: At the time of the revolution, the Russian people got rid



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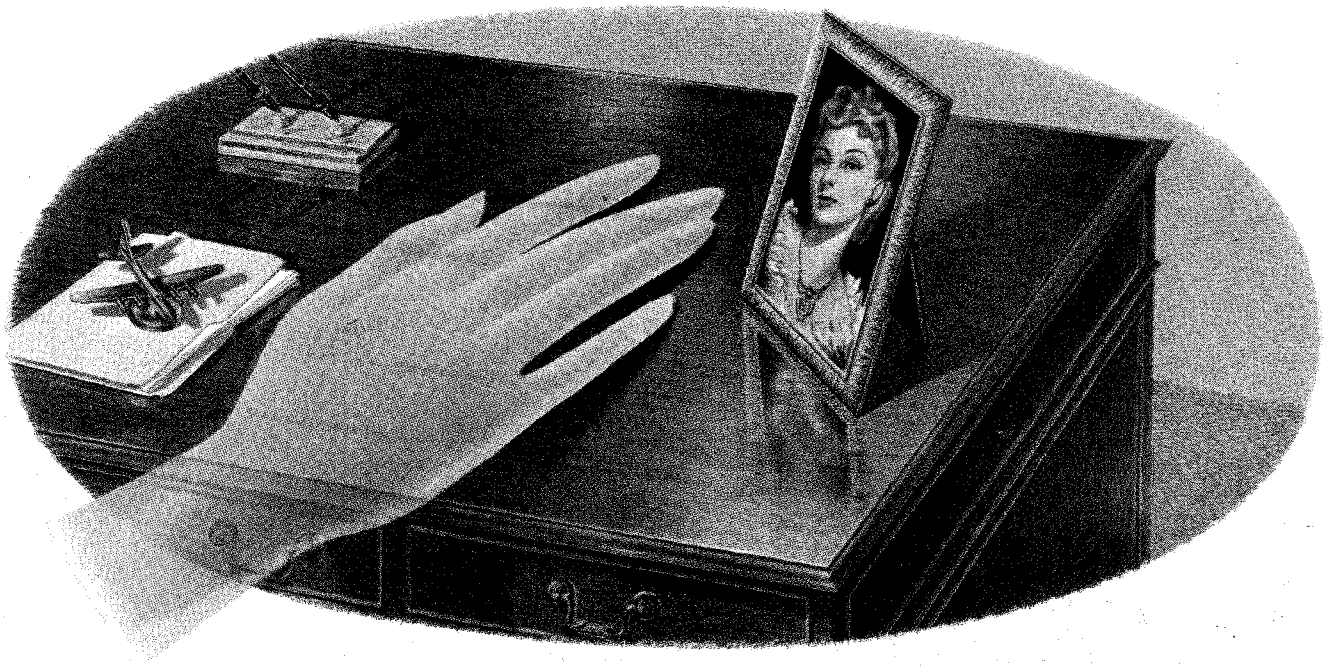

Business man learns from wife!

That doesn't sound unreasonable, does it? Aren't we always learning things from our wives—even though we don't always admit it?

Take the shining top of your desk, Mr. Executive! It illustrates a simple truth known to millions of housewives—that *WAX protects surfaces.* Women for generations have called upon the protecting hand of wax to safeguard and preserve their household goods—floors, furniture, woodwork and many other things.

But it's only during this war that men in industry have learned the importance of wax protection for vital war products. Now, industrial waxes are being widely used to protect surfaces against wear and abrasion, corrosion and climatic changes. Critical parts of planes, ships, trucks, ordnance—shell cases, overseas packaging, soldiers' uniforms, tents, parachute cords—hundreds of products of metal, wood, rubber and leather are giving better service, lasting longer, because of the protection afforded by special wax coatings, made by the makers of Johnson's Wax.

The usefulness of wax in industry will not cease with the war. Many of the products of tomorrow can be better protected to the point of sale and after, by wax finishes. Information will be made available in due time for the benefit of manufacturers and their executives.

In the meantime, we have but one job, to give all we can: our work to speed war production; our money to buy War Bonds; our will to win the victory.

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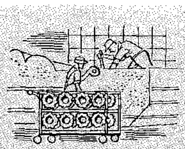
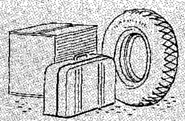
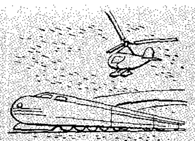


WAX for Metal—Special waxes are being widely used, both as protection against corrosion and as a dry lubricant—for metal parts, shell cases, war equipment, etc.



WAX for Paper, Leather, Rubber—Johnson offers wax coatings for paper, for waterproofing containers; for protecting, beautifying products made of leather, rubber.



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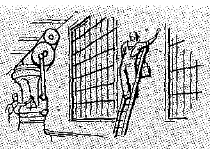

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R. THOMPSON

of the Czar and, by the slogan "All Power to the Soviets," created a new race of human beings. A big revolutionist named Lenin scuttled the capitalist system and established a communist state, which has been going on ever since under the direction of another big revolutionist named Stalin.

Mrs. Fischer is an excellent corrective for this. She shows us how the Russian people have benefited by their new opportunities, but she also shows the limitations of a race of recently educated peasants; and, through a series of vivid anecdotes, she makes us see how very far from simple have been the human factors involved in the attempt to put socialism into practice and how very far from consistent or uniform have been the processes of Soviet development.

Her residences in Russia allowed her to observe five distinct phases. First she saw the N.E.P. interlude in 1922, "a confused period in Soviet life," when Lenin, to encourage commerce, had granted a limited freedom to foreign capital and private trade. At this time, Mrs. Fischer says, "there was little conformity in Russian thinking," and people said what they thought. There was "ugliness, dirt, and brutality," but one could also see "a magnificent edifice emerging from the battle." In 1927, when she returned to the Soviet Union, there was still independent discussion and distribution of responsibility, but one "began to notice considerable pressure to force Soviet thinking to conform with the current party line." This was emphatically brought to an end by a third phase, when the Five-Year Plan was launched in 1928. "Convinced that socialism could not be built in a predominantly rural country," the Communists had now set out to industrialize it by high-pressure methods, cracking down on private trade so severely that the children of the former Nepmen would sometimes publish notices in the papers dissociating themselves from their capitalist parents, and "modernizing" the rural communities through simultaneous collectivization and mechanization. Everybody had a job, but Russian products were sold abroad for valuta, and food, clothing, and other commodities became so scarce that life was terribly hard; yet the people lived on faith in the future, when they should have an abundance and a freedom such as had never been known in Russia before. "By 1930, Russia was swept by an exultant economic activity. . . . Creative forces which had been dormant for centuries awoke and per-

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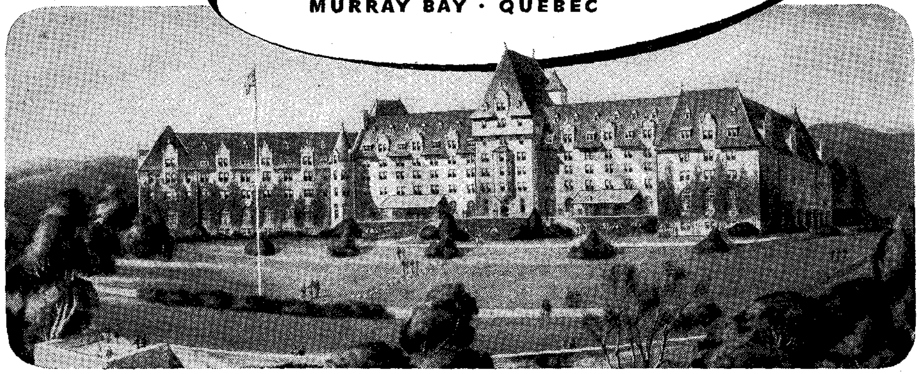

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formed miracles," yet along "with this incredible upsurge of industrial construction went a visible deterioration of spiritual values. . . . So easily and innocently were people accused of being 'class enemies,' saboteurs, oppositionists, and what not," and punished for these offenses, that they ceased to think for themselves and more and more inclined to do the safe thing: denounce friends when one could thus save oneself, make a quick twist to adapt oneself to a shift of the party line, and at all seasons utter praise of Stalin.

The fourth phase came after 1933, when the Five-Year Plan was finished and consumers' goods began to be put on the Russian market again. There were evening gowns, cosmetics, dyes, taxis, candy, and pets. Dancing and entertainment were encouraged; Christmas trees were brought back for New Year's; the charming Moscow subway was built; the regimentation of the arts was relaxed; there was the promise of a constitution. Life was so exhilarating in Moscow, where the people felt that they had earned what they were getting, that one was reluctant to go abroad for even a few weeks. This lasted till 1936. When, in that year, the first draft of the new constitution was broadcast through the Soviet Union, "many Soviet citizens wept," but at the same time something else occurred which did not seem reassuring for the prospect of democracy in Russia. A law prohibiting abortions was drafted, and the people were invited to discuss it. It turned out that public opinion was all against it, but the law was put through just the same. It was the end of a hope for democracy and the beginning of a totalitarian dictatorship of the most ruthless and stultifying kind. The political purge began and decimated the Fischers' apartment house. The men who had made the Leninist revolution and almost everybody who was known to sympathize with them disappeared into the dungeons of the G.P.U. Mrs. Fischer does not discuss the political motivation for the purge, though she assumes that the Moscow trials were fakes and had nothing to do with a pro-Nazi Fifth Column. But her book is of, I believe, unique value in presenting an intimate picture of conditions in Moscow at a time when almost all other Americans had been compelled to leave. "Hardly a day passed," says Mrs. Fischer, "without a new heartache and another hope shattered. I desperately fought against complete disillusion. I imagined a mental scale: On the positive side of the scale I placed whatever proof

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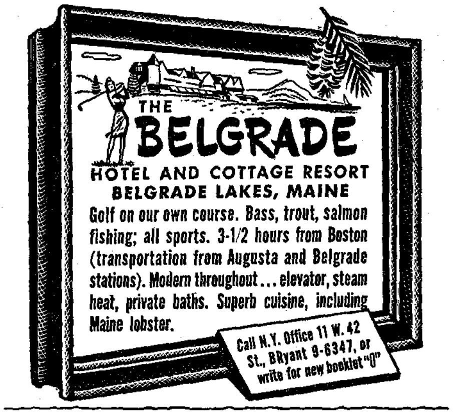

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I could find that all was not lost yet. I was always more eager to fill the positive than the negative scale. I looked for people who were untouched by the purge and who had reason to be happy. I found plenty of them." These were the ordinary people who had never known anything about politics, who had no conception whatever of democracy, but who owed to the revolution their ability to read and write and a new self-respect and freedom. She tells of a peasant woman who "would, like a good old-fashioned Russian, sigh over the misery she heard about and even cross herself and say a prayer when told of an execution, but nothing could shake her confidence in the government. 'Now, don't you say anything against the Soviets. Where would I and my daughter be today if it were not for the revolution?' "

But Mrs. Fischer went on hoping that the new constitution would set things right. She was astounded when she discovered at the first election that there was to be only one name on the ballot. When she went into the voting booth, she didn't know what to do. "I admired the handsome face of the man I was told to elect" and "finally took a pencil and made a mark opposite the only candidate's name. I later found out that by doing so I voided my ballot. . . . I was supposed to do nothing in the booth. The whole procedure was purely symbolic. . . . But Russians to whom I spoke did not seem to mind the change in the ballot and they were under the most sincere impression that on December 12 they had freely chosen their own candidates. . . . There was nothing to say. The Russians were taken in by the spectacular pageantry of the performance and by the machine-gun-like propaganda and did not stop to think of the substance of democracy. Most people who could think, question, analyze, argue, or disagree were dead or in prison, and so it was easy almost overnight to change a matter of such immense importance as an election ballot without the slightest adverse comment."

She saw the effects of the purge in the schools that her sons attended. Children who had thought that their fathers were distinguished and respected citizens would suddenly be told that they were traitors and find themselves treated as pariahs. Sometimes the children were taken, too. Sometimes they were left quite helpless, with no provision of money or care, and the people who would normally have helped them were too frightened to do anything about it. She watched with disquietude the effect

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on her boys of the government propaganda, and she presently found that she herself was doing the same abject and idiotic things that everybody else was doing. She did, however, in copying the articles contributed by one of her sons to the school magazine, stick at typing the set formula at the end: "Thank you, Comrade Stalin, for our happy childhood!"

Finally, she could stand it no longer and left. "Dictatorship," she says, "brings not only terror, executions, purges, etc. It kills family warmth and friendship. Freedom is more than the right to speak out. Freedom is friendship, truth, mental security, spiritual cleanliness. In the Soviet Union, people forgot to talk honestly; they soon were afraid to think honestly. They feared not only the G.P.U.; they feared one another and themselves." Today, she says, her sons' generation, "which I saw and helped grow up, are dying in a struggle against an inhuman enemy, who never for one moment ceased being my bitterest enemy. My sympathies and heart are with the Russian people but my mind refuses to justify today what I considered wrong in Russia before Hitler's attack forced Russia into the war against Fascism."

It will be hard for the professional apologists to destroy the impression produced by the testimony of Mrs. Fischer. She has no Russian factional bias and cannot possibly be denounced as a Trotskyist; she has never been a Soviet official like Barmin or Kravchenko, so cannot be accused of delinquency to duty; she is not in the least hysterical, she cannot even be called embittered. Nobody could have tried harder than the Fischers did to give the Stalinist government the benefit of the doubt. They remained till the last possible moment, but now they have a farm in Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Fischer has written this book. "Nothing but the truth about Russia," she says, "can restore honest, clear thinking about that country and give us an understanding of Russia's rôle in the future. I understand the feelings of those who regard the Soviet Union as the only solution of the evils in the world. But they, especially the young people, in whose hands the future lies, ought to know that besides the good aspects of Russian life—human equality, economic progress without exploitation, education of the masses, social security, lack of racial discrimination—there are also suppression of freedom, regimentation of spirit, and political terror. In planning and working for a new world, they must be aware of

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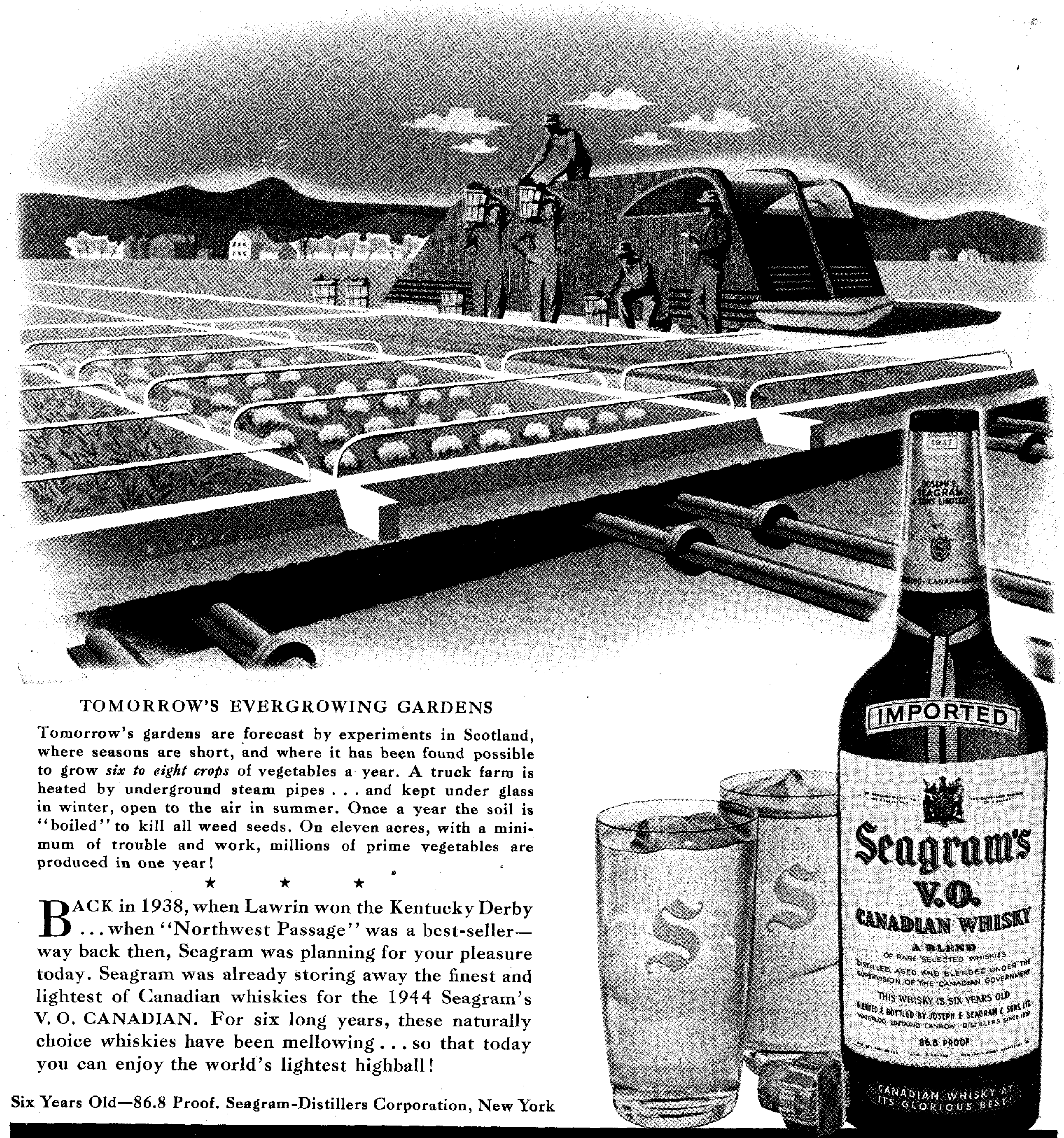
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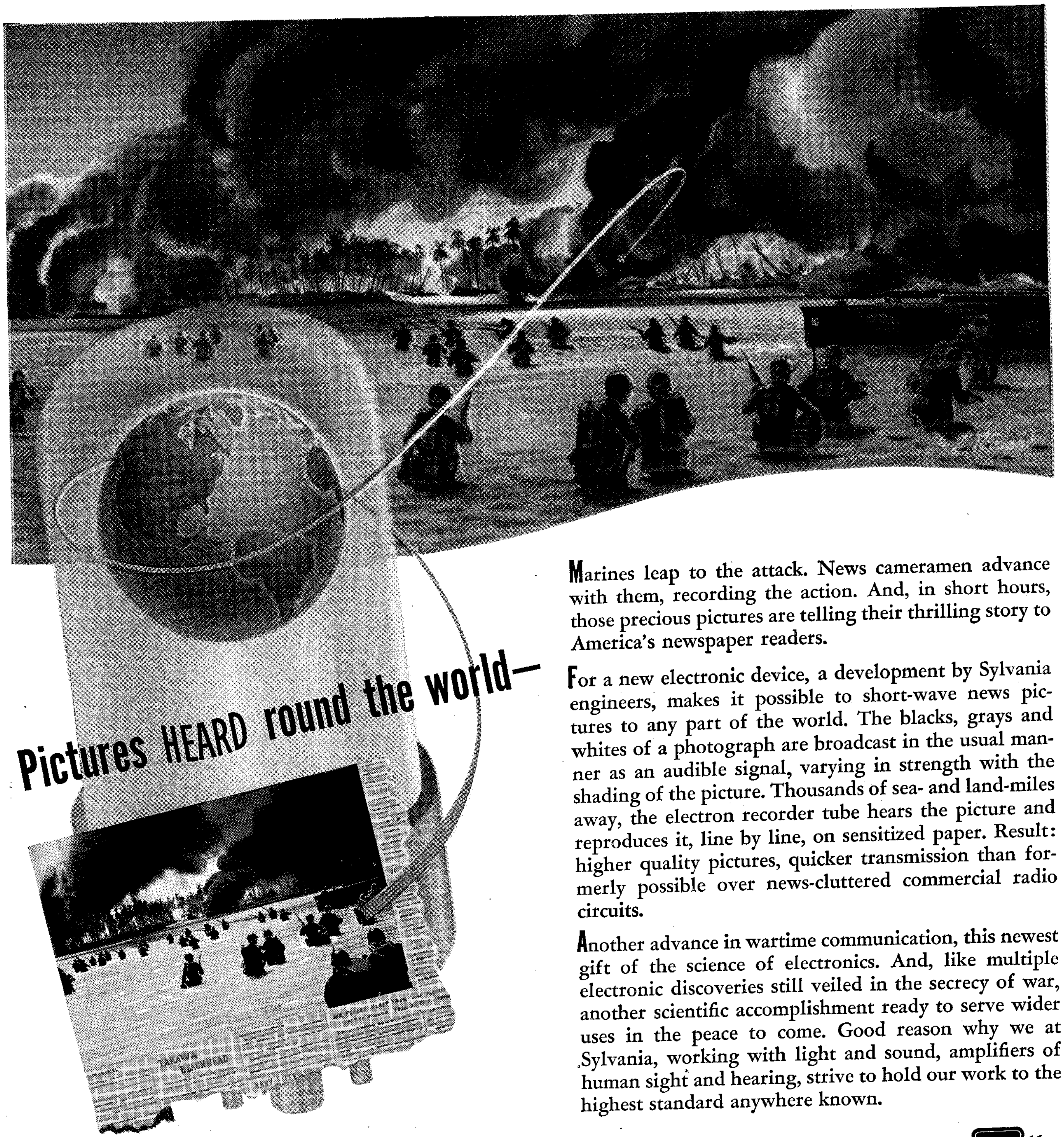

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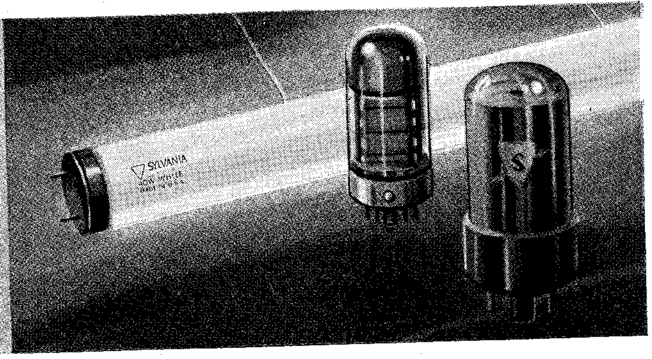


the danger of trying to achieve quick material gains only to neglect what is at least as important—spiritual and moral values." —EDMUND WILSON

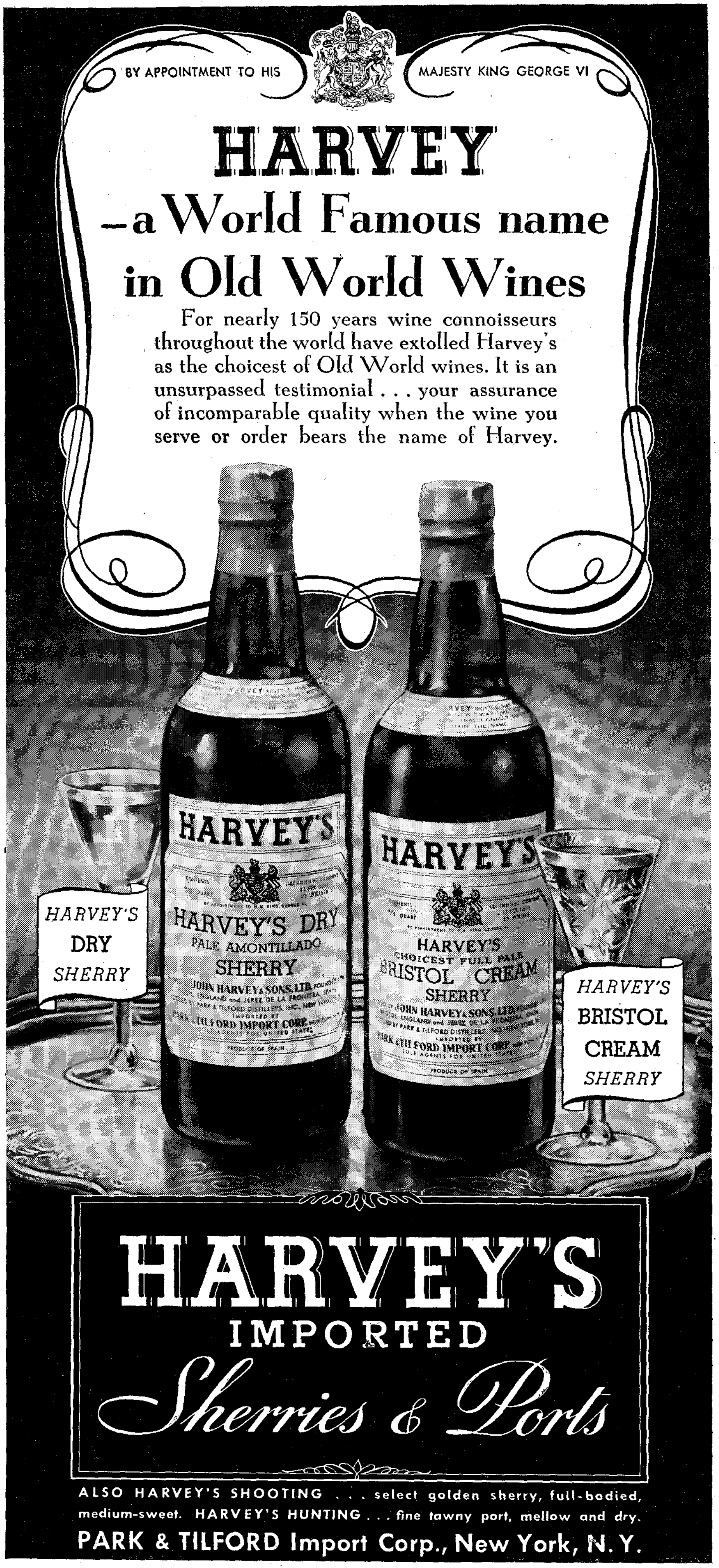
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TRANSIT, by Anna Seghers, translated from the German by James A. Galston (Little, Brown). A young German, fleeing from a French concentration camp after the fall of France, drifts to Marseilles, where frantic fugitives from all Europe are seeking to escape. This strange and brilliant book, however, is not the story of an escape. On the contrary, the hero wishes to remain in Marseilles, but the bureaucracy which has decreed that one who has once fled must continue to flee entangles him in the web of fears, hopes, bewilderment, and despair of the eternally frustrated attempt to escape. He is, moreover, involved in a bizarre emotional adventure when, under circumstances too complicated to recapitulate, he assumes the identity of the dead husband of the woman he loves and then finds that the dead man has come between him and his desire. The tone of the book is quiet—no physical cruelty, no violence—but at times one gets a sense of horror not unlike that which the stories of Kafka inspire, along with an uneasy suspicion that one is missing some ghostly meaning in this study of frenzied refugees who are really going nowhere and are perpetually concerned with exit visas, transit permits, and certificates of departure. It is hard to find a single phrase to convey the tense, nightmare quality of the novel, which the publishers cheerily describe as "an appealing love story."

MOM COUNTED SIX, by Mac Gardner (Harper). An ineptly titled but vivid American family chronicle, written with humor and charm. The Hollys are intelligent, kindly, unconventional, high-spirited, and a little wearying. After recording the boisterous childhood of the youngsters, the story focusses on the more subtle emotional problems of the youngest daughter and sees her through her adolescence and her love affair with a tough but likable young professional boxer. The novel will undoubtedly warm the hearts of thousands who don't care passionately about style and syntax.

A WELL FULL OF LEAVES, by Elizabeth Myers (Morrow). The story of four preposterous children in a mis-



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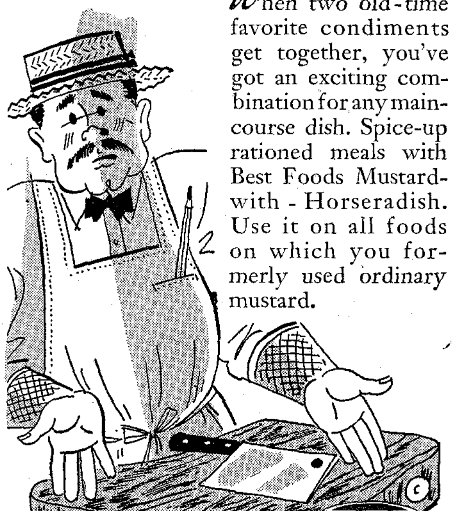

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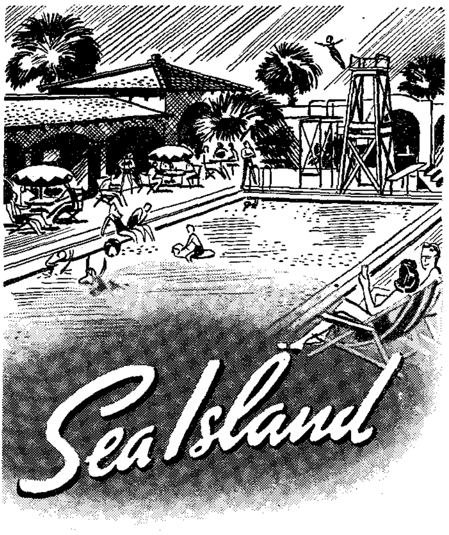
erable English slum home presided over by a sadistic, ignorant mother and a weak and equally ignorant father. The children have beauty, talent, wit, and learning; they are, moreover, uncommonly articulate and given to making profound mots on their unfortunate home life. The least beautiful of the four, a girl through whose eyes the family is observed, has an Inner Life and is happy in identifying herself with things like the smell of dockweed and "a blob of cuckoo-spit." Whether the author really thinks children talk and behave as these young people do or whether she is only kidding is any reader's guess. After the four children grow up and rise to social or artistic eminence, the story centres on the two younger and more neurasthenic ones, who come to untimely but on the whole not very surprising ends. Miss Myers, who is heralded by a loud blast of English critical approval, has unquestionable talent, but the sort of book she has written, to be effective, should have not only the audacity she has given it but more originality and subtlety.

INSURGENT SUMMER, by Charlotte Aiken Yarborough (Harper). A moderately successful first novel about a despotic man who is tormented by the perfection of his dead father and his own relation to the women of his family. The background of the story, a village on the Bay of Fundy, helps to give the novel a certain salty flavor. One gets the impression that Mrs. Yarborough can and will do better things.

PATHFINDERS, by Cecil Lewis (Morrow). The crew of a trawler, while casting for fish in the English Channel, bring up the broken fuselage of a Wellington bomber with the letter P painted on it. Having given away the tragic ending of his story, the author describes the last mission of the bomber Pathfinder and sketches the lives of the six men who formed her crew. Writing about planes can be the most dramatic shop talk in the world, but the flashbacks that tell the stories of these six men haven't much to recommend them.

GENERAL

LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND! by Sir Osbert Sitwell (Little, Brown). A book of memoirs by one of the writing, or Renishaw, Sitwells (Renishaw is the splendid country house in Derbyshire that the Sitwell family has occupied since 1625). The author shuttles



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backward and forward in time, writing about both past and present, but this volume, the first of a projected series, is mostly concerned with those ancestral Sitwells who planned and built Renishaw and those members of subsequent generations who were intimately associated with it. The story, in consequence, is as much the record of a house as of a family, and since both are uncommonly interesting, it is not at all remarkable, considering the author's skill, that he has turned the material at his disposal into an uncommonly interesting book.

The Netherlands, by Hendrik Riemens (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A short, compact history of the Netherlands by the commercial secretary of the Netherlands Embassy in Washington. The author, who includes chapters on his country's colonial possessions, writes briskly and intelligently, and tells the story of Dutch resistance to the Nazis with admirable restraint.

A Treasury of American Folklore, edited by B. A. Botkin (Crown). A great big anthology, nine hundred and thirty-two pages thick, full of stories, legends, poems, songs, sidewalk rhymes, tall tales, sayings, and other items of native folklore. Mr. Botkin has gone about his job with enormous enthusiasm, and his collection, as Carl Sandburg says in a foreword, is nothing less than encyclopedic. A little less enthusiasm, however, plus a little more editorial discrimination, might have made it an even better book than it is.

Captain Retread, by Donald Hough (Norton). The story of a soldier in the last war who got back into a uniform to help fight this one. The author, who is forty-seven and knows it, says he has nothing to write about and that, in two wars, he has never seen a shot fired at anything but a bull's-eye. However, merely by telling about this "nothing" and about *not* seeing anything fired at, he has written an honest, simple, winning book, a pleasant relief from some of those that have come out of this war.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Escape the Night, by Mignon G. Eberhart (Random House). Several murders among the youngish and highly emotional ranch-owning set on the Monterey peninsula are almost pinned on Serena March, a nice-

WE'RE TRIMMING OUR SALES TO SAVE THE SIP

Naturally we'd like to *weigh anchor* as far as the sale of Carstairs White Seal whiskey is concerned. But nowadays every drop's coming from our limited *pre-war* reserves. And we've got to make those reserves l-a-s-t. Sure we could stretch 'em by sacrificing quality for quantity, but we *won't*. 'Cause we remember that "The Man Who Cares" selected our swell whiskey *because* of its quality. And we think that even though the *Perfectly Balanced Blend* is hard to get, *you* won't give up the sip.

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Avoid waste. Since there is no real substitute for Aqua Velva, we suggest you use it carefully. Just a few drops after shaving leave your skin tingling and refreshed . . . feeling softer and smoother. Clean, bracing scent.

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Amazing Professional Mothproofing Method now available for home use

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Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes *for a whole year.*

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

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SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat Larvexed fabrics!

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looking girl who has come from New York to visit her sister. In spite of Miss March's tendency to rush into empty houses in the dead of night without police protection, things are finally worked out, in a manner which some readers may find remarkably reminiscent of the last four or five books by the same author.

THE CASE OF THE CROOKED CANDLE, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). Perry Mason, as is his custom, gets under the skin of the Los Angeles police by proving how inept they are in their efforts to solve the murder of Fred Milfield, who was interested in real estate and caracul until somebody hit him on the head in the cabin of his yacht. Mason's deductions, based on tides, angles, and footprints, are a bit intricate but perfectly fair, and are of course presented in the manner Gardner fans have come to expect.

●

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Beaver Falls (Pa.) News-Tribune*]

OUR TOWN

Many long years ago, the Valley of the
Beaver,
Then was the Indians' abode;
They hunted and fished and paddled their
canoe,
With Huntsman's bounteous load.
As time coursed its track, in 1806 in fact,
A small town on the Beaver was born;
By its rippling rocky middle falls,
Where wooded green hills adorned.
The town was called Brighton—later Old
Brighton,
Where our pioneers dwelled;
Here they lived in peace—their numbers
increased,
And doubts of her future dispelled.
With such progress made, plans were laid,
To incorporate was the call,
So in 1868, such was the birth date
Of the borough of Beaver Falls.
Main, Front and Water, Second Tank and
Cedar
Were among our borough streets;
Factory, Race and Mill, Mulberry, Oak
and Linden,
Were our thoroughfares complete.
Factories and stores followed, developed
one by one,
Throughout the ensuing years;
Our foundation was solid and so we grew,
Bigger and better, year after year.
With all its ups and downs, our boro
forged on,
And the year 1930 came,
When it was made a City of Third Class.
Possessed of diversified fame.
Since first a boro we have persevered and
progressed,
Through prosperous times and adversity;
The time has been long—and we're going
strong
On our Seventy-fifth Anniversary.
—By Frank G. McPherson

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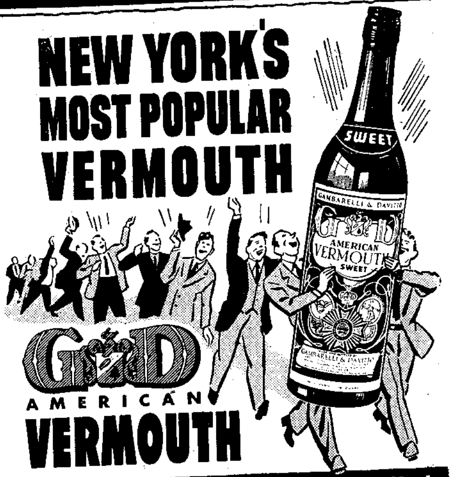

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Blended Whiskey
RESERVE
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve

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FEATHER YOUR NEST...HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!

Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

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UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
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STAMPS

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